DOGRA MAGRA

Yumeno Kyūsaku

ドグラマグラ

夢野 久作

(Translated from the Japanese text and the French translation by Philippe Picquier)

Translated by:

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Beginning song

Fetus,

Fetus,

Why do you squirm?

Is it knowing your mother’s soul

That fills you with dread?

……..Buuuuuuuu--------nnnnnn---------nnnnnnnnn……..

At that moment, when I opened my eyes slightly, that roaring sound like that of bees, a deeply elastic vibration, was still ringing in my ear.

I listened…it must be midnight right now…I thought. Somewhere nearby, a pendulum clock rang… I thought, still half-asleep, while that lingering bee sound slowly faded away, until everything was a deep silence.

I fully opened my eyes.

A light bulb covered with pale dust hangs fairly raised from a white-painted ceiling. On the bulbous part of the red-yellow glass stood a big fly, as if dead. I seem to be lying lying all sprawled out on the hard and cold floor of artificial stone, arms outstretched.

…….How strange……..

Motionless, and arms outstretched, I widened my eyelids. Then I rotated my eyes in their sockets up, down, right and left.

It was a room around four meters, surrounded by this bluish-black mixed concrete wall.

On three sides of the walls had tall windows of frosted glass covered by two layers of black iron bars and wire mesh, giving the appearance that this room is stern and perpetually on guard.

On the base of the wall with no window was a sturdy iron bed. A pillow was placed on the end facing the door, and over it was a snow-white bedding, put so neatly it’s as if no one had ever slept there.

…….Very strange…….

I lifted my head a little and looked at my body.

I was wearing two layers of kimono made of stiff white cotton tied high with a belt made of a short piece of *obi*. The four limbs coming out of it were black and full of dirt….so filthy…

……..More and more strange……

I timidly raised my right hand and stroked my face.

…….A pointy nose……..sunken eyes……messy hair……..a beard was growing out…….

……..I suddenly jumped up.

I felt my face again.

I looked restlessly around the room.

……..Who is this……I do not know this person……

My chest began to beat very fast, in a turbulent manner, like an alarm bell…… breathing started to become rough. I think I’m going to die…..or so I thought before I calmed down.

……..Could such strange events happen…….?

……..I have completely forgotten myself……..

……...No matter how much I think about it, I just can't remember who I am or where I am from…..If I try to delve into my past, the only thing that comes back is the sound of the pendulum clock that I just heard…..That's all, nothing more….

……And yet, my mind was clear. I can feel the silence and the darkness from outside of the room, surrounding and stretching out to infinity……..

…….This is not a dream……Certainly not a dre….

I sprang up.

……..I ran up to the window and peeked through the pane of frosted glass. I looked at the reflection of my face in an attempt to recall some memory…….But it was pointless. On that surface of frosted glass, there was only my shadow, looking like a devil with shaggy hair.

I turned and threw myself towards the door by the head of the bed. I brought my face to the brass fitting around the keyhole, the only opening. But the metal fitting did not reflect my face. Just a reflection of that dim yellow light.

……I searched around the legs of the bed. I turned over the bedding. I untied the *obi* and turned it over, but there was not a name, not so much as an initial.

I was speechless. I was a stranger in an unknown world. I didn't know who I was.

As I was thinking this, still pulling on the *obi*, I began to feel that I was falling vertically through an infinite space. From the horror that came from the depths of my soul, and, forgetting myself, I began to scream.

The scream was a metallic, crazed, high-pitched voice…but…before I could remember something from my past, my voice was sucked into the concrete walls on all sides and just disappeared.

I screamed again…but as I thought, it was useless. My voice undulated and swirled and then finally disappeared, and all that was left in that solemn silence was the four walls, three windows, and the single door.

I tried to scream again…But my voice returned to my throat before it could form a sound. With every scream, that silent fear deepened…

My teeth began to make a rattling noise. My knees started trembling spontaneously. And even then, the inability to even remember who I was…was suffocating.

I began to gasp. I tried screaming, but I couldn't. Tried leaving, I couldn't leave. I was in the middle of the room, gasping in fear.

……Is this a prison?.....A mental hospital?.....

The more I thought about it, the more I heard the sound of breathing echoing on the four walls in the middle of the night like a cold wintry wind.

I fainted. In front of me everything was becoming black. My body, straight and drenched in sweat, was about to fall, and I was about to close my eyes….or so I thought…..like a machine, my feet once more regained hold.

From the other side of the concrete wall, I began to hear a strange voice.

……..Oh, it was a young girl. But then, that voice was so hoarse that it couldn't have possibly come from a human throat. It was just the sad, pitiful echoes that came through the concrete walls.

"…*Onii-sama*. *Onii-sama*. *Onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama* ….once more….your voice….let me hear it……"

I shrunk back in terror. Involuntarily, I looked behind me, knowing that there was no other person in the room besides me. I looked at the concrete wall where the woman's voice once more started bleeding through.

"…*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*….my darling from the room next door… it's me. Your fiancée…your future wife…It's me. It's me. Please…let me hear your voice once more….let me hear it….let me heaaar iiit…*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama…Onnnniiiiiiiii-saaaamaaaa*…….."

I widened my eyes until it hurt. I opened my mouth in surprise. I was swaying for two or three seconds as if attracted by that voice. Then I clutched by stomach with both hands. On that pose, I gazed intently at the concrete wall.

Then, she made a cry of pure innocence that would hoist into the air the hearts of anyone who heard it. It was the voice of unbearable despair that froze one's stomach inevitably to the core…How long she had been calling out, I do not recall…it was a voice pure and bitter enough to go on calling for thousands, no, tens of thousands of years. I wanted to call to her: "Is it me you are calling for from the other side of the concrete wall in the middle of the night?"

"…*Onii-sama* …*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*…Why…why won't you answer me? It's me, it's me, it's me it's me. Have you forgotten, *onii-sama*? It's your lover! It's me, you know. I am your fiancée…your lover…have you forgotten your lover….That evening before we were to be together…in the middle of the night, I died by your hands…I have returned to life…I have come out from my grave and am here, yet I'm no ghost *Onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*….why won't you answer me…have you forgotten what happened then…..?"

I staggered backwards. Once more, with eyes as round as plates, I stared at the direction which the voice came from…

……..What strange words.

……..The girl across the wall, she knows me. She's my bride….What's more, on the night of our wedding, she died by my hands….and she's a resurrected woman now. Then, being locked in that room across the wall from me, she seems to call

for me day and night, attempting to evoke my past memories by screaming out such an unbelievable and outrageous tale.

……..Could she be insane?

……..Is she serious?

No no. She's mad she's mad…it's stupid…such an incredible tale…ahahaha…

I started to laugh involuntarily, and my facial muscles were frozen into that smile that I couldn't move….that voice, a sad and serious voice pierced this concrete wall. I was smiling, but I couldn't truly smile…For sure, I was convinced that I knew who I was, but while…earnest, it was also…pathetic.

"….*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*. Why, why won't you reply…even as your fiancée is suffering…just one word…just one word…in reply…"

"……"

"…Just one word…just one word…if you will reply…that will be good…If you did, the doctors of this hospital will know…my fiancé is not a madman…Then, in return, the doctors will hear your fiancée's voice…and we could leave together…. *onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*…why…don't you reply….?"

"……"

"….Do you not understand the suffering of your fiancée….every day…every night, does my voice not reach your ears?....aaa….. *onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama* ….it's too much, it's too much…my…my voice already…"

I began to hear another sound from the other side of the wall. Whether it was an open hand or a fist, I did not know, but it was a soft hand tapping the concrete wall. It was the sound of a weak woman never ceasing to hit the wall, an eagerness that ignores torn skin and flesh. I strained my widened eyes ever more intently and ground my back teeth as I imagined traces of blood splattered over the opposite wall.

"……..O*nii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*……..It's me who died in your hands. It is me, your fiancée who came back to life. Your poor beloved who has no one but you, my dear. I'm all alone here……O*nii-sama*, have you forgotten your fiancée…..?"

"It's all the same, *onii-sama*. In this world, the two of us are alone, right here. Then someone thought we were insane, and locked us up in this hospital, separated from each other."

"……"

"If you will answer, *onii-sama* …then this fiancée's words will become true. If you remember your fiancée, then I……and you, *onii-sama* ……will have proved that we're not crazy…just one word……just……one……word……If you say the name……*Moyoko*…… if you say your fiancée's name……aaahhh…… *onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama* ……aaahhh……my voice……my eyes……my eye's gone dark……"

I reflexively jumped out of bed. I clung to that spot in the bluish-gray wall where I thought the voice came from. I wanted to answer immediately……I wanted to relieve her suffering……and I had the urge to find out who I am……but…… swallowing my saliva, I gave up.

Eventually, I went back to bed. Staring at one point of the wall, I went towards the opposite window, keeping as far away as possible from that voice.

……..I couldn't reply. No……..I shouldn't reply.

How could I not know that that woman is my wife? I can't even picture her face while listening to her serious and painful cries. Aren't I a mentally ill patient with no recollection of my past other than that of me waking up to the "buuuuunnnnn" of the clock?

How can I reply to her as a husband? Suppose I replied and obtained my freedom, I still wouldn't not know my true identity and my true name……How can I even judge whether she really is sane or just another mentally ill patient……? But that's not all.

What if she is a genuinely mentally ill patient, and the person she is calling to a mere hallucination? If I answer her carelessly, that would be a great mistake. What if the person she is calling to is a person who exists, someone other than me? I would have stolen the wife of another person because of my carelessness. Attacked by fear and anxiety that I might steal another's lover…, I swallowed my saliva and clenched my hands tightly, and her cries pierced through the wall without effort and hit me head-on.

"*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*.
It'stoomuchit'stoomuchit'stoomuchit'stoomuchit'stoomuch……"

That weak……painful, ghostly, endless pure-hearted regretful scream……

With my two hands, I pulled my hair. My ten long fingernails drew blood.

"……*Onii-samaonii-samaonii-sama*. I belong to you……To you. Hurry……hurry, hold me in your arms……"

I ground my face into my palms.

…….No, no……it'sallwrongit'sallwrong. You misunderstand it all. I don't know you……

I was about to yell, but I held my tongue again. I couldn't say that fact clearly……I don't even know my past at all……I don't have the evidence to deny her words……Not to mention my parents, my siblings, my hometown…I couldn't even tell if I was born a pig or a human being……

I hardened my fist and hit the bones behind my ears. But not a memory emerged from it.

Still, that voice did not stop. She was out of breath……so much that I could now hardly hear her, as it reached a climax of heartbreak.

"……*Onii-sama*…… *onii-sama*……please……please help……help me……help me……aaahhh……"

Driven by the voice, I once again looked around the walls, windows, and doors. I started to run again, but I stopped.

……I want to run away to a place where I can't hear anything……

As I thought of that, my body began to shiver.

I ran towards the door, so hard that it must be iron, throwing myself into the blue-coated surface. I tried to look into the dark keyhole……I can still hear that sound of a voice, continuing tenaciously as it grew fainter and fainter, threatening me to the point of numbness……I grabbed the bars of the window and shook it with all my power. Finally, only the lower corner bent, but I couldn't pull it by human power any more.

I was disappointed and came back to the center of the room. I still trembled as I looked around every corner of this room.

Is this the world of human beings……? Or have I come into the netherworld to receive my punishment?

I was recovering my sanity in this room, while, at the same time, as I recovered, an endless hell set upon me, completely forgetting one's self……there was not a reaction or echo……nothing more than that familiar object that is that clock's sound……

……As soon as I finished that thought, I began to hear that unknown woman's screams from somewhere I did not know, taking me to a more living hell……this severe unrequited love so deep, unthinkable in this world, eternal torment, to never be saved from or escape from……

I stepped on the ground so hard my heels hurt……I sat down……I lay face up……I got up again and looked around the room……I didn't know if I can hear it, the weak cries from the other side, from disconnected sounds of sobbing, pulled my attention……then as much as I could, I tried to recall my past……to save myself from this suffering……for her to hear my clear reply……

For tens of minutes……or perhaps hours, I did not know how long I crazed like this. My head, however, still had nothing, let alone any recollections of anything remotely related to her. Inside an empty memory lives an empty self. I writhe blindly while being chased around by these cries from that woman.

After a while, her cries from the wall began to weaken. Running like a thread, the cries slowly wound down, until they became just sounds of gasping and sobbing, and over these four walls, midnight stillness once more came back.

At the same time, I was also tired. I'm tired of this madness, I'm tired of thinking. Outside the door, at the end of the corridor, that big clock continued with that movement of the workings sounding and I was standing upright, or maybe sitting……when……something……I became unconscious again, as I was when I started……

……*plop*……something made a sound.

When I came to, my body was leaning against the corner of the wall opposite the entrance, my limbs thrown out in front of me, my neck bent that my head rested on my chest, and in front of my nose I stared at a point in the artificial stone floor.

When I looked……the floor, the window, the wall, before I knew it, shone a bright and shining light.

……*chu-chu*……*chon-chon*……*chon*……*chi-chi-chon*……

Like the quiet voice of the sparrow……the sound of a train gliding in the distance……the light from the ceiling went out without me noticing it.

……Dawn has come……

Thinking, I rubbed my eyes with both hands. I must have slept soundly. In the morning light, all of those mysterious and frightening events that happened have been forgotten. I began to stretch my body as it was strangely stiff and hurt, and I started to yawn loudly when I closed my mouth with a gasp.

A small gap opened just above the floor in the door opposite me and a plain wooden tray with white tableware and a silver plate came through.

The moment I saw it, I was taken aback. Questions from this morning began to unconsciously go around my head….. I had forgotten about it and I stood up. I ran on my toes towards the small gap in the door. As the white, wooden tray was placed, I grabbed the red, plump and fat arm of the woman….. and…… the tray, the toasted bread, the plate of vegetable salad, and the milk bottle fell on the floor.

I let out a hoarse voice.

“……Please…… please tell me…. My name…. What is my name?”

“……”

The person did not move.

From the white cuffs, an upper arm, cold, red, and a *daikon* came out, and underneath my left and right hands, I saw it turn purple.

“…..My…..My name….. what is my name?..... I’m not a lunatic….. or anything….”

“……Eeeeehhhhh!!!…..”

From outside the gap in the door, a young woman began to scream, and the purple arm I grabbed began to rake powerlessly.

“……Someone….. Somebody come please. Patient No. 7 is….. Yes. Somebody come…..”

“……Shhh…shhh. Be quiet, be quiet…. Shut up please. Who am I? ...This place…. What day is it today…. Where am I….. Please…. This place…. Then I’ll let you go….”

"……Waaaaahhhhh!!!….", there was the sound of a cry. At that moment, the strength of my hands relaxed, and in that moment, the woman's arms slipped out the gap in the door, the crying stopped, and she fluttered down the hallway. I then heard footsteps.

That arm which I pulled with all my might pulled out, and I landed on my rear on the hard artificial stone floor. I held it with both hands to prevent myself from turning over, and I looked around as if I lost my mind.

Then….. something strange happened.

That feeling I felt until now from my rear, at the same time, relaxed in an instant. It's ridiculous as it is oddly funny….. so funny that each strand of my hair quivered. It was so funny that I couldn't stop laughing even if my bones and flesh were to fall apart.

……AHAHAHAHA. What the heck? It's all stupid. Why should I care what my name is? Even if I forget, I won't feel inconvenient. I am still me. AHAHAHAHAHA…….

As I realized this, it became more and more unbearable and I fell to the floor. I held my head, hit my chest, kicked my legs and laughed. I laughed…… I laughed……. I laughed……. I swallowed my tears, choking, twisting my body, I burst into laughter.

……AHAHAHAHA. Can such a foolish thing happen again?

…….Did I fall from the sky? Sprung from the ground? This person here does not understand at all. I don't know such a person. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA…….

…..Where have I been and what have I been doing? And what am I going to do next? I have no idea what is going on. For the first time in my life, I have met such a person. AHAHAHAHAHA…….

……What happened here? How strange, what nonsense. Aha… aha… how funny, how funny……. AHAHAHAHAHA…….

…….Aahh, it hurts. I can't stop. Why is this so funny? AHAHAHAHAHAHA…….

I rolled around the artificial stone floor, laughing uncontrollably, but eventually it seemed to run out. I rolled my eyes and looked closely, and saw the three slices of bread, the plate of vegetables, a fork, and a bottle of milk with the cork still in place lying at the tip of my toe.

Seeing it made me blush for some reason. At the same time, I was struck with an unbearable hunger, so as soon as I tightened the *obi* that had fallen beside me, with my right hand I took the bottle of warm milk, and with my left I grabbed the *yakipan* and began to devour them. Then, with a fork, I poked the vegetable salad, stuffed it in my mouth with irresistible deliciousness, chewed it, and swallowed with the milk. And when I was already full, I climbed onto the bed behind me, flipped over the new sheets, stretched myself and closed my eyes.

I must have dozed off for about fifteen to twenty minutes. Maybe because I was full, I felt the strength of my body going away, my palms and the soles of my feet became warmer, and the inside of my head became dark and hollow…….. And in

the midst of it, morning noises come and go, coming here then disappearing….. how annoying….I can't do anything about it……

…..The sound of traffic…… The sound of shuffling shoes…… The sound of slowly dragging wooden shoes…… The bell of a bicycle…..In a house far away, the sound of dusting…..

……In a far, high place, a raven crows loudly……in a place which seemed to be a kitchen nearby, a glass broke with a clatter…… as I thought that, from a nearby window a woman's voice rang out.

"…..No way….. Really….. I'm sorry….. I'm sorry….. ehehehehe…..."

…..Then, as if after me, the sound of my stomach grunting and rejoicing…… One by one, they melt into each other, gradually going into a faraway land, becoming part of the dream…. This feeling….. I'm thankful for….

…..Then, in the meantime, I can hear one distinct and strange sound in the distance. It's a car horn siren, like a big whistle….booo….booo….boo boo boo boo…. That kind of high pitched sound was reverberating around me, but I had no idea that it was rushing towards me due to some terrifyingly urgent business. The *boo boo* sounds which made up the silence of the morning surpasses the threat, turning here and there through the streets in what seems to be a city, it came running towards my sleeping self at an alarming speed. When it was about to run towards my hair, it went to the side and made a big turn. It made a high-pitched moan and finally slowed down, then seemed to move away by about a block, then changed direction again, while raising a high-pitched scream which penetrated my ears, and just when I thought it approached at high speeds, the car seemed to stop. I then heard nothing….. At the same time, the world was in turmoil, and my sleep was getting thicker and thicker……

…… As I thought of this, I felt comfortable for five minutes, then the keyhole on my bedside door made a sudden snapping sound. It then opened with a heavy creak, making a rustling sound, and I reflexively jumped up and turned around…..But….. I was startled when I focused my eyes and looked closely.

In front of me, a small wicker chair is placed in front of the loosely closed sturdy door. And in front of me stood a strange figure looking upon me with a gaze to pierce clouds.

He was a giant of at least six feet. His face was as long as that of a horse, and skin pale as china. Underneath his thin, long-pulled eyebrow were small, whale-like eyes, eyes which were pale, like those of a wrinkled old man or a dying sick person. The nose protrudes like a foreigner, and the bridge of the nose shone brightly. Beneath the nose were his lips, wide and closed in a horizontal line, dull with the color of the skin around it. His forehead was a wide slope like the roof of a temple, and his gigantic chin looked like the bow of a warship— I found it disturbing…..From looking, I can only think of him as a person with a kind of bizarre, superhuman personality. His black hair parted in two, and he wore a luxurious black-brown fur coat; standing in front of a delicate wicker chair which seems to be for women, rubbing his long, pale, hairy fingers together, making him look like a Western apparition that appeared through some sort of magic.

I was terrified to look at such a person. Like a creature hatching from an egg for the first time, I held my breath, my eyes crackling, and my tongue moving inside my mouth…..This gentleman must be the person who came from the car just now….. I knew it instinctively, and, without knowing it, I turned in that direction and sat down again.

A moment later, from the depths of this giant gentleman's small, cloudy eyes, a cold light with a sort of dignity gleamed. Then, he looked down on he, and I felt like my body was shrinking, and I was forced to hang my head.

The giant gentleman didn't seem to care in the slightest, however. After examining my whole body with an extremely calm demeanor, he raised his eyes and began to look around the room. As that pale, cloudy gaze crossed the room from corner to corner, without explanation, I felt like he'd seen every single shameful deed I've done since I woke up this morning. That just made my body shrink even more….. I wonder why this disturbing gentleman came to see me…..I was afraid from the bottom of my soul…..

Then something happened. The giant gentleman suddenly hunched and leaned forward, as if something had threatened him. He then hurriedly put his hand into the pocket of his overcoat, grabbed a white handkerchief, and put it to his face….. Before I could even think, he turned his back on me, his body shook, and he began to release small, awkward, feeble coughs. After a while. He finally got his breathing under control, and slowly turned to face me and bowed once more.

"Hello….. my body is a bit weak….please excuse this man in an overcoat…."

What came out was a feminine voice that did not match his body. But when I heard it, I felt a sense of relief. Contrary to his outward appearance, this giant gentleman seemed to be a gentle and kind person, so I let out a sigh of relief and raised my face—he began to cough again.

"My name is Ko….ough, ough…. Pardon me…. I'm sorry…."

I took the business card with both hands and made a slight bow.

Kyūshū Imperial University
Professor of Forensic Pathology

Wakabayashi Kyōtarō

Dean of Medicine

Re-reading this business card several times, I was dumbfounded again and again. I couldn't help but look up and down at this large man standing in front of me, coughing. Then,

“…. This is…. Kyūshū University…..”

I couldn’t help but look around me as I muttered to myself.

At that moment, that giant, whose name was Dr. Wakabayashi’s muscle under his left eye trembled slightly. Perhaps it was the strange expression of this person’s unique smile. His white lips began to move gently.

“….Indeed….. this is Room 7 of the Department of Psychiatry at Kyūshū University. I apologize for disturbing you while you were sleeping, but there is a reason why I had to…. I heard that you asked the nurse-in-charge of the food what your name was….. As the night duty doctor reported this to me, I had to visit you immediately…..Have you perhaps remembered your name yet?…. Have you recovered all the memories of your past?.....”

I couldn’t answer…….After all, I was staring at the gigantic chin at the tip of his nose with eyes wide open like an idiot…. At least I thought so.

…….How am I not surprised? Since this morning, I’ve been haunted by the ghost bearing my name.

It must have been no more than an hour since I asked that nurse my name, and now he comes here asking if I remembered…. What a creepy feeling and a mysterious eagerness….

Why is me remembering my own name such a big deal for this doctor?.....

Confused, I can only look at the business card in my hand and compare it with Dr. Wakabayashi’s face.

Strangely, Dr. Wakabayashi also looked down on my face without blinking an eye, as if waiting for my reply. His mouth was tightly closed and staring at my face as if drilling a hole through it, and in his tense expression, I could tell that he was expecting my reply. I could tell that whether or not I remembered my name, as well as my past, must have been deeply important with Dr. Wakabayashi; my body became stiff.

The two of us looked at each other for a while….but…. after a moment, Dr. Wakabayashi, sensing that I couldn’t give him a reply, closed his eyes, seemingly disappointed. When he opened his eyes again, a deeper smile emerged from the left cheek to his lips. At the same time, he seemed to have misunderstood my daze for something else, so he slightly nodded a few times, then his lips moved.

“….You are right. It’s no surprised you are puzzled. Since I, a person from the position of forensic medicine, entered the work of the Department of Psychiatry, you must think it’s wrong, but please don’t think so. There’s an unavoidable deep circumstance here….”

While he said this, it looked as if he were about to cough again, but this time he seemed to have stopped it. As he blinked his eyes behind his handkerchief, he continued to speak as if he were suffocating.

“….I know nothing else…. To tell you the truth, until recently, a famous man named Masaki Keishi was in charge of this Department as a senior professor.”

“….Masaki…. Keishi…..”

“….That’s right…. Masaki Keishi is a person who played an important role not only in this country but also in the academic world. He was a great scholar who boldly established a new theory on “psychological science” that should have brought about a revolution in the research on psychosis which had been at a dead end…. Of course, it’s not any pseudo-scientific research which has been done up to now, like psychics or spiritualism. Dr. Masaki has no doubt established a new treatment for mental illness unlike any other in the world. One can steadily see the truth and proof of that theory, and can easily agree with his ideas….. Needless to say, you were the only one to have received this new treatment…”

“I….. was treated for mental illness….”

“That’s right… For someone like me, a professor of forensic medicine, to inquire of your condition when Dr. Masaki was responsible for your treatment must make you suspicious of me…. However…. It is of great regret that Dr. Masaki passed away a month or so ago, leaving me in charge of his affairs…. A successor for Dr. Masaki has not been decided, not a suitable assistant professor. So for the time being, I will be working in this Department…. and was entrusted to take care of you who received the treatment by Dr. Masaki. In other words, the face of this Department of Psychiatry, no, the honor of the whole Kyūshū University School of Medicine depends on…. whether or not you can recover your memories… and there is a good reason for saying this.”

As Dr. Wakabayashi said all this, I closed my eyes, thinking the whole place was suddenly bright. I felt that the ghost bearing my name would appear somewhere with a bright halo….

….But… in the next moment, I was overwhelmed by a pitiful feeling that made me involuntarily drop my head down, unable to lift it up.

…This is a hospital room in the Department of Psychiatry at Kyūshū Imperial University. And I am in Room 7 as a mental patient? No doubt, I’m a human housed in.

…. When I woke up, I felt like I was suffering from a sort of mental illness….. No, it’s proof that I still have it…. That’s it. I’m crazy.

….Ahhh. I’m a miserable lunatic…..

….For the first time, all these embarrassments, which Dr. Wakabayashi, who is too quiet, explained; all these embarrassments, I was conscious of it for the first time. My heart was pounding so hard that I could hardly breathe. Maybe it was embarrassment, fear, or sadness, but it was as if my whole body was pricked by an emotion that I couldn’t explain —from my ears to the nape of my neck, it was as if I was being burned…… My eyes were burning, and I was filled with the urge to throw myself in bed; I sadly put my palms to my face, and pressed my eyes down.

Dr. Wakabayashi, looking down upon my attitude, gulped twice and swallowed his saliva. Then, as if to a person of noble rank, he clasped his hands in front of me, and comforted me with a tone like a cat's caress, an even gentler tone.

"It's natural. It's very much natural. Finding yourself in this hospital room, you will feel a kind of despair and crushing feeling….. but don't worry. Compared to the other patients in this ward, you are hospitalized in a different way…."

"…I…I am… different from the other patients…"

"…That's right….You are at the present Mr. Masaki's most valuable experiment in his mental illness treatment called "The Madman's Liberation Therapy", founded in this department; you were the one who provided your body…"

"…I…I…I'm an experiment for the liberation treatment of madmen… I'm the one who will liberate and cure the lunatics…."

Dr. Wakabayashi leaned forward and nodded. As if to pay homage to the "Madman's Liberation Therapy"….

"You're right, you're right, you're absolutely right. I am sure you will come to understand how the founder of the "Madman's Liberation Therapy", Dr. Masaki and the theory he devised were significant, but…. you have completed this revolutionary experiment, with your brain and its precise actions achieving great success. Thanks to you, the name of our university is well-known around the world, and it continues to make an impression on the academic world…. Not only that, as a consequence of intense mental impulses as a result of this experiment, you have lost all consciousness of yourself; but now, you are going to make a clear recovery…… So, if I may say so, you are the central representative of this astonishing experiment in this Treatment Center, and at the same time, you could be called the guardian deity of honor in this University."

"…In… In the center of a terrifying experiment… Why me?...."

I instinctively rushed to the edge of my bed. Being dragged into the center of this very bizarre story, of course I'd be afraid of myself… Looking down on my face, Dr. Wakabayashi nodded with an even calmer attitude than before.

"You are suspicious….but… I regret that I cannot give you a clear explanation right now. Until, perhaps, someday, you yourself remember what happened…"

"….Remember myself…that….something that makes me remember…"

I muttered, rushing ever faster. Dr. Wakabayashi's words reminded me of the deplorable nature of a mental patient….

Dr. Wakabayashi did not make a fuss. He quietly raised his hand and restrained me.

"…Now…now… please wait. This is a lot of information, I know… To tell you the truth, in my entry into this facility, such a serious and complicated fate that cannot be exhausted overnight, so please. When I say fate, if I try to weave a

story together myself, the whole thing might become fiction. No one can trust this story as truth unless you, the one who experienced it directly, remember that profound and mysterious experience yourself…. And that is because your memories of your past has stories of fate so miraculous and marvelous… however… for the immediate calming down of your mind, I think it shouldn't be a problem to explain this much to you: "The Madman's Liberation Therapy" was started in February of this year, shortly after Dr. Masaki was appointed to our university, and the process for the treatment began then. It was completed after four months of experiment, in July, and was finally closed on the 20th of October when Dr. Masaki passed away; and it was during that short period of time that Dr. Masaki conducted the experiment that focused on restoring your memories. Due to that, Dr. Masaki predicted that you who have been in an odd state of mind for so long, would return to your normal self."

"….the deceased Dr. Masaki… predicted who I am today…"

"That's right, that's right. As we take care of you as the treasure of our university, you will return back to your original consciousness. Dr. Masaki firmly stated that he would prove the principles of his great theory and the effects of the experiments born from those principles…. If you are able to restore all of your memories as Dr. Masaki said, you will be reminded of the truth of an almost extraordinary, bizarre crime which you were associated with. This I believed and did not doubt, but…"

"… extraordinary…. an extraordinary criminal case… I was involved…"

"That's right. As I said, I said it was an extraordinary incident, an unthinkable incident."

"…that…that… that sort of incident…"

Then, before I could let out a breath, I leaned over to the edge of the bed.

Dr. Wakabayashi remained calm, however. He still spoke fluently while standing still. And he was still quietly looking down on me with those pale eyes.

"… I can't really think of anything else to call that incident…. what should I hide? On Dr. Masaki's research on psychiatry, as I just mentioned, I had been seeking his guidance for quite a while. In fact, even now, I continue to research on "Crimes and Their Evidences Applied to Psychiatric Science", but…"

"… psychiatry… applied crime…"

"That's right…. That being said, this subject is too new, and you may not understand the contents of it, but saying it like this, you will be able to understand it…. Meaning, my motivation for starting research on such a subject is that the topic of "psychological science", advocated by Dr. Masaki is based on very frightening principles; the theory was all over the place. For instance, in psychopathology, a branch of psychiatry science, there is a kind of suggestive action which can suddenly change the mental state of a person to make it seem like he is someone else….In an instant, this person's mental life can be overwhelmed and replaced with one of their ancestors of many generations past, lying dormant in the deepest recesses of his mind…this theory contains

such terrifying theories and examples like this… and what's more, the theory's application and experimental side effects are scientifically accurate and urgent. Despite this, the explanation of its action and method of execution is extremely amateurish, unlike conventional science…. Depending on the details of the explanation, even women and children can understand this to a certain extent, funnily enough; there is no such research or experiment as dangerous as this…. Of course, I know that before long these details will reveal themselves to you, so I won't explain it here, but…"

"…eeeh?….eeeeh?… the details of such a terrible research….all in my head…"

Dr. Wakabayashi nodded solemnly.

"That's right, that's right. Since you proved the truth of that theory with your own body, not only have you gained a kind of immunity to the horrors that such principles portray, but in the near future, when you have regained your memories, you will realize that you were right to participate in this new theory, in fact you are qualified for it; if the contents of this research were to be leaked to the public, however, who knows what kind of incident may occur….If one were, for instance, to discover a horrid genetic psychology dormant in the depths of the human psyche, when one were to give such suggestions, one can drive someone to insanity in an instant. At the same time, what would happen if even a person's memory of the culprit who drove them to insanity could be wiped out? Such harm couldn't even be compared to the gunpowder manufacturing of Mr. Nobel which intensified the Great War.

"From my view as a professor of forensic medicine, such theories of psychiatric science becoming as common sense to general society as theories of material science in the present age would be a huge problem in the future. By that time, we must be prepared for the consequence; just as crimes based on the application of material science are rampant today, crimes based on the application of psychiatric science will be rampant; by that time, however, there will be no turning back. If such crimes based on the application of psychiatry are realized, unlike material science crimes, crimes that are almost impossible to prosecute or investigate will undoubtedly appear across the world, and so, for the time being, I must be careful not to disclose Dr. Masaki's new theory to the public…. At the same time, as this may sound like a selfish excuse, in anticipation of an unlikely eventuality, I thought that I would have to study as thoroughly as possible on how to prevent such crimes and how to search and detect them…. And so, for a long time, under the guidance of Dr. Masaki, I have been working on research on the theme of "Crimes and Their Evidences Applied to Psychiatric Science", continuing to investigate from all directions whilst keeping it with the utmost secrecy. In the end, it became a sort of joint project between me and Dr. Masaki….

"…. There was, however, a kind of carelessness between me and Dr. Masaki… despite being so cautious, when or how it was stolen, I do not know, but the theory was applied to practical use —leading to the most intense and serious effect: the mysterious crime which occurred not far from this university…. this crime involved that of a cruel and cold-blooded deed; a wealthy family's lineage of several men and women killing each other for no reason or also being driven insane; such an event was unbelievable…. The fact that the means of his

deeds were related to the psychiatric sciences have been confirmed. This happened to a mild-mannered, bright-minded young man — the last lineage of that family…. This young man decided to marry his beautiful cousin, who was also in love with him, in an attempt to keep the lineage of his dying family alive; then, in an unexpected trance, he strangled the girl to death. Then, laying the girl's corpse in front of him, he spread out some paper and sketched calmly…. Such a peculiar and mysterious reality was exposed, it was a tremendous event… but… herein lies two problems: what was the purpose of causing the lineage of the young man's family to fall into such a miserable state, and who are the perpetrators; both problems remain unknown to this day. The judicial authorities of the Fukuoka Prefecture, the Metropolitan Police Department of Kyūshū, have been incompetent from the start all the way to the end of this case, and so, with the support of Dr. Masaki, I put my efforts into investigating this event; to this day, I haven't been able to find clues as to the truth behind this incident —I feel like I'm lost in a fog.

"….And… that being the case, there is one method left that I can think of to investigate this case… you, the survivor and central figure in this case, when you recover your memories through the efforts of Dr. Masaki, you can judge the truth of the incident directly… the purpose and the perpetrators; this is the only way I can think of. This monster who was behind this incident concealed his whereabouts with strange means…. Perhaps you already understand…. The reason why I couldn't give you a concrete explanation is that even I couldn't ascertain any truth from the incident….Also… as for the reason I am intervening with the Department of Psychiatry, way out of my specialization, and asking your help, is to protect the theory from leaking to the public, and in the case your memory is restored, I will rush to you without delay, and I will be the first to hear the truth of the incident… From here, we will expose the identity of the concealed monster…. If thanks to your recovered memories the truth behind this incident becomes clear, the result will have a double and triple layers of meaning so profound. The research presentation will be released to the modern scientific world and general public, and will create a worldwide sensation. The research of Dr. Masaki, "The Madman's Liberation Therapy" on the surface… is in fact the final stage of a large-scale experiment, which can transform modern material culture into a spiritual one in a single blow. Not only will this fact be scientifically proven, but I will also be pleased to complete the "Crimes and Their Evidences Applied to Psychiatric Science". Through this, the research on psychiatry which me and Dr. Masaki devoted over 20 years of our lives will be given the opportunity to be published…. Since you are here, I wondered whether you can remember your name, recovering your past and reveal the truth of the incident… that with double or triple meaning, not only the university, but also the judicial authorities in the Fukuoka Prefecture, and the masses watching all over the world depends on you… But…"

Dr. Wakabayashi, who has explained plenty so far, gave me a strange, pale glance….while I began to think, he once more turned to his side, pressed the handkerchief to his face, and began coughing hard.

As I looked at his wrinkled, convulsing profile, I became stunned, as if I've been enveloped in smoke. Since this morning, everything has given me a sense of unease and shock… Dr. Wakabayashi's explanation was so exaggerated and just

superstitious, that I couldn’t believe it to be true…. Listening to it as if it were my own story, it felt as if it’s becoming a dreamlike story which has nothing to do with me…

Then, Dr. Wakabayashi, who had just recovered from his coughing fit, gave another bow.

“Please excuse me. I’m just a little tired…”

As he said this, he turned to look at the wicker chair behind him and bowed down, and when I saw this manner of behavior, I couldn’t help but look back.

Seeing the wicker chair set up behind Dr. Wakabayashi, it looked as if it would collapse if a slightly large person sat on it, so I wondered if perhaps a woman would come… just a thought. However, I looked as Dr. Wakabayashi’s long torso slipped effortlessly into the narrow armrests of the chair. His chest and belly folded in two, the eyes on his face peering from his handkerchief, coming down as low as his knees could get, as if he’s saying….I’m the monster behind this mysterious incident… as if to say that, he sat down and settled into the chair. No matter how much I look, his overall size is only about half of what it used to be…. Even if the fur of the filthy overcoat is thin, such feats can’t really be done by normal humans. More importantly, my voice is back to normal…no…maybe I have settled down, I have become calm…. I knew just about everything…it felt like that.

“…Please excuse me… it’s just that, now that I see how you are doing, I can see that Dr. Masaki must have been a God; his predictions are coming true, though I’m no expert in this field. So far, as you recover your memories, you still couldn’t remember a thing, and that’s inconvenient. It will be a process to get you back to how you were before partaking on this experiment…. According to Dr. Masaki’s research, within the parts of your brain which contains past memories, there is a part which controls the subconscious, belonging to your oldest memories; somewhere there is a genetic weakness, a point of great sensitivity

“….There must have been some mysterious person somewhere who knew these facts from long ago. Stimulating the most sensitive weakness, using extremely strong psychic suggestions, and as a result of plunging it to extreme tension, the memories of your ancestors from a thousand years ago, which were hereditary and dormant, emerged from the memory of a strange and serious romance; it has emerged to the surface of your consciousness, and has plunged you into a deep trance….. And here we are right now, the trance-like psychology released from your subconscious has been used up, and returned you into a state of emptiness, leading to your current state; that being said, the part of your subconscious which is continuing its abnormal activity, and that part of the brain which sympathizes with your memories of the past is severely fatigued from long-term tension, and so it is completely disabled at the moment. Meaning, the older the memory, the more difficult for you to recall it… you woke up this morning to that part of you that wasn’t tired and by reflex sympathized with recent events, which made a great impression on you; and therefore…your current mental state is that of not recalling anything but recent events. Such a state Dr. Masaki termed “post-epileptic amnesia”…”

“….post-epileptic….amnesia…”

“That’s right…. The result of the psychiatric criminal method of the mysterious culprit of the incident is that you have become a different person for several

months….Deep somnambulism, or extreme split personalities for that matter, are not the same as mild personality change in dreams that is common among normal people… things like “sleep talking” or “stuck in reverie”, while extremely rare, is clearly documented over the years. For instance, “Old Man Remembers Hometown at Age of 50” or “A Gentleman’s Memoirs On Realizing He Was A Murderer After Being Confronted With Evidence” or “Meeting Your Biological Child With No Memory of Giving Birth—Confessions of a Lonely Old Lady”, “Notes of a Poor Young Man Who Became a Bald-Headed Millionaire While Thinking He Had Passed Out In a Train Collision”, “The Story of a Young Lady Who Slept For One Night, But Turned Into A White-Haired Old Woman The Next Day”, or “The Confessions of a Monk Who Committed A Sin Due To Confusion with Dreams And Reality” —such stories have survived, making the public in the verge of trusting and doubting; until there will be no doubts. Not only is the scientific possibility of such phenomena clearly and compellingly evidenced, but it is proven that people go through a time of “post-epileptic amnesia” before they return to their normal selves. Strictly speaking, in our daily lives, our psychological state is stimulated by what we see and hear, and changes without interruption. Getting angry, being sad, and smiling is after all, a kind of trance, in every moment, the psychology changes: “Lost in Reverie”, “Forgetting the Self”, and “Awakening One’s Self”, these are repeated in extremely short intervals… The general public doesn’t realize it… Dr. Masaki has proven this…. Therefore, it goes without saying that Dr. Masaki foresaw that you too will experience this process, and that you will return to your previous state; it’s only a matter of time.”

Dr. Wakabayashi seemed to be holding his breath as he licked his lips.

I wonder what kind of face I was making right now. I was terrified at Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanation, which struck me at a sharp angle with academic authority at every sentence—my body stiffened as if electrocuted by high-voltage electricity…. And so, the mysterious incident is about me…And I am in the position wherein I have to remember that horrifying incident as well as my name…I was dripping cold sweat, dripping from my armpits, and all my attention was on the long, pale face in front of me…I was deep in thought.

Then, Dr. Wakabayashi’s faint pale eyes fell just a little, and his tone became ever so low.

“…. I have said this, but until today, every one of Dr. Masaki’s predictions have flawlessly come true. This morning, you were in a trance-like state of mind, and now you are on the brink of remembering your past memories… for that reason, I asked that nurse a while ago about your condition, and now I came to you to see if you remembered your name.”

“…my name…remember my name…”

I wanted to shout, my heart was suffocated….Maybe….Maybe I am the culprit. The fact that Dr. Wakabayashi seems to be particularly paying attention to my name might be proof of it… I was struck with a momentary revelation… But Dr. Wakabayashi casually and quietly answered.

“…That’s right. Once you remember your name, all other memories should naturally return to your consciousness. It’s terrifying, the principles of

psychiatric science that governs everything about this incident. What was the reason or motive for such a mysterious crime to happen? That being said, you should be able to remember the truth of who the monster behind the incident is… And so, as someone who accepted you from Dr. Masaki, my primary responsibility is to assist you so that you can recall them…"

I was horrified of that dreadful prediction. Instinctively, I sat down and let out a strange voice.

"….who am I…. what's my name…."

As I asked that, Dr. Wakabayashi kept his mouth shut as if he were some kind of machine. As if searching something from within my soul….as if it were something serious, he stared through my eyes, his eyes shining brightly.

Thinking back, I must be playing into Dr. Wakabayashi's innumerable schemes. That provocative and strangely scientific story that Dr. Wakabayashi has been telling up to this point was by no means meaningless. It must have been some mental simulation for everyone to be extremely tense towards "my attention" to "my name", wanting to make me remember my name by all means…. This is making me obsessed with asking him my name, but at the same time, I kept my mouth shut, bringing my frustration to climax. This must be an attempt to intensely stimulate me, with the effect of recovering these past memories solidified in my brain.

At that time, I did not notice such a delicate plan. I just stared at Dr. Wakabayashi's pale white lips, assuming that at any moment now he would say my name.

Then Dr. Wakabayashi, watching my attitude, closed his eyes quietly, as if disappointed again. As he slowly shook his head from side to side, he let out a light sigh, and he opened his eyes and let out an even colder, more delicate voice than before.

"….I couldn't tell you…. I mean, I could, but what difference would it make? If you don't remember, then you don't remember. After all, these memories must be recalled by only you…"

I felt relieved and helpless at the same time.

"…Can I possibly remember it?"

Dr. Wakabayashi answered clearly.

"You can do it. I am sure you can do it. And by that time, not only will you realize that this is not a fictional story, you will have fully recalled your memories, and be discharged from the hospital, with your legal and moral rights…and you will be prepared to have a good family and all the happiness that comes with it. In other words, handing you these things is my second responsibility, without a doubt when you were entrusted to me by Dr. Masaki…"

When Dr. Wakabayashi said this, he looked at me with those cold, pale eyes, as if he were convinced. The power of those eyes pressured me, and I had to hang my head, feeling tired for no reason….

Dr. Wakabayashi did not care for my feelings, and he cleared his throat, and changed his tone.

“…Then… from here on out, I would like to start the experiment to have you remember your name…I… as well as Dr. Masaki…. have looked at various things which we believe have the most connection on your past, and whether or not they would evoke any memories; what do you think?”

As he said that, he put his hands on both elbows of the wicker chair and stretched his body.

Watching that face, I bowed my head slightly… It did not matter… At my discretion… that’s what he’s saying…

I hesitated within my soul. No, rather, I felt some kind of absurdity.

….The girl from Room 6 who called me this morning, and now Dr. Wakabayashi, who is now in front of me, could he be mistaken?

…Is he mistaking me for someone else, calling out and accusing me so earnestly?...No matter how much time passes, even if I am accused, I can’t remember a single thing.

…To be honest, these mementos of my past which I will be seeing are the mementos of complete strangers who have nothing to do with me.

…A cold-blooded and vicious psychotic patient, still unknown and hiding somewhere…the memento of a crime of extreme horror and cruelty committed by him…showing these things one after another, isn’t it the same as being accused if I remember it?

… Imagining such ideas, I instinctively shrunk my neck and I felt small.

At that moment, Dr. Wakabayashi, maintaining the elegance and humility of a scholar, quietly bowed to me and stood up from the wicker chair. And as he opened the door behind him, a small man promptly went in with long strides, as if he had been waiting.

The small man had a bald head, with a black, sharp-looped moustache; he wore a strange uniform of a white collared top, black trousers, and slippers made of old shoes. In both hands he carried a square, black, leather bag and a dirty *tatami* chair; a nurse came in, placed a steaming bowl in the middle of the room, and vigorously laid out the *tatami* chair. The man then placed the black bag next to the chair, opened it, and took out some hairdressing scissors and brushes among the mess, and then bowed towards me. It's as if he's saying "If you will please"…. Dr. Wakabayashi pulled the rattan chair to the side of the bed, and gave me a look as if saying, "If you will please".

…I guess I'm going to be shaved bald here… I thought at the time. I got off from the bed on my bare feet and sat on the *tatami* chair, and at the same time, the small man with the moustache put a white cloth around me. Then, he wrapped a towel soaked in hot water around my head and pressed it firmly as I turned to Dr. Wakabayashi.

"The way I shaved it last time should be alright?…"

Hearing this, Dr. Wakabayashi seemed taken aback. He must have glanced at me for a moment but in another moment he answered in a sullen tone.

"Ah. I asked you the other time, didn't I? Do you still remember how?..."

"Yep. It was exactly a month ago, and it was a special order, and so I am still familiar with it. Raise the center, and make the face look like a gentle oval… quite round, like that of a Tōkyō student…"

"Yes, yes. Do it like that."

"Understood."

As he said that, the scissors rang above my head. Dr. Wakabayashi was again sitting in the wicker chair beside the bed, and he seemed to have pulled out a foreign book with a red cover from the pocket of his overcoat.

I closed my eyes and began to think.

I felt my past becoming ever brighter. Dr. Wakabayashi told me a tremendous story of fate, and, while a completely different matter, facts that I myself can believe to be true are slowly inferred.

Since *Taishō 15 [1926]* (I don't know when), I became a patient in the Department of Psychiatry at the Kyūshū Imperial University, and I've been in a trance-like state since then. Maybe it was in the middle of that time, maybe before, but it seems that about a month ago, my head was shaved like that of a student. And from that time, I have been recovering…strange…

….However… it seems so, but how feeble a person's past memories are!

Even more so, there was that conversation I heard from the doctor and the barber. The only thing I can recall from my past was the “buuuunnnn” of the clock from this morning; everything was a void, I did not know if I was alive or dead.

Where was I born and how was I raised? What is this power of judgement to tell one thing from another…is it knowledge…or is it the academic ability to understand Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanations so seriously that makes me tremble… how did such a thing become me? How could I have forgotten these many, seemingly limitless memories of my past?....

….As I thought of such things, my eyes were still closed and I stared at the void inside my head, like a germ wandering aimlessly into the infinite emptiness….how lonely…how boring…I’m sad….my eyes are feeling hot for some reason…

…cold…something cold touched my neck. The barber, who had already shaved my head without me noticing, started to smear soap bubbles on my nape to continue shaving.

I dropped my head in disappointment.

….Thinking back…Dr. Wakabayashi already did this to my head a month ago. Perhaps, at that time, I may have also had a dreadful experience from that morning. It also seems that this barber is not the only one the doctor ordered to shave my head. If that’s the case, then I’m just repeating this over and over again…maybe before that, and even before that; I’m a trance-like patient repeating things over and over again….that’s what I thought.

Isn’t Dr. Wakabayashi one of those cold-hearted scientists who does nothing else but experiment?...No. Maybe, all these things happening around me since this morning, are they just hallucinations from this patient in a trance?...Maybe right now, I’m having a dream where my head is being shaved and my sideburns and eyebrows are being groomed…my body is not here. I’m somewhere else, an absurd place, an absurd trance…

….As I thought of this, I got up from the chair…With a white strip wrapped around my neck, I started to run straight… at least I thought, but such was not the case….A great uproar happened above my head. Unable to open my eyes and mouth, I put my rear back to the chair and shrunk my neck.

Maybe it’s because of the two round combs above my head, but it began to run around so wildly that I couldn’t breathe…but… something about that good feeling…I lost track of everything in an instant; am I insane? Who is insane?... Happiness, sadness, regrets, the past, the present, everything in this universe, I feel like a corpse cut off from it all; leaning back in the chair, feeling that endless itch, I felt the pleasure of being stirred to the bottom that every pore of my body all the way to the marrow of my bones were deeply impressed…it can’t be helped. I don’t know why, but for now, I’ll absolutely obey Dr. Wakabayashi’s orders. It does not matter what the future holds… I felt disheartened; I had given up on everything.

“Come over here.”

A young woman’s voice was right next to my ear, and I opened my eyes in surprise; then before I knew it, two nurses came in and grabbed my hands, as if I were a sinner or something. The white cloth around my neck had been taken off by the barber and he fluttered it outside the door.

At that time, Dr. Wakabayashi, immersed in reading the foreign book with a red cover, closed it shut and stood up. His gigantic face stretched even longer and he moved his hands towards the door while coughing and said “Come here”.

I barely managed to open my eyes from the hair and dandruff all over my face; is this, for the first time in my life…?...I was out the door.

Dr. Wakabayashi also went outside the door, and escorting me, we went off.

Beyond the door is a wide artificial stone corridor, with five doors of the same color and appearance as the one in my room, lined up facing each other. At the end of the hallway, in an alcove in the dark wall, is a wall clock about the height of a person, tightly wrapped in iron bars and wires like the windows in my room; maybe this was the clock that woke me up in the middle of the night…that *buuuunn*.

I don't know where the hands are screwed to put it in, but the long and short hands of old-fashioned arabesque patterns point to 6:04 while shaking with a huge brass echo; it looked like a human being who received this punishment and was forced to repeat this thing. My room was on the left facing the clock; on the side of the door, a foot-long white-painted panel was nailed there, and in Gothic-style black lettering, in small letters: "Mental Department, East Wing, Ward 1", and "Room No. 7" in large letters underneath. My name plate was not there.

I turned my back on the clock and walked away, as I was still being pulled by two nurses. After a while, I stepped into a bright corridor. There I saw a blue-painted, two-story wooden Western-style building. On the sides of the corridor was pure white sandy soil, with red blood-like chrysanthemums, cocoons white like a dream, and red-and-yellow cockscombs in the shape of strange internal organs, and beyond that is a dark green pine forest. Lights from the morning sunshine on the thin clouds passing over the pine forest, and from somewhere are the distant sound of the waves moving quietly….

"…Aahh… it's autumn…"

I thought. I was relieved to breathe in the cool fresh air, but I didn't have time to look at the scenery, as I was then taken into a dark hallway. We came to a room on the right, and a nurse who was waiting there opened the door and entered the room with us.

The room was large, and it had a bright bathroom. On the other side, steam was rising out of the stone bathtub and dripping all over the glass windows on three sides. Three red-cheeked nurses, all having matching man-like red arms and legs grabbed me, stripped me naked, and pushed me into the bathtub. As soon as I was in a warm place, I was pulled onto a piece of board next to the tub, and was pressed with cold soap and sponges from all sides. I turned around without hesitation. Suddenly, my head was pressed down, soaped rubbed on, forming a foam like a mountain; I was rubbed in such a violent manner that felt as if this was no woman; then hot water was poured over my head, so that I couldn't open my eyes or mouth, and then my hands were pulled out and said,

"Over here."

And with that shouting order, I was put again into the bathtub. Such a brutal method… perhaps that nurse who brought me food this morning and was treated badly was mixed in with the three of them and was taking revenge on me; but when I thought of it, it seems that they were just used to handling lunatics every day, and I felt disappointed. To finish it off, my fingernails and toenails were clipped, my mouth brushed with a bamboo-handle brush and some salt, warmed up once, and my body wiped with a new towel; and once my head was

scraped with a yellow comb, I felt reborn. I wonder why I still didn't remember my past though I felt refreshed; I just felt good that it was strange.

"Wear these."

Said one of the nurses, and in a moment, the clothes I had taken off on the wooden board had disappeared, and there was a large, pale, yellow *furoshiki* instead, with something inside. When I untied the knot, there was a white cardboard box which contained a college uniform, a cap, a marbled overcoat, knitted undergarments, trousers, brown socks, and lace-up shoes wrapped in newspaper… and opening the small leather sack on top of it, there was a small wristwatch that glowed silver.

Not suspecting anything, I received these items from the nurse and put them on; no, not even an initial that would indicate they belonged to me. All of them, however, had sharp creases like those of a wholesale tailor, and as I moved around, they felt comfortable, as if I were familiar with such clothing in my past. It's just that the new color of the collar of this overcoat seems tightly packed, and, even more surprisingly, the brand new academic cap, the shiny lace-up shoes, even the size of the black ribbon on the wristwatch which indicates "6:23" was all a perfect fit. It all felt strange that I put both hands in my overcoat pocket, only to find a new folded handkerchief and some facial tissues in the right pocket, and a small coin purse on the left.

I couldn't believe it, like being pinched by a fox. I looked around to see if there was a mirror somewhere, but there wasn't so much as a fragment. Still looking at me restlessly, the three nurses opened the door and left. Then, passing by the nurse, Dr. Wakabayashi entered, lowering his head lower than the lintel of the door. He glanced up and down at me, as if inspecting my clothes, then quietly took me to the corner of a room, where he removed a washed-out *yukata* hanging halfway down the opposite wall. And unexpectedly, there appeared a giant mirror.

I involuntarily staggered backwards…how young I looked!

At that time, in the middle of the night, when I saw myself in Room 7, I thought I was a man in his thirties with a bad-looking face, but after I was groomed, I didn't think that stroking myself with my hand would be so different.

Standing in the mirror in front of me was a young man in his twenties or so. He had a round forehead, a thin chin, large eyes and a face of surprise. Without the uniform, people would mistake him for a junior high school student. I was that young man, I thought, and all the tension from this morning seemed to dissipate; it's an indescribable feeling…happy…sad…it's strange.

At this point, Dr. Wakabayashi called out to me from behind and pressed me.

"…How is it?.....Did you remember?....Your name…"

I hurriedly took off the cap I was wearing. I swallowed my saliva and turned around, then understood why Dr. Wakabayashi has been teasing me in various ways since a while ago. He has promised to show me a memento of my own past. What I mean is, Dr. Wakabayashi knew me before I had been hospitalized, and putting

this in front of me, he must be trying to make me recall my past….This I am not mistaken. This must be a memento of my past, for sure….Even if everything else is some sort of misunderstanding, I have no doubt that this is something from my own memories…

Unfortunately… the doctor's hard work and efforts are not rewarded. Even though I was surprised at seeing myself like this for the first time, I still couldn't remember a thing; I felt more embarrassed than before…..I feel ridiculed…...I'm afraid….I couldn't help but wipe the sweat from my forehead and hang my head down.

Dr. Wakabayashi, who was looking at my face and that from the mirror in a serious and expressionless expression, eventually gave a careful nod.

"…It makes sense. Your skin is whiter than before, and you have gained some weight, so you may feel different from how you felt before you were hospitalized…alright, come here. Let me try something else….This time, I'm sure you will remember…"

With my ankles and knees stiffened in new lace-up shoes, I followed Dr. Wakabayashi back into the corridor where the cockscombs were in bloom. And just when I thought I was being brought back to Room 7, Dr. Wakabayashi stopped in front of the door with the sign for Room 6, and then he knocked slowly. He then pulled the large brass handle, and from inside the room, an old woman in her fifties who looked like a caretaker, wearing a pale yellow apron, came and bowed. The old woman looked at Dr. Wakabayashi's face and said,

"She's sleeping soundly right now."

As she politely reported that, she left for the Western-style building we came from.

After that, Dr. Wakabayashi stretched his neck then went inside.

Holding my hand, he quietly closed the door with the other hand, and the sound of my footsteps concealed, we approached the iron bed that lay at the base of the far wall. He gently let go of my hand, pointed his hairy finger at the face of a girl sleeping on the bed, then he looked back at me.

I gripped the brim of my hat tightly with both hands. I couldn't believe my eyes; I blinked two times or three.

….There was a beautiful girl sleeping peacefully.

Her lustrous and bountiful hair were tied in a strange fashion, like large, black petals, scattered on the pillow, and was wrapped in a white towel. Wearing the same white cotton uniform I just wore a moment ago, on the white blanket over her chest, both her hand were in new bandages neatly wrapped on top of each other; thinking about it, this must have been the same girl who harassed me by banging on the wall and calling out to me earlier in the morning. Of course, there was not a trace of the ghastly blood stains on the wall that I imagined this morning, but even so, she cried with such a terrible and suffocating voice; her madness, the peacefulness and innocence of her sleep…her elongated crescent eyebrows, long dark eyelashes, elegant high nose,

faintly blushed cheeks, and small clover-shaped lips; with her cute appearance and transparent double chin, her sleeping figure looked so pure that I thought she was some built-in doll…No… at the time, as I was still skeptical, I stared at this doll's sleeping face.

Then…before my eyes, a strange change I couldn't quite describe began to happen to the doll's sleeping face. The girl's sleeping face, which was happily lying face down in a large pillow wrapped in a new towel, with her red ears wrapped in fresh wisps of hair and her long eyelashes straightened, quietly and invisibly changed to an expression of sadness. Her elongated eyebrows, thick eyelashes and the small clover-shaped rim of her lips remained motionless, still in that beautiful position. Her cheeks, a girlish innocent pink color, became a lonely pink; a face that looked 17 or 18 years old took on an elegant expression that made her look between 20 to 23. And I saw a divine color of sorrow transparently from the bottom.

I began to doubt my eyes again. To rub my eyes would be foolish; I felt like I couldn't breathe. She did not stir, but there formed a clear drop of water from between her eyelids. It became a ball of dew, wrapped around her long eyelashes, sparkled, then flowed down to both sides of her face… she began to tremble, and then words pale as a dream were said in pieces.

"…*Onee-sama*…*onee-sama*…I'm sorry, I'm sorry….I…. I really admired *onii-sama* from the bottom of my heart. I know you are *onee-sama*'s very important *onii-sama*… I've yearned for him for a long time….but this happened…ahh…I'm sorry, I'm sorry…please…please…forgive me…forgive me please…please….*onee-sama*…please…please"

The way her lips move without trembling, it's as if she were conjecturing. Her tears kept welling up, running left and right from her eyelashes…to her faintly white temples…fading at her lush sideburns.

The tears eventually stopped. The lonely rose color of her cheeks, like the dawning of the day, returned to the original innocent pink color—her expression remained motionless and healthy, like a doll—her sleeping face returned to that of a 17 or 18 year old girl….With sad dreams, she aged five or six years. She's regained her youth…and as I looked, a gentle smile appeared on the corner of her lips.

From the bottom of my soul, I let out a long sigh. I felt like I hadn't awakened from my dream, and I timidly looked behind me.

Dr. Wakabayashi still had that expressionless expression —staring down at me with his hands behind his back. I could tell, however, from the look on his face, hardened like wax, that he seemed very tense on the inside—he then let out a quiet voice completely different from before.

"…this person…her name…do you know it?..."

I looked at the girl's sleeping face again.

I shook my head quietly, as if afraid of my surroundings.

…no…not at all…

…is what I wanted to say…After that, Dr. Wakabayashi whispered again in a low voice,

“…Then…do you even remember this person’s face?”

I looked at Dr. Wakabayashi and blinked twice or thrice.

…This is absurd…How can I, who can’t even remember my face, remember other people’s faces?...

That’s to say…

At that moment, an indescribable color of disappointment once more crossed Dr. Wakabayashi’s face. He looked at me for a while with an empty look in his eyes, and before long, he returned to his empty expression, nodded two or three times, and quietly turned to face the girl with me. With very solemn steps, he took a half step forward, clasped his hands in front of me, as if praying in front of a god, then looked at me. He then said in a soft, suggestive tone.

“…Then…allow me to tell you. This person is your one and only cousin, the one who became your fiancée.”

“…Ahhh!…”

I let out a voice of surprise. I stumbled back and forth as I held my forehead. I couldn’t believe what I saw or heard, and I said in a hoarse voice.

“…th…this….someone this beautiful…”

“….That’s right, a person this beautiful is rare. But there is no mistake. This year… *Taishō 15, April 26 (April 26, 1926)*… just six months ago, you were about to hold a wedding ceremony for your only cousin. But because of the strange incident that happened the night before that, you are now in this current state…”

“…….”

“…And so…I hope that you and this person will be discharged from the hospital without delay…so that you will return to your happily married life, as Dr. Masaki expected. This is my last and most important responsibility in accepting you.”

Dr. Wakabayashi’s tone was gentle and solemn, overwhelming me.

I looked back on the bed, my eyes widening as if I had been pinched by a fox — I couldn’t believe it…This strange feeling of suddenly being pointed to a maiden who looked out of this world, someone you’ve never seen before, saying she’s your fiancée…I felt suspicious…I felt this whole thing to be absurd…

“…my…my only cousin…but…just now…she said “*onee-sama*”…”

“She’s in a dream. This young lady never had an older sister… there is, however, a record from a woman who was her ancestor a thousand years ago who had an older sister. Right now, she is dreaming as if she had an older sister...”

“…why…such a thing…how could I…understand…”

My voice trembled. I couldn’t help but step back as I looked into Dr. Wakabayashi’s face.

I grew suspicious of Dr. Wakabayashi’s mind…Only a witch could tell what a person is dreaming of from outside…it transcends all reasoning and imagination… Such a bizarre explanation of something from a thousand years ago is beyond comprehension…Dr. Wakabayashi is not a normal person. I suspect that maybe he’s also a special patient in this mental hospital, like me.

Dr. Wakabayashi has not a strange look, however. He continued to answer nonchalantly like a scientist. Ever quiet, a cracked voice…

“…That is to say… I can tell because this young lady said and did such things when she was awake…look at the strange way her hair is tied. This hairstyle is the style of the married woman—her ancestor a thousand years ago… This young lady is still a pure and innocent maiden, but tying her hair like this, the mental state of this lady is now that of the habits, memories, and characteristics of the woman from a thousand years ago. From the look of her eyes to the way her body moves, you wouldn’t think of her as a maiden. She looks like an elegant young lady, looks mature enough that her age could be mistaken…Of course, she does not know she’s in such a dream, and so she is restrained, like any normal patient…”

I couldn’t close my mouth. I couldn’t help but compare her mysterious hair to Dr. Wakabayashi’s solemn expression.

“…then...then…when she said “*onii-sama*”…”

“That would be your ancestor from a thousand years ago. This ancestor, the husband of that sister at the time…in other words, she is currently dreaming where she is living together with you, her brother-in-law a thousand years ago.”

“…That’s…That’s so shameful!…So unfaithful!…”

I gasped as I shouted. Then Dr. Wakabayashi gently moved his pale hand to control me.

“Shhh…be quiet…if you can remember your name at any time, then everything…”

Dr. Wakabayashi also shut his mouth. We both looked at the girl on the bed. It was too late.

Our voice reached the girl’s ears. As she moved her small, red lips, she opened her eyes and saw my face, as I was standing right beside her. For a moment, her eyelids sparkled, then she looked surprised, as her cheeks turned pure white. Her moist, dark eyes were opened very wide, and shone a beauty I have never before seen in this world. The color of her cheeks changed, and her ears seemed to be burning,

“….Ahhh!....*Onii-sama*…why are you here?...”

She stood up screaming as if her soul was disappearing. She jumped off the bed and clung to me, her legs bare.

I was shocked. I unintentionally brushed her hand away from me. I instinctively stepped back and glared at her…I was completely shocked…

…The girl also stopped. Her arms outstretched, she stiffened as if struck by electricity. She turned pale, even her lips lost color; and she stepped back and put her hands on the bed. With lips trembling, she looked intently at my face. She then fearfully looked at Dr. Wakabayashi's face and at the state of the room…and before long, both her eyes were filled with sparkling tears. With her head down, she fell on the stone floor, and with the sleeves of the white uniform on her face, she cried in bed.

I was taken aback. Wiping the sweat forming all over my face, I compared the back of the girl, shaking and crying in a hoarse voice, to Dr. Wakabayashi's face.

Dr. Wakabayashi…did not move a muscle in his face. As he coldly looked at my astonished face, he calmly approached the girl and bent over. Then he asked her.

"Do you remember this person's name?...and your name?..."

Hearing these words, I was even more surprised than the girl…So this girl, then, is also in a state of "post-epileptic amnesia" that has awakened her from her trance-like state…Dr. Wakabayashi is attempting the same experiment on her… and now was waiting for her reply with such tensions that her ears were ringing.

The girl did not reply. For a moment she stopped crying and shook her head, then buried her face deeper into the bed.

"…Then, what you can remember is your *onii-sama* who was married to you."

The girl nodded. She then began to cry ever so loud. Even if one were to listen to it without knowing what was going on, it was a truly heartwarming, gut-wrenching voice. She couldn't remember the name of her lover, that person was left in the world of a psychotic patient far away…and now, she stumbled upon that person and tried to cling to him, only to be unceremoniously pushed away— she had a voice of grief that was unbearable to her body and the world.

Even with the differences of men and women, I was in the same mental state as her and was experiencing the same suffering; I was drawn to the depths of her soul by that hoarse cry. It was so different when I was called out in the dark that morning…no, I was already in such a stifling position many times before that. I was still unable to remember the girl's face or name; and I couldn't help but feel the pain of her cries, looking at the messy rear view of the girl crying on the white bed, tormented by anguish, as if I was the only one responsible for her insanity and the inability to do anything about it left me in cold sweat. I felt so faint that I wanted to stagger and fall down.

Dr. Wakabayashi, not realizing my suffering, moved his upper body, and caressed the girl's shoulder.

"…There…There…Calm down…You'll remember it soon. This person…your *onii-sama* forgot your face. But soon he will remember it. Then I will let you know right away. Then you two will leave the hospital together….alright…have a good night… That time will come…it won't be long…"

Dr. Wakabayashi raised his head as he said this…I was surprised, weakened, and in tears, and he took me by the hand, who was standing still, and we walked out the door, him closing the door without regrets. At the end of the corridor, Dr. Wakabayashi clapped his hand to call the old lady who was tending to the cockscombs, and while I was still hesitant, he took me to Room 7.

If one listens closely, you can still hear the girl's quiet voice. I felt like the old lady accompanying her was trying to tell me something through the sobbing breaths. Standing on the artificial stone floor, I let out a deep sigh and calmed myself down. I looked at Dr. Wakabayashi's face, expecting an explanation.

…Not even I could have dreamed that such a peerless beautiful girl, which the world would not have seen as anything but a doll, was locked up like a miserable psychotic in a room, unexpectedly, one wall from me.

…Even more so, that beautiful girl is my cousin, my fiancée even, but she has that bizarre dream of her living with me and me being her *onee-sama*'s son-in-law a thousand years ago.

…Not only that, but as soon as she woke up from that dream and saw my face, she called me "*onii-sama*" and tried to hug me.

…And because I swept her away from me, she fell to the floor and was so sad she was squeezing her intestines…

I waited with great anticipation for Dr. Wakabayashi to give me an explanation for such a mysterious and unpleasant reality.

Dr. Wakabayashi, thinking, shut his mouth, as if became dumbfounded. Then, with cold pale eyes, he glanced at me, then lowered his eyes, put his left pocket in his overcoat pocket, took out a large, silver pocket watch and put it in his palm. He gently placed the fingertips of his right hand on his left wrist, looked into the dial showing the time 7:30 and began to measure his pulse.

Dr. Wakabayashi must have been ill to have gotten into the habit of taking his pulse every morning at this time. Dr. Wakabayashi's demeanor did not have the slightest trace of nervousness. He had the same indifference of a complete stranger on the side of the road. His eyes looked down like that of a ghost, his white lips closed like a horizontal line, and the middle finger on his wrist pressed strongly then loosened—it's as if he was trying to suppress my excitement from the strange things I witnessed in the next room. In this bizarre reality where the past, the present, and the future…are mixed with dreams and reality, there's a girl writhing in true love…unbelievably adulterous…highly pure and innocent…neither a maiden nor a wife, neither sane nor insane…I was introduced to a beautiful girl with beauty which should have been impossible to exist, a girl who says "I'm your cousin and fiancée at the same time:, and being presented with such evidence in front of my eyes, now Dr. Wakabayashi seems to be deliberately avoiding any questioning.

I was frustrated, and I didn't know what to do.

…It felt like at that moment when I turned my head that I was being ridiculed by this doctor.

I don't know why, but I felt that Dr. Wakabayashi took advantage of my mental problems and told me a story which would surprise people, trying to make me believe in such things. Then my suspicions had to be true when I remembered him saying he was going to use this for a kind of academic research—such ideas spread all over my head.

I found it strange to see him go through all kinds of trouble: taking this ignorant me, dressing me up as a college student, introducing me to a beautiful girl and saying she was my fiancée, and so on. I wonder if these clothes and hat were made for my body while I was in a trance. Perhaps this girl was a nymphomaniac being accommodated in this hospital, and maybe no matter who she sees, she will act like that. Maybe this isn't Kyūshū Imperial University hospital either. Maybe Dr. Wakabayashi, one standing in front of me, is trying to dry my brain or something for some reason. Maybe I was dragged in from

somewhere, tricked into some kind of delusion, and was being used. There was no way that I wouldn't remember anything from my past; let alone forget meeting such a beautiful girl who is my fiancée. Feeling nostalgic, feeling happy…to feel something is just impossible.

….That's right, I was going to be devoured.

….When I came to realize this, the questions, the doubts, the surprises all running through my mind, in an instant, all that disappeared. Before I knew it, my mind was turning back to that of grief. No responsibilities, no worries… I felt completely alone, I was attacked by loneliness, I felt I was missing something. Then, Dr. Wakabayashi, who seemed to have just finished examining his pulse, put the pocket watch on his left palm back into his pocket, and returned to the same reserved demeanor he had when we first met, and said,

"How are you? Feeling tired?"

I was taken aback by Dr. Wakabayashi's seemingly harmless demeanor.

"No. Not at all…"

"…Ah…Then, I would like to continue the experiment to make you recall your memories."

I nodded without thinking. I didn't care…that was my feeling…Dr. Wakabayashi nodded in unison upon my response.

"Then, from here, I will show you to the professor's office in the main building at the Department of Psychiatry at the Kyūshū University…the same room where Dr. Masaki Keishi, who I mentioned earlier, resided until his death. As you look at the mementos of your past displayed there, you are bound to unravel your bizarre memories one after another, until you finally restore your past. And perhaps you and that young lady will both be able to solve the truth behind the bizarre incident…"

Dr. Wakabayashi's words sounded profound, while having a conviction harder than steel.

I lowered my head, feeling indifferent to such things…Taking me anywhere would be fine. It was going to be this way…with such a careless feeling…At the same time, I was curious as to what kind of strange things he would bring to me this time.

Dr. Wakabayashi nodded in satisfaction.

"…Alright…Come…"

In the Kyūshū Imperial University, College of Medicine, the Department of Psychiatry Building was the blue-painted, two-story wooden Western-style building, including the bathhouse.

Going through the long corridor, along the outer corridor next to the flower garden I just came through, walked all the way through the other side, coming towards the iron door that looked like the entrance to a prison…before I knew it, the door was opened by a guard peering from somewhere, and the two of us entered a dark, empty entrance.

The front door was tightly sealed, maybe because it was still very early in the morning. Relying on the faint bright light leaking in through the window above the door, we climbed two steep steps lined on both sides and turned to the right; then I found myself in a wonderfully bright south-facing hallway, and in the right side were a number of rooms with wooden plaques such as “Laboratory” and “Library” labeled on them. At the end of the hallway, I could see a dark brown door with a white piece of paper that read: “Do not enter…Dean of the Medical Department”.

Dr. Wakabayashi then took out a key with a large wooden tag from his inner pocket and opened the door. He turned around to invite me in, then took off his overcoat and hung it on a hat rack on the wall next to the door. I followed suit and put the marbled overcoat and the hat on the rack. Footsteps remained on the floor, indicating that the room was covered in a thin layer of dust. This room was wonderfully spacious and bright. Of the twelve windows lined up on the north, west, and south sides, eight windows on the north and west sides are covered with dark green pine branches; four windows on the south sides are unobstructed, and so the light of the blue morning sky and the nearby sound of the waves come into the room like a flood. Dr. Wakabayashi, standing in the midst of it, stood out in his very long, slender morning dress, and my sloppy uniform, I felt like I was in a faraway place, away from the real world.

Dr. Wakabayashi raised his slender right hand and pointed around the room. At the same time, a feeble voice from some high place created a gentle lingering sound in every corner of the room.

“This room was originally the library and specimen room of the psychiatric department, these belonging to the former head of the department, Dr. Saitō Juhachi, who painstakingly collected the research materials of this department: documents serving as reference materials, or the products of the patients who were once here in the hospital, or articles and documents relating to their life; these are achievements worthy of pride in the academic world. After Dr. Saitō passed away, and Dr. Masaki assumed his position as senior professor in February this year, he said that this room could be a bit brighter, and so he moved all the books and literature buried in the eastern part of this room to the professor’s office, and as you can see now, he remodeled it to a living room and even installed such a beautiful stove. It turned out, however, that he did this of his own accord, without the permission of the President or even a formal notification, and that made Headquarters Secretary Tsukae very upset—it was said that he came to the room with such vulgar language to ask him to hurry and go through all the formalities, but Dr. Masaki wouldn’t have any of it, but said something along the lines of:

‘What the…You don’t have to worry about anything. It is just a matter of rearranging the positions of the specimens. Please tell the President that… that’s the reason why. Listen…I have nothing to hide, I’ve just managed to settle down as a university teacher, but to be honest, I think of myself as a research madman and a megalomaniac. I’m self-diagnosing the fact that I’m well qualified to be research material for any psychiatrist…But even then, I just can’t admit my name and be hospitalized in my own room. For now, I want to display my brain as a living specimen in one place with these reference materials….Of course, in internal medicine and surgery, it is not necessary, but as far as psychiatry is concerned, this senior professor’s brain must be treated as one of the research materials…thorough research is needed. I have to achieve that…that’s my top-notch academic research attitude, it can’t be helped. I should think that Dr. Saitō, who built this room, would raise his hands from the grave and agree…’

“He was laughed at for saying such things, and as expected, the clerk, Tsukae, was forced to retreat like a cloud of smoke.”

Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanation was smooth and fluent, but it was enough to take my breath away. Until now, I only heard adjectives when Dr. Masaki’s brain was mentioned, thinking it was unbreakable, and I was horrified at the moment when I felt his brilliance emerge from such a nonsensical joke. Not only is it beyond common sense and rules that the general public values, this is half-joking, making one feel that we are nothing more than a specimen of madness—the whole university, no, the transparency of his head that makes fun of the scholars all over the world…The bitterness and greatness of his sarcasm were too clear for me to understand, that I was just dumbfounded and I couldn’t close my mouth.

Dr. Wakabayashi, as usual, continued to speak regardless of my surprise.

“…Anyways, here is the reason I brought you to this room. As I said in Room 7 earlier, among these specimens and reference items lined up here, is there anything which strikes you as profound? This is an experiment on whether something attracts your attention. This is the subconscious of human beings…in other words, this is a method for searching deep memories that cannot be recalled by normal methods—it has been proved countless times that the subconscious is always active without the person being aware of it, and it is deeply rooted in the person; your memories, sealed away in your consciousness, are in display somewhere in this room. I believe these things must vividly evoke your memories…Dr. Masaki learned this unique method from a female shaman named Ismera while traveling in the Balkan Peninsula, and has been successful in many experiments…of course, the experiment of taking you to that young woman earlier did not succeed. That is because there wasn’t a single memento in that room which evokes memories of your past…that is why, in this room, no matter what, ask questions on anything which catches your eye. You’ll feel like you are doing research on mental illness yourself…if you do so, you’ll soon find yourself thinking about a certain item like a flash of lightning. That will be your first step in evoking your past, and perhaps, you will be able to swiftly remember all of your memories.”

Dr. Wakabayashi’s words flow out very casually and smoothly.

The words were easy and kind, like an adult talking to a child…but listening to it, I felt a kind of shudder filling my heart, which I have not felt since this morning; I couldn't control what I felt from the bottom of my soul.

I've been feeling it….that this is all a hoax…all suspicions were turned around when I heard Dr. Wakabayashi's explanation.

Dr. Wakabayashi is an authoritative forensic scientist. If she truly recognizes me as her lover, I never tried to force her to think so. And so, with this fair and obscure scientific method, I surround my psyche with every inch of space, exposing myself to it like a lover with my own hands. Such conviction…the serenity of the plan…the thoughtfulness…

…I did not know if the various things I heard and saw a while ago were related to my life. I did not know if that girl was my true cousin and fiancée at the same time….

Whether I like it or not, I have a responsibility to find any memento of my past in this room. I stand here now, destined to evoke memories from my past and to save her from her insanity.

….Aaah. To have to find "my past" in this "asylum's specimen room"… a peerless beautiful girl who as far as I know, I've met for the first time—finding evidence of being her fiancé in this "psychiatric research reference"…what a strange position I am in! What an embarrassing…a terrible…and inexplicable fate.

My mind in such a state, I unconsciously wiped my sweat from my forehead with the brand-new handkerchief from my pocket, and began to timidly look around the room. I didn't want my past to hide behind my nose; and with the most eerie imaginings trembling from the depth of my soul, still I looked around the room.

In the west side, divided into north and south sections from the center of the room, made of ordinary wooden boards, a row of glass cupboards filled with specimen-like objects were lined in row; the east side was covered with linoleum and a thin layer of dust, and in the middle of it was a large table about 45 *shaku* wide (around 44 feet) and about 2 *ken* long (around 11 feet), sandwiched between two revolving armchairs. The surface of the large table is covered with a green cotton cloth, also covered by a thin layer of dust—it reflects so dazzlingly with the rays of the light coming in from the south window, as if to increase the solemnity of the room. In the middle of that green reflection are what seems to be a binding of several documents sandwiched between a canvas-covered cardboard; blue, square-shaped wrapping cloths of muslin were also neatly laid out, but they were also covered by a layer of dust —I realized then that everything has been left untouched for a very long time. In front was a red porcelain *daruma* with ash drops, also covered in dust, standing with its back on the document, its hairy arms crossed over its head, its head wide open, and it yawned for eternity; as if it were put in that position on purpose, and I found that disturbing.

On the wall of the east side, standing directly in front of the red *daruma* doll, covered in a refreshing egg color which seems recently painted, a large fireplace large enough for a person to crouch inside of is installed in the center, with a square, black-painted lid. Directly above it was a large round clock that seemed to be two feet across, and without a sound, showed the time as “7:42” —it must be electrical or something. On the right is a large gold-framed oil painting, and on the left is the portrait of a large enlarged photograph, surrounded by a black frame, and a calendar also. On the left of the portrait, there was another door leading to another room. As I gazed around at the solemn silence typical of a professor’s living room, I felt an urge to straighten myself out.

In fact…I felt a sublime inspiration at this time. The pessimism I had from the beginning, the peculiarity of my fate, it all vanished…everything was left as destiny…with such a sacred feeling, I fixed my collar with my hands. Feeling like a wanderer guided by the mysterious hand of fate, I took a step and went into the display cupboard of reference specimens.

Approaching the cupboard lined near the bright south window, I saw that within the glass door were various strange documents and things like hanging scrolls, lined up with a piece of paper with an explanation attached on it. According to Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanation, all these were submitted by the patients to the chief professor, as if to say “My mind was healed to this extent, so please let me go.”…stories such as:

——*Hina-sama* hanging scroll drawn with gum blood—— (made by a graduate of the women’s university)

——Petition for the Conquest of Mars—— (submitted by an elementary school teacher)

——Tang Dynasty Poetry: Five-character *jueju* (Chinese quatrain) “*Chikurikan (a building in a bamboo grove)*”—— (On falling ill, an illiterate farmer recreated

the subconscious mind of his great-grandfather, a traditional Chinese medicine doctor, and wrote this down)

——Dozens of sheets of Western paper with pages of the British Encyclopedia memorized by heart—— (submitted by college students on being disqualified from a high school exam)

——Dozens of student notebooks filled with the repetition of the phrase ”Katyusha is cute and it’s sad to part” —— (Self-proclaimed “creation” of an unemployed actor entrusted as a great artist)

——A pocket sundial made of paper—— (Made by an old barber)

——A statue of Our Lady carved on a red brick from a piece of bamboo—— (Made by an elementary school principal practices in Roman Catholicism)

——A statue of *Kannon* (Buddhist statue of a Bodhisattva) hardened with nasal discharge, in a glass box—— (Produced by a missionary of the *Sōtō* sect)

I couldn’t help but to turn my head and try to pass through the row before I could see it all, as I found very miserable and painful things one after another; then at the end of the cupboard, in the corner of a broken glass door, and a short distance from the rest of the display, I found something strange. At first, it was rather unnoticeable because of the broken glass, but the more I look, the stranger I found it to be.

It was a pile of manuscript paper about five inches high; it seems to have been read by quite a few people, and the top few sheets were torn and dirty and tattered. I stuck my hand into the crack of my glass ever so carefully so as to not hurt myself, and then carefully examined it—it is divided into five volumes in all and each first page is numbered one to five in large Arabic numerals in red ink. When I flipped through the first page, already torn in half, something like *waka* poetry was written horizontally in a notebook style mixed with red ink and *katakana*.

BEGINNING SONG

Fetus, Fetus, Why do you squirm?

Is it knowing your mother’s soul that fills you with dread?

The next page has the title “**DOGRA MAGRA**” written in black ink in Gothic script, but without the author’s name.

The very first line of this is a line of *katakana* characters which reads, “*……..Buuuuuuuu--------nnnnnn---------nnnnnnnnn……..*”, and it also ends with the same line of *katakana* characters, making the novel seem continuous. It’s a large manuscript that makes you question your sanity, making you feel like a madman.

“…what is this, Doctor…**Dogra Magra**?....”

Dr. Wakabayashi nodded behind me, still acting casual.

“Yes. That is one of the strangest and most interesting creations that expresses the mysterious state of mind of a mentally deranged person. After Dr. Masaki’s passing, a young university student also being accommodated in this ward wrote it in one go and handed it over to me…”

“A young university student…”

“That’s right.”

“…Hmmm….Did he write it to prove his mind was fine, in the sense that he is asking to leave the hospital?”

“No. I am having a hard time making a decision as I haven’t been made clear of this yet; what I’m saying is, is this perhaps a kind of supernatural science fiction story with Dr. Masaki and myself as models?”

“…A supernatural science fiction story…modeled after you and Dr. Masaki…”

“That’s right…”

“This isn’t a thesis?...”

“…That’s right…I can’t say anything, but…I heard that many writings of mentally deranged patients are quite logical, but this creation is special. What I mean to say is, the whole thing feels like a coherent academic paper, but reading it feels like a detective novel with unprecedented form and content. If you think of it, this is a truly bizarre composition that could be thought of as a meaningless comic composition written to ridicule Dr. Masaki’s and our brains. Even stranger, the factual contents contained in it are mixed with scientific tastes, bizarre tastes, erotic expressions, detective tastes, a taste of nonsense, and mysterious tastes—it’s an extremely fascinating concept that overlaps every corner of the story, but when one reads it with an ease of mind, one feels that it has a sort of eerie atmosphere that only a person with mental illness can write….Of course, this is completely different from the Mars Conquest Petition, since this manuscript has been recognized for having high research value in terms of psychiatric science, and for the time being is being kept in this room…no. I think it is the most bizarre reference material in the world of psychiatry, but…”

Dr. Wakabayashi seemed to want me to read this manuscript as he gradually began to explain eloquently. I couldn’t help but close my eyes because his enthusiasm was strange.

“Huh. How could such a young lunatic come up with such a complicated and difficult concept?”

“…Here’s the reason. That young student is a brilliant student who was constantly been at the top of the class from his first year until his graduation from high school and his entering our University, and he is quite fond of detective stories, believing that in the future, detective stories would involve the fields of psychology, psychoanalysis, and psychiatry—but he developed a mental disorder, trapping himself in a hallucination and illusion,

and experienced an astonishing tragedy. As soon as he was admitted in this psychiatric hospital, he had a desire to write this terrifying story based on himself…As I said before, the concept of the novel is extremely complicated and precise, but the main plot is quite simple. It is nothing more than a detailed account of the suffering of the young man, confined in this hospital for Dr. Masaki's and my sake, being subjected to the most terrible psychological experiments imaginable."

"…Heeee… Do you have such a memory?"

Beneath Dr. Wakabayashi's eyes, a cynical, lonely smile formed and shone brightly in the backlight coming from the window.

"I would never do such a thing."

"Then it's all rubbish."

"But, when you look at the facts written here, there are descriptions here that I can't think of as nonsense."

"Heeehh. That's strange. How could it be possible?"

"Well…to be honest, I'm also at a loss here…try to read and see it, maybe you'll understand…"

"No. I don't want to read it, but is the content interesting?"

"Well…I really couldn't say, but…but to experts, at least, the content is so serious that it cannot be described as interesting. Even if they aren't specialists, they seem to be attracted to people who have scientific interest and mystical taste in things like mental illness and the brain. In fact, even among the experts at our university, those who have read it once cannot help but read it again two or three times. Then, when one finally understood the concept, at the same time they realizeed that they were going mad. To make matters worse, after reading the manuscript, one person became disgusted with the research on psychiatric diseases and transferred to the School of Forensic Medicine which I am in charge of. Even one person committed suicide on the railroad upon reading this citing that he could no longer trust the functioning of his brain."

"Heee. What a fascinating story. A sane person puts a madman to shame. He wrote something truly insane."

"…However, the fact is that the description of its contents is more extremely calm and logical than ordinary papers and novels. Even now, I am still impressed by the amazing memory unique to psychopaths, not far from the "Memorization of the British Encyclopedia" you just saw….And another thing: the mysteriousness of this concept transcends the reasoning and imagination of ordinary people; you'll feel like you are being caught up in hallucinations and perversions. In that sense, it might have been titled for something like that…"

"…So…The title "**Dogra Magra**" was given by the person himself."

"That's right…and it's a really strange title…"

“…What does it mean…”**Dogra Magra**”… is it Japanese or…?”

“…I don’t really know…I was confused about that too, and really, I can only think that this title, from the title to the content, is designed to mislead people from start to finish…I couldn’t think of a reason why. After reading this manuscript, I was quite shocked by the mystery of its contents, and as a result, I wondered if the key to solving this mysterious enigma is within the title. I thought that “Dogra Magra” might not be a secret word with any meaning…The young man who wrote this manuscript in a week’s time, demonstrated an energy peculiar to mental patients, and when he finished writing it without any rest, he was very exhausted, and now he is sleeping very soundly, and so for the time being, I could not ask him the meaning of this title…. I couldn’t find any word of the sort in the encyclopedia, nor could I find any etymology, and I got stuck, then I realized something interesting. Originally, in the Kyūshū region, there were many dialects with old European accents such as “*geren*”, “*haraiso*”, “*banko*”, “*dontaku*”, and “*terenparen*”, and many of those dialects remained, so I thought the origins of the title might have been one of those dialects, so I asked an expert in such dialects for such things, and I understood…”**Dogra Magra**” is an obsolete word from a dialect from the Nagasaki region used by the Portugal Jesuits until the Meiji Restoration, and used in the context of supernatural magic. The etymology is yet to be clarified, but if I were to attempt to translate it, “**Dogra Magra**” could be read by applying the current idea of supernatural magic and the characters “堂廻目眩 ‘*doumegurimegurami*’ (*dizziness*)” and “戸惑面喰 ‘*tomadoimenkurai*’ (*bewilderment*)”, but in any case, there is no difference in the word which contains this meaning….In other words, the contents of this are extremely grotesque, erotic, detective story-like, and almost nonsensical…a brain hell… maybe it was given that name due to it being put with such psychological labyrinths.

“…Brain hell…Dogra Magra…I still don’t understand…what does it mean?”

“…If I tell you what is written in this manuscript, you might be able to imagine it somewhat….In other words, the problems described in Dogra Magra are easy enough to understand that it cannot be denied by common sense—all are facts based on the manifestations of profound realities more scientific than science. Such as…

…an *ahodarakyō (a mock Buddhist chant)* sutra that expresses the fact that “a mental hospital is a living hell in this world”…

…a psychiatric scientist’s discourse note proving that “everyone in the world is insane”…

…an academic treatise on the great nightmare of universal evolution featuring fetuses as protagonists…

…records of a speech of a mentally ill patient who declared that “the brain is nothing more than a kind of telephone exchange”…

…a will written half-jokingly…

…the corrupted image of a dead beauty painted by a Tang dynasty master craftsman…

…a handsome young man who fell in love with a beautiful girl who is a live copy of that corrupted beauty when she was still alive, and the man's unconscious acts of cruelty, infidelity, the injuries, and murder case investigation documents…

"…Things like that, along with various inexplicable events, appear in a form that makes it seem that it has nothing to do with the main story, rotating like a multicolored spectacle, but I noticed something after reading, that each word is a very important description of the main plot…It begins with the sound of a clock at midnight, the beginning of Dogra Magra, and before I knew it, it all comes back to the clock in the middle of the night…as if it goes on and on, remembering the same horrors and ghastliness in the way, like looking at a realistic panorama of hell from one side to another…there is no gaps, no escape…That is to say, these events are nothing more than the dream of a mental patient who heard the sound of the clock in the middle of the night. The content of the dream felt like twenty-odd hours long; the first and last clock tones can really be just one and the same…that can be proved by the psychiatric scientific truths attested by the whole Dogra Magra…as I said…Dogra Magra's content is so mysterious…evidence is better than debating…read it, and you will understand…"

Dr. Wakabayashi approached and tried to pick it up

I hurriedly stopped him.

"No thanks. I'm fine."

As I said that, I violently waved my hands from side-to-side. From listening to Dr. Wakabayashi's explanation, I felt that my mind was being caught into "Dogra Magra"… at the same time…

…If it was written by a madman, it would be meaningless. It's probably as silly as "Memorization of the Encyclopedia", "Katyusha is cute", and "Mars Conquest"….Dogra Magra is a lot to take in—it would be troublesome if that became a weight in my back, and I felt even stranger…I would forget this story sooner or later…

….As I thought that, I put my hands in my pockets and shook my head strongly. I walked over to the ends of the cupboard, looking at the photos and other things that looked like a list, and I continued to ask Dr. Wakabayashi for an explanation. That includes…

——Photographs comparing the facial expressions of a mentally deranged person before and after the onset of the illness——

——Similarly, an analysis comparison table of food and excrement before and after the onset of illness——

From things that belong to curious studies such as…

——Paintings based on hallucinatory illusions——

——Convulsions of a hysterical woman, her seizures, and various photographs——

——The costumes of the patients in various mental illnesses, photos, and types——

It was one pitiful thing after another, the sight of such things over three walls and side of the cupboard are all over the place—it was a sight to behold, like looking at a special grotesque exhibition. And the many things displayed in several glass cupboards are…

——Comparison of an extraordinarily large brain and a small brain to an ordinary brain (the large brain is about twice the size of a normal brain, and the smaller one three times smaller. Both brains are soaked on formalin)——

——Formalinized brains of nymphomaniacs, homicidal maniacs, paralytics, dwarfs, etc. (both are hypertrophied, atrophied, hemorrhagic, or visibly infected with venom.) ——

——An image of a ghost from Maruyama Ōkyo’s brush treasured by a family destroyed by mental illness——

——A Muramasa dagger, said to have driven the owner of a house insane when sharpened——

——A few pieces of whale bones sold by mentally deranged patients believing them to be mermaid bones——

——The head of a black cat with gold and silver eyes poisoned by a mentally ill person with the intent of poisoning his parents——

——The five fingers of the left hand, cut off by a mentally ill person, and the straw-cutting knife used——

——The cracked skull of a patient who committed suicide by jumping upside down from the bed——

——A doll made of pillows and blankets made to resemble a wife——

——A brass tobacco pipe purported for the use of magic tricks——

——A tin plate torn with bare hands——

——The iron bars of the cage twisted by a female patient——

…and many other elegant things, elaborate knitted fabrics, artificial flowers, and embroidery made by patients.

I listened to Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanation, wondering which of these would be relevant to me. Are any of these unfamiliar things related to me? There didn’t seem to be any. The ambiguous intentions and emotions unique to mentally deranged patients contained in such things, racked my nerves, it was a kind of indescribable and painful feeling.

I tried my best to control these feelings, as I felt seized by a sense of responsibility, and continued to look into the cupboards, and when I came out

to the side of the large table I had been before, I couldn’t help but breathe a sigh of relief. I wiped the sweat from my forehead with a handkerchief. I then turned my heels halfway and turned my back to the west.

…At the same time, all the items from the room rotated halfway from right to left, the face of the oil painting hanging near the entrance on the right stopped in front of me over the large table in the center. It’s as if I was destined to face it…

I stretched my body, which had fallen forward. Then, with a deep breath, I marveled at the combination of yellow, brown, and pale green in that old oil paint.

The painting seems to be that of a scene of a fire burning from the Western world.

At the center of three thick pillars of raw wood, a divine old man, with white hair and beard, was tied high up. On his right was a thin, pale young man….on his left, a woman with unkempt hair wearing a wreath, both also bound naked, choking madly with the flames and smokes from the firewood piled under their feet.

On the right of this gruesome sight was an aristocratic couple riding on a golden palanquin, surrounded by beautifully dressed retainers and vassals, and they looked upon the sight calmly and with great interest. On the far left, a child peeps out of the flames and smokes, stretching out his hands and cries, as if longing for his mother. A man who seems to be the father and an old man who seems to be the grandfather are embracing him, holding the child's mouth with their large hands, and looking back at the nobles as if frightened.

There was also a central plaza, and in the middle of it, an old woman with a long nose, wearing a read triangular hood and a long black cloak stands alone with her cane; pointing to the nobles the agony of the three people in the stake, she bares her rough teeth and grins…such was the eerie scene that felt more realistic the more I looked at it.

"What kind of painting is this?"

I pointed at the painting as I turned around. Dr. Wakabayashi answered closely with both hands in his trouser pockets, as he has been doing since the very start.

"It's a sort of superstition that took place in Europe during the Middle Ages, and based on the manners and customs, it must be around France. It's a scene where mentally ill people are thought to be possessed by demons and were therefore burned to death. The old woman in the center, with the red hood and black cloak was a doctor, the shaman, and a pilgrim. Such was the story Dr. Masaki heard when he bought it in an antique shop in Yanagawa as reference material to show how mentally ill people were treated in the past. There have been people who said that the painter might have been Rembrandt, and if so, this would be a valuable piece of art, but…"

"….Haaa…The cure back then was being burned to death."

"That's right, that's right. Since there was no medicine for the elusive mental disease, it was a thorough treatment."

I couldn't laugh or cry.

Dr. Wakabayashi looked at me, and the coldness of his pale eyes could have captured me and burned me black for the sake of science…He stroked his face with his palm and said as though I had just greeted him.

"A mentally ill person born in today's world is lucky."

A smile appeared on Dr. Wakabayashi's left cheek, but soon disappeared again.

“…No…that’s not the case. Perhaps the mentally ill of old who were burned to death without a single thought might have been happier.”

I shrugged my shoulders regretting saying something unnecessary. Avoiding Dr. Wakabayashi’s eerie gaze, I wiped my face with the handkerchief. I then caught sight of the large, black framed photograph hanging in the front left wall.

It was a picture of a happy old gentleman in his sixties, with a bald forehead and a long, sesame-salted beard—he had a smile that made him seem to be a gentle, good-natured person. When I looked at this, I thought this must be Dr. Masaki; I went out of my way to go in front of the photo and look at it correctly, but something felt off, so I looked back at Dr. Wakabayashi.

“Who is in this photo?”

Dr. Wakabayashi’s face noticeably softened when I asked this. I don’t know why, but he slowly bowed his head while showing an unprecedented glow of satisfaction.

“…Yes…That picture? Right…That is Dr. Saitō Juhachi. As I said earlier, before Dr. Masaki, he was in charge of this department as well as our mentor.”

As he spoke, Dr. Wakabayashi let out a light, sentimental sigh, but before long, his gigantic face had a deep impression, and he calmly approached me.

“…Something finally caught your eye.”

“…eh?...”

I looked at Dr. Wakabayashi’s face in surprise. I did not understand what he meant…Dr. Wakabayashi continued to approach me in an even more serious tone, leaning his upper body slightly forward, comparing my face with that in the photograph.

“This photo finally caught your eye. Perhaps that is because this photograph must have the deepest connection with your past…”

I suddenly realized that as he said this. I had completely forgotten the purpose of my visit to room. At the same time, I felt a light but deep heartbeat from my heart.

However, at the same time, I still don’t feel like I had remembered anything, and thinking of this situation, I was feeling somewhat relieved or disappointed, and shook my shoulders in relief. With that in mind, I continued to listen to Dr. Wakabayashi’s words.

“…From the very beginning, the memories of your past hidden within you seem to be awakening very subtly. While you were looking at the painting of the burning of the mentally ill from the manuscript of Dogra Magra, your subconscious awakened, and I think it led you in front of this picture. The reason is that there is no other person who would put up this painting of the burning and this photograph of Dr. Saitō side by side together. You are part of the experiment of the psychological mind by Dr. Masaki. Even in the twentieth century, cruel treatment of the mentally ill, as depicted in the painting of the burning, was an open secret everywhere, and Dr. Masaki was outraged by this, and so devoted

his life to the study of mental illness. Under the guidance of Dr. Saitō, he was able to achieve this…"

"Burning the insane…The slaughter of crazy people is still going on?"

I muttered as if talking to myself, as I was trapped in an endless terror…But Dr. Wakabayashi nodded calmly.

"…It still is. Unfortunately, the old-fashioned way is still prominent. No. Cruelty beyond burning to death is still openly carried out in psychiatric hospitals around the world. Even today…"

"….th….that's too much…"

I swallowed my words as I said that. I thought it was quite harsh to say that… Dr. Wakabayashi was unmoved, however. Standing shoulder-to-shoulder, he compared the painting of the burning and the photograph of Dr. Saitō and said to me in a cold tone.

"It's not that much. No doubt that it is a terrifying fact. You will understand later, but Dr. Masaki worked very hard to save the masses of pitiful mentally ill patients who are being abused, and as a result, he was able to create an unprecedented new theory in the field of psychology. The principles, as I have said, are extremely easy to understand and quite interesting that even women and children can understand it…and to prove the experiment, you were put through the "Madman's Liberation Treatment"…and…the experiment was accomplished perfectly due to your efforts. And so…what remains is for you to regain your memories and to sign the report of the experiment."

I was shocked. I looked at Dr. Wakabayashi, standing beside me, with my mouth wide open. I was being drawn into this room by a solemn and terrifying fate, unable to move, facing these two frames. I felt like I was being made to…Dr. Wakabayashi continued to speak, regardless of what I felt.

"…You being here, and me talking about the relationship of Dr. Saitō and Dr. Masaki and the burning of the mentally ill, each story is touching your past. Dr. Masaki, in subjecting you into this experiment, how well he prepared to come to Kyūshū University…what pain and diligence he went through in preparation and research of this experiment…"

"Eh? Eh? He went through painful preparations for the experiment…."

"That's right. Dr. Masaki spent at least twenty years preparing for this experiment."

"…twenty years…"

My voice, which had begun to shout, became a groan, before returning to my throat. Dr. Masaki's 20 years of painstaking effort I felt were wrapping around my neck…

Dr. Wakabayashi nodded slowly, as if he understood how I felt.

"That's right. Dr. Masaki prepared this experiment for you before you were even born."

“…for me who was not yet born…”

“That’s right. It may sound as if I were saying something strange, but that is not the case. Dr. Masaki most certainly anticipated what you would become today before you were even born. If you have recovered your past…no…even if you couldn’t recall, it’ll be alright if you remembered your name through the facts I provide you. If you check these facts from before and after, you will believe that what I am saying is no exaggeration….That is…I believe that doing so is the best and last resort for you to truly remember your own name…”

Dr. Wakabayashi explained this as he turned his back to the large table and looked back at me as he pointed to the small swivel chair facing the stove. Like a patient undergoing an operation under order, I fearfully approached the chair and tried to sit myself down, but I did not feel like sitting there. The eeriness made it hard to breathe, and I just kept swallowing my saliva.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wakabayashi went around the large table and sat on the large swivel opposite me. Like I saw on Room 7, he became smaller and crooked, but this time, the overcoat was taken off, so his hands and legs appearing from his morning-dress were bent and elongated, and his elongated neck and slender torso shrunk into a long and willowy bend. And in the middle of it all, only his face was still the same size, giving the whole feeling of a monster in front of me. It was like a large, pale, human-faced spider came from the large fireplace, crawling out in his morning coat to make me his prey.

Seeing this sight, naturally I settled down on the swivel chair. The giant spider, Dr. Wakabayashi, stretched his long hand, pulled the binding of documents left in the middle of the table, and let out a cough or two as he swept the dust under his knees.

“…Dr. Masaki spent his entire life completing this experiment. I apologize for telling you this story of the experiment before and after, but I have to refer to myself as I tell this…there is no other way around it. Dr. Masaki and I were from the same hometown in the Chiba Prefecture—back then, there was only the Kyōto Imperial University, the predecessor to our University—it was only in *Meiji 36 (1903)*, when a prefectural hospital in Fukuoka was remodeled and newly established as the Fukuoka Medical College, and we were one of the first students to enter and touch the desks. We all graduated at the same time in *Meiji 40 (1907)*, and I should say we were on the same level as my classmates. Up to that point, we both had lived singular lives, devoted only to academic research… but the two points of Dr. Masaki: his extraordinary brain and his vast fortunes, were beyond imagination. At that time, regarding academics, research was difficult as foreign books were not as accessible as they are today. I borrowed books from the school library and transcribed them day and night, but Dr. Masaki was quite carefree: books were brought to him from abroad at his own expense, and he would go through them once then lend them to others without hesitation. He was half-indulgent, searching for fossils of ancient creatures, researching the auspiciousness of shrines and temples, nothing to do with medicine… Of course, his fossil collection and investigations of shrines and temples were by no means meaningless pastimes at that time...It was a deliberate task with a serious relationship with the “Madman’s Liberation Therapy”. Twenty years later, I have come to understand this, and I am

astonished by the wisdom of Dr. Masaki's brain. In any case, Dr. Masaki attracted the attention of students and professors as an eccentric person since then, and it would not be an exaggeration to say that the first person to recognize such a brain was Dr. Saitō Juhachi, the person in this photograph.

"…Well, it's up to me to say this. Dr. Saitō has been working at this university since its founding. He was a very savvy man who, as I have said, single-handedly collected most of the specimens in this room, but he was also a particularly impassioned orator. As an example of his character, here is an anecdote regarding him. During the University's 3rd anniversary celebration held in a large auditorium, Dr. Masaki, who represented the students, gave this speech.

"'Recently, there have been a flurry of rumors in the newspapers that students and professors at this university often go to the streets of the red-light district and indulge in gambling—I don't think this should be an issue. In the first place, the first crime of being a student or a scholar is neither indulging in *sake* nor playing *hanafuda*. If one becomes a bachelor or a doctor, they stop academic research as if they have forgotten it. This, I think, is a major detriment to Japanese academia.'

"As he said that, the color of the faces of the whole audience of students and professors completely changed. However, only Dr. Saitō stood from his seat and gave an enthusiastic applause, shouting "Bravo!" —even today, this was the kind of impression I got from him—this anecdote is enough to get a glimpse of his character.

"…However, when Dr. Saitō was first appointed to this university, the Psychiatric Department did not exist yet, and since he was only in charge of a few courses and was only an assistant professor specializing in psychiatric disorders, he was very disappointed at this point. When he was with his favorite students, Dr. Masaki and myself, whom we were always at his guidance, he would curse the omnipotence of modern material science and the future of national polity; I didn't know how to respond to such things, but Dr. Masaki always countered these in a bizarre way, something which annoyed Dr. Saitō… particularly, I recall something he said which goes something like this.

"'….SO, the teacher's first-class complaining stereotype has begun. It's just a low paid gramophone, so why replace the phonograph cylinder? People today worship the West, and every single one of them are addicted to materialistic science; injecting the professor's complaints will not heal anything…Well, don't be so frustrated, wait 20 years from now. Twenty years from now, perhaps an extraordinary psychiatric patient will appear in Japan. Then, with the patient recorded and the findings published in detail on the cause of his illness and process of recovery will shock scholars all over the world; it will not only crush religion, morality, art, law, or science, but also naturalism, nihilism, anarchism, and other materialistic cultural ideas, and instead will liberate the human naked to the very bottom and the madness will begin make a fuss to bring to this earth a thrilling and supreme spiritual culture…When the madness of this Master of Insanity succeeds perfectly, spiritual science will become the highest academic field on earth, as you desire. At the same time, a school that treats the psychiatric department as a stepchild like this

university will be completely worthless… So, look forward to it, wait as long as you can. There isn't a retirement age for scholars.'

"I remember it going something like that, and as I recall, Dr. Saitō was amazed by this…I, who also heard this with him, was more than a little surprised. First of all, I wasn't even sure if Dr. Masaki was really serious about saying something that made him sound like a prophet…at this stage, Dr. Masaki was already planning to surprise the academic world by dreaming up a mental patient…how could such a thing be imagined in such an era?...It wasn't that unusual for Dr. Masaki to say such an outrageous thing and to startle people— Neither Dr. Saitō nor I raised any suspicions on the matter, nor did we ask any in-depth questions about it.

"…Before long, Dr. Saitō's dissatisfaction, combined with Dr. Masaki's extraordinary mind, gave rise to a sensational uproar within the University. It was around the time when we were graduating from this university, Dr. Masaki published a mysterious paper titled "The Dream of a Fetus" as his graduation thesis, and it was a slap in the face."

"…Fetuses…do fetuses dream?"

I suddenly let out a maddened voice. "Dream of a Fetus" had a strange ring to my ears…but…Dr. Wakabayashi was not at all surprised. He nodded as if it was normal that I was surprised. One by one, he carefully unfolded the documents in his hands, peering into them with his pale eyes…

"…That's right…I think that the contents of "Dream of a Fetus" will catch your eye, but even by the title, you can see that it is no ordinary paper. Even ordinary dreams, from ordinary people, have not been known until now, but twenty years back…this title was chosen for an academic research paper around the time you were born…Not only that, but Dr. Masaki's extraordinary brain was already well-known, so the title of this paper instantly became a hit among the general public within the university, and everyone wondered what it was about

…This paper, in accordance with the regulations of the time, was examined by the professors in the University—the writing style was, however, unconventional, and it left the professors dumbfounded. This was because Dr. Masaki was well-endowed with linguistics, writing in three languages: English, German, and French; his ability to read through even the most difficult literary documents outside his field of specialization earned him a reputation among his fellow students…The written graduation thesis, as expected, was written in German, then the language of the academe, but not only was it written in the uniform language, it had a mixture of slang and dialects. Beyond that, the substance of the thesis was as insane as the title, as if he were mocking the people, so even the professors of the University, who had the most recent knowledge of the time, were completely taken aback. All were overwhelmed with indignation, there were certain professors who were quite vocal…

"'…It's wrong for the President to let us read such an absurd paper! Dr. Masaki's head's gone big to have submitted such a thing without hesitation! This man defiled the sanctity of this university's first graduation thesis

selection! Such a student should be expelled to make an example for the sake of the future!'

"This was a rumor I heard from my fellow students. Of course, I believe this to be true, but…

"Under the circumstances, the general attention of the university was focused on the conference of professors on this graduation thesis. At the end, all the professors were of the same opinion that to submit this thesis as a graduation thesis was grounds for immediate rejection. At that moment, Dr. Saitō, the youngest person at the time and was sitting at the end of the table, suddenly stood up and said an opinion still well-known today.

"'…I would like you to wait a moment. I think it's extremely presumptuous for me sitting at the end of the table to speak, but I dare to as it is unavoidable for the sake of science; I do have an opinion on this paper completely different from yours. Here are my thoughts:

"'…One, those who criticize the paper saying that the text doesn't have a body and therefore does not meet regulations…this is hardly a controversial argument, and I don't think there is any need to defend it. An academic thesis is completely different from an application form submitted to a government office saying, "Please allow me to graduate" or "Please make me a doctor". There is no prescribed format or style of writing…I think I have said enough.

"'…Next, on the contents, which again, has nothing so unserious that it makes you feel attacked. The value of this paper is not recognized because modern medical scientists are too caught up in the study of the body, the materialistic, to study the human spirit…they lack knowledge of psychology. They are unaware of the painstaking efforts of psychiatrists to discover the fundamentals of the mind, life, and heredity research presented in this paper. For this reason, on the honor of my profession, I insist that the true value of this paper is not understood.

"'…In this thesis, it states that a human being has a dream beyond imagination during the ten months they are in their mother's womb. Like a series of photographs of continuous activity spanning hundreds of millions or even billions of years, "The State of Universal Evolution", which the fetus plays the leading role—bizarre prehistoric animals and plants have become fossils, the magnificent natural disasters has slaughtered them; a perfect sense of reality, primitive human beings born from the natural disaster, that is, distant ancestors of the fetus itself, to their parents. What evil deeds have been accumulated by generations of human beings for their serious struggle for survival? With the many cruel and outrageous deeds, they have done, they are indifferent to it…in this way, the psychological state that superimposes causality is inherited to the fetus in detail and clear subjectivity, and through anatomical observations of the human body and mind, it can be both directly and indirectly assumed that the dream is a great nightmare of astonishment and shock…such is the claim. However, this is neither a fact recorded by the fetus itself nor recorded by an adult, and this is nothing more than speculation. Therefore, it has no scientific value. The score of this graduation thesis is a zero…everyone seems to agree at this point.

“’…This may sound extreme…but…with all due respect, I would like to ask one thing. Have any of you perhaps read “World History” at least once when you were in junior high school?... World history is a record of the part of human life which belongs to the past, to the individual it’s like the memory of their own past career…to explain something so obvious would be an insult. Unless you are a human with no past, no one can deny that.

“’…If that is the case, what kind of dreams did the so-called prehistoric mankind, whose historical documents did not survive, portray in their religion, art, and social organization? The study of guessing the kind of dream they had and the evolution to the point of recording their history by referring to the various ruins around the world…for example, can we say the cultural anthropology, prehistoric archaeology, and primitive archaeology are of no academic value? Can we say that it’s not scientific research?...Who witnessed and recorded the geological changes and rise and fall of paleontology recorded as life on earth before the emergence of mankind? These geologists and paleontologists who make assumptions on facts based on various ruins that remain can be said to be authors of fairy tales who are concerned only with the imagination. Can we say that we are even scientists?

“’…That is to say, this thesis, “Dream of a Fetus”, describes the contents of our dreams during the period of pregnancy, which is not recorded in our brains—this must be the seed of the most innovative science, from the countless and innumerable ruins that remain extant in the mind. It’s cutting-edge, thorough, an unprecedented new research…Not only that, the anatomical explanation of the structure of the human mind in this paper is truly daring, though psychiatrists all over the world would see this as an absolute impossibility, but it is clear that this paper includes the mysteries of psycho-anatomy, psycho-physiology, psychopathology, and psycho-genetics, something I have yearned for; therefore, if research on the subject of “Dream of a Fetus” were to progress one step further and branch out of this field, it would probably bring about a major revolution in the future of human culture. At least, with a purely scientific approach to research completely different from ghost phenomena, mesmerism, clairvoyance, and mind-reading that conventional psychiatry has dealt with, this paves a way for psychiatry to advance—I again strongly endorse this from my professional standpoint.

“’I was convinced that this paper was originally submitted as a graduation thesis, but in fact this goes farther than a doctoral dissertation—this is a presentation of incomparably high class and profound scientific value. This year’s first bachelor thesis is worthy of our department’s pride, those who do not know historical facts will not see this new science being born…how this great truth is seen as a product of fantasy upon submission!’

“… Dr. Saitō told me later that this was his main point.

“…By the way, it goes without saying that Dr. Saitō’s assertion roused the antipathy of the professors. He became the focal point of controversial attacks by the professors; the meeting, which started at three o’clock in the afternoon was still not finished even when the sun was down. It was, after all, a desperate debate centered on the highest mission and honor of the new medical school—it must have been bloody and exciting. They had no choice but to

postpone other papers to the next day, and with the lamp turned on, to continue the discussion at 9 o'clock, everyone was completely silenced. Then, Dean Moriyama, now known as a great president, made the decision to declare that a section of "Dream of a Fetus" would be recognized as a single academic research paper, and that was the end of the meeting. It took three days to complete all 16 papers, and by the end, Dr. Masaki's "Dream of a Fetus" was recommended as the best of the graduation thesis, as Dr. Saitō had claimed.

"…But…on the day of the graduation ceremony of the medical school, which by then has gained a lot of reputation, Dr. Masaki, unexpectedly, the person who should have received a silver watch as an Imperial gift, was not there, and of course, this surprised the people."

"Hou? Missing on the day of the graduation ceremony…why?"

When I blurted this out, for some reason, Dr. Wakabayashi shut his mouth.

He stared at my face, as if I had said something serious, but he opened his mouth again, more modestly than before.

"To this day, I don't think there is anyone who knows the true reason why Dr. Masaki went missing in the face of such an opportunity. Of course, I don't know the truth either, but between his disappearance and the research thesis, there seems to be no doubt that it is possible to speculate that there seems to be some kind of causal relationship lurking…In other words, I believe that Dr. Masaki was threatened by the main character of his graduation thesis, "Dream of a Fetus" and was blackmailed.

"…main character of the "Dream of a Fetus"…teased by a fetus…I don't understand…"

"No. For now, I think it would be better if you still don't understand."

Dr. Wakabayashi raised his right hand from the chair to soothe me. And with that strange smile twitching under his left eye, he continued to speak in a solemn tone.

"…For now, I think it's better not to understand. I apologize for saying this, but once you recover the memories of your past, you will have the information on the other side of the story, such as the main character in this "Dream of a Fetus"; I am sure you will clearly see what goes on behind the scenes, so for reference by that time, I urge you to be especially careful at this time…By the way, the first graduation ceremony ended with Dr. Masaki absent, but the next day, Dean Moriyama received a letter from him, a letter of aspiration with meaning in it.

> ——I never imagined there would exist a human being in the modern scientific world who could understand the parts of the dreams of a fetus. I was firmly convinced that the probability of such a person existing is none, and I submitted this paper with the intention of failing, but unexpectedly, the paper was recommended by the dean of the faculty and Dr. Saitō. When I heard that, I lamented for a long time. If the value of that paper was so easily discovered, then my research must have been

superficial. I thought that I could not immortalize the honor of Fukuoka University in such a way.

——I hid myself because I have no face to match with His Excellency and Dr. Saitō. I apologize for the inconvenience, but for the time being, I would like you to keep the Imperial clock. To repay your kindness, I'll accomplish a great research that no one will understand.——

"Such things were said. Dean Moriyama showed this to Dr. Saitō and said, 'Here is a man who has devoured mankind.'

"…Dr. Masaki then traveled around Europe for the next eight years, and received honorary degrees from Austria, Germany, and France. Then, in *Taishō 4 (1915)*, he quietly returned to Japan and began to live a nomadic lifestyle. While collecting research materials by visiting psychiatric hospitals around the country and searching for biographies, legends, records, genealogies, and other such things related to the lineage of mentally ill people in each region, he published a pamphlet titled, "Insane Hell Heretical Song", which was distributed and circulated for the general public."

"…Insane Hell…Heretical Song?...What is it about?"

"…Looking at the contents right now, like the previous one on the dreams of a fetus, it contains a terrifying fact never published before. To summarize, the actual situation of the mentally ill being abused in modern society, and the inside story of the horrid treatment in mental hospitals that are more terrifying than prisons, are exposed…in other words, this could be called a kind of declaration, or petition, in which the "Dark Age of Mankind" lying in the reverse side of modern culture is converted into some folk song. Dr. Masaki not only distributed these to government authorities, government offices, and school himself, but also to the public while striking a *mokugyo (fish gong)* and singing the poems."

"…by himself…hitting a *mokugyo*…"

"That's right, that's right…it's quite an extraordinary story, but for Dr. Masaki, this was an extremely serious job…not only that, but there was evidence that Dr. Saitō, who had kept in touch with Dr. Masaki both implicitly and explicitly, was prepared to give up his position and honor to support him. Unfortunately, the contents of this poem were too blatant, and even insane at time, and no one could sympathize with him seriously, and so it was forgotten by the world…However, if the fact that psychiatric hospitals abused the mentally ill, which was exposed in the song, was taken seriously by the general public, all modern psychiatric hospitals would be destroyed, and it is possible to imagine a rise in the mentally ill all over the world; but Dr. Masaki didn't seem concerned with such results. It is believed that this publicity stunt was made as one of the preparatory projects for the "Madman's Liberation Therapy" that he himself would establish."

"Then as I thought…"

As I said that, I couldn't help but to stand then sit down again with a thump. I then swallowed my saliva and murmured.

“Then…as I thought…these were the preparations to put me in the experiment…”

“That’s right, that’s right…”

Dr. Wakabayashi nodded and spoke without delay.

“As I said before, Dr. Masaki’s brain is beyond comprehension; it is an undeniable fact that his erratic and exaggerated behavior must have involved some kind of preparatory effort regarding the establishment of his liberation therapy. It seems that each and every one of his ever-changing actions has meaning, and in the latter half of his life, I can only think that you were at the center of all this, even his every move.”

As he said this, he turned his cold, weak gaze at my face. He just stared at me until I had the urge to sit up again but when he saw that I was too shocked to even reply, as if to change his mind, he took out his handkerchief, cleared his throat a little, and proceeded with the conversation.

“Then, this happened at the end of March in *Taishō 13 (1924)*. I will never forget it, it was on the 26th, around 1:00 p.m. Dr. Masaki, who has not been heard from for 18 years since graduation, unexpectedly knocked on my room in the Faculty of Forensic Medicine here in this University. We congratulated each other on our safety, as if we had met a ghost. Then I asked him why he came back so suddenly, and Dr. Masaki, in the same care-free attitude as before, scratched his head and told me this.

“’Well. Here’s the thing. This is not a funny matter, actually. Two or three weeks ago, I was sent to a ticket gate at Moji Station for the robbery of a golden watch I was carrying. It was a special watch made by Movado at the price of a thousand yen, and it was regrettable what happened to it. Then I suddenly remembered and came to get the silver watch I had entrusted eighteen years ago… Also, I wanted to bring you something to surprise you, but I couldn’t think of anything aromatic, so while I was in the second floor of *Isegen* Inn in Moji, I wrote what might be a boring thesis at breakneck speed. I thought I would show this to the new president, Dr. Saitō, but he told me that it would be better to present it to Dr. Wakabayashi, the dean of this department, so I came here. Even if it’s troublesome, if you will please accept this.’

“Such was the story…Needless to say, that watch that was kept was given immediately, and that paper was on par with Darwin’s “On the Origins of Species” and Einstein’s “Theory of Relativity”…no, it was the “Theory of the Essence of the Brain” that Dr. Saitō predicted would shock the world more than any of that.”

“…Theory of the Essence of the Brain?…”

“That’s right. The “Theory of the Essence of the Brain” was a 30,000-word thesis, and its content was the exact opposite of “Dream of a Fetus”—it was written in two languages: German and Latin, and written by Dr. Masaki in a few weeks on the second floor of an inn where there wasn’t any literature; a testament to his brain and energy—it was extraordinary…Through this paper, Dr. Masaki clarified the mysterious functions of the brain which no one has been able to explain, prove, or experiment until now. He explained in an extremely

simple and straightforward manner the many bizarre phenomena which have been regarded as doubts in the psychiatric fields to this day… Dr. Saitō, the first to see this paper in relation to his specialty, was of course very surprised, and for about a year, he forgot to eat and sleep to study this paper…Then last year, at the end of February in the 14th year of *Taishō (1925)*, after a general screening and research, he visited the current President Matsubara's home in the early morning and said this,

"'…I will retire from the professor's chair at Kyūshū University's Department of Psychiatry and I would like to recommend Mr. Masaki as my successor. If he were taken by another university, I think that would be a disgrace to this University…'

"This he begged in tears. Dr. Masaki didn't tell us where he was staying—President Matsubara calmed down Dr. Saitō, and, hoping for Dr. Masaki to stay, he decided to use this paper as Dr. Masaki's dissertation and conferred a degree on him…this is still told as a good story in the academic world. Of course, this story was leaked out and it was published in a newspaper…I did not see the article, but…"

Dr. Wakabayashi seemed struck with nostalgia, and closed his eyes quietly as if he were moved. Also filled with admiration, I looked at Dr. Saitō's photograph, and I thought he seemed to be a noble figure like a god, and I couldn't help but sigh lightly and mutter.

"Then Dr. Saitō died in order to make way for Dr. Masaki?"

Dr. Wakabayashi seemed to be deeply moved by my question, and the wrinkles between his closed eyebrows deepened. He then let out a long, heavy sigh that seemed like he was about to cough, then he quietly opened his eyes and matched his pale gaze meaningfully with mine, and strengthened his tone a little.

"That's right. Dr. Saitō passed away suddenly on the 14th year of *Taishō* (1925), the 19th of October, not long after Dr. Masaki received his degree. He died an unnatural death."

"…Ehh?...An unnatural death?..."

I let out an empty voice. Confused by this sudden change of tone, I compared Dr. Wakabayashi's pale face with the smile of Dr. Saitō in the photograph. I wondered why such a splendid person with a great personality died unnaturally…

However, Dr. Wakabayashi quietly fixed his face on me as if to force my suspicions on me. He raised his voice a little more.

"…That's right. Dr. Saitō died an unnatural death. On the 14th year of *Taishō* (1925), the 18th of October, Dr. Saitō…around 5:00 p.m., the day before, he finished his business as usual, and asked the medical staff to do a few errands for him, and left the room, but he never returned to his home in Hakozaki, Amiyacho. The next morning, he was found floating on the beach behind the Hakozaki Aquarium—he drowned. He was discovered by an aquarium cleaning lady, and the police were sent to investigate, and was found that he had drunk a lot—on the way home, he might have met someone very close to him, and as a result

of being derailed for the first time in a long time, he might made a mistake on his way home and fell from the top of a breakwater…such was the story…If you go to that area, you will understand—there is a garbage dump there peculiar to the outskirts of the city, a meadow, and the back of the university, such was the place where you don't have to worry about getting lost unless you were extremely drunk…Of course, I fully suspected this was a murder, and I investigated his belongings, but there wasn't anything missing…Putting together the stories of grieving family and friends, it seems that Dr. Saitō would only hold a *sake* cup outside if he was being invited by people on campus extremely close to him and understood him, so the face of these people are known to such an extent that there is no one left. Other than that, the only other time he ever drank was alone at home with an evening drink…It is customary that if you get drunk outside like that, someone would drop you off at home, and I can only think that this time was a strange exception…there were such stories as this, so many situations, and I've done my own investigation, and that area where he fell into is a breakwater that stretches to Chiyomachi—and looking for footprints is impossible, for the sea removed it. Not to mention the presence or absence of companions, even if it was murder, and not a clue to the culprit…

"…Considering the personality of Dr. Saitō, I think it unlikely that he would receive the resentment of others, but I could have been mistaken. Dr. Saitō rarely drank, but when he did, he would forget what had happened—what a shame that he died."

"…It hasn't been figured out who he drank with?"

"…That's right…It's still not known, and unless they have a very sensitive conscience, they will not come out with their name."

"…But…But…If they don't come out with their name, they'll feel suffocated for the rest of their life."

"From the common sense of people these days, there seems to be no need to think of such things so conscientiously…Even if the name was given, it's not as if Dr. Saitō would come back to life, this is nothing more than mere punishment under an unpleasant stigma, a damage to the society…such is my line of thinking that…no. I must have forgotten it a long time ago by now..."

"…Isn't that cowardly? That's…"

"…That goes without saying."

"…First of all, it is something that can be forgotten…this kind of thing…"

"…I don't know…such a problem was an interesting research topic on the relationship between what Dr. Masaki termed 'Memory and Conscience'…"

"Then Dr. Saitō's death is over in that sense, isn't it?"

"That's right. It ended just like that. It was daunting, but from the results, it was indeed of great significance. In other words, Dr. Saitō's death is directly related to Dr. Masaki, who was then assigned to the Department of Psychiatry at the University, and in a sense, indirectly, connect you and the

lady of Room 6…That's right…this is perhaps what we call "fate". As to whether this fate was man-made or a divine act, however, it is not possible to make a definitive guess unless you have restored your memories, so…"

"Ah!...tha…that kind of thing is in my memory…"

"That's right. Your memories contain the important keys necessary to solve such questions."

I felt like my whole body was buried in blocks of ice falling one after another. I closed my eyes and shook my head side-to-side. No memory came out. Along with that, the gruesome picture of the "Lunatics Burning and Dying", Dr. Saitō's photograph smiling, a pale and serious Dr. Wakabayashi, the large table shining green, even the ash drops of the red *daruma* who continues to yawn—all, I thought, have a deep connection with my past. At the same time, as I was surrounded by such closely related items, I was made aware of how empty my head was that I couldn't remember a single thing, and that made me more depressed.

For a moment, I felt at a loss, and my eyes blinked and blinked, and before long, I had asked as if I had remembered.

"Hah? Then how did Dr. Masaki, the one who disappeared, come to the University?"

"Now this is quite detailed."

Dr. Wakabayashi slipped the watch he had left out into his pocket again. He then gave a feeble clearing of his throat and began to speak.

"At the funeral ceremony of Dr. Saitō, Dr. Masaki came out of nowhere to attend. Perhaps he saw his obituary in the newspaper, but anyways, after the funeral, President Matsubara caught up to him and forced him as successor on the spot. It was unconventional, but as he was the intermediary of Dr. Saitō's will, who had such a personality, no one found it strange that the president acted as such. On the contrary, this was greeted with applause of emotion…If you look at the newspapers of that time, you will find very detailed information of the events of that day—at that time, Dr. Masaki, dressed in his family crest and *hakama*, was surrounded by the applause of the professors, and he held his head and complained.

"'I'm a weak man. I wanted to study on my own until I got bored of it. If I become a university teacher, I can never beat my favorite *mokugyo (fish gong)*, and I won't be able to sing the *chongare-bushi (a street performance from the Edo period in which vulgar phrases are quickly said while half-dancing by monks holding canes and bells)*. First of all, I cannot demonstrate the wandering nature I was born with, so…'

"He whispered, but President Matsubara heard this…

"'…Even if you complain now, you can't take it back. You were summoned by Dr. Saitō's spirit…I don't mind if the wooden fish is being beaten with salmon roe, as long as you attain nirvana.'

“As this was told, everyone forgot the nature of the place and held their stomachs.

“…Dr. Masaki was soon appointed to our University, and he then embarked on the “Madman’s Liberation Therapy”, which he had sung in his *chongare* “Insanity Hell Heretical Song”, and this aroused an abnormal reaction from the general public. At the same time, the fact that you started this experiment led to that fateful relationship between Dr. Masaki, you, and that young lady of Room 6. This may as well be an act of devotion… but in any case, we welcomed such a great Doctor as Dr. Masaki to our University, and the fact that he was allowed to work to his heart’s content is undoubtedly the virtue bequeath of the late Dr. Saitō. From that point of view, I believe that Dr. Masaki must be the one who posted this photograph here…”

Once again, I couldn’t help but sigh deeply and look at Dr. Saitō’s portrait. Dr. Saitō, a person of such character, Dr. Masaki, a great man, Dr. Wakabayashi who is in front of me, the beautiful girl of Room 6, and me, the idiot—I couldn’t help but think that we were connected by the mysterious thread of fate.

An impressive silence passed through the room for a few moments. Without thinking, however, I broke the silence by posing a question.

“…Ah!…October 19 of the 15th year of *Taishō* (1926)…the date on the calendar below the photo is exactly one year after Dr. Saitō passed away, isn’t it?”

I looked back as I said this…there was a terrifying change in Dr. Wakabayashi’s expression…only for a moment…his large, white lips were tightly closed, he thrust his chin out, and stared at me with wide, pale, eyes. Because it was so sudden, I unintentionally had the same expression as Dr. Wakabayashi, and felt as if we were glaring at each other; he then seemed to calm down more and more, and then nodded again and again, his forehead now shining in a way that could not be satisfied.

“…You really noticed that. Your memories are finally waking up. The first layer of skin had been peeled…The same time as this question was asked, I was worried that your memories must be awakening so suddenly…I was wondering if I should take care of you like that… Are you perhaps hiding something? Yes, the calendar shows the date of the past month. Today is the 20th of November of the 15th year of *Taishō* (1926) …”

“Why…why is it like that?”

Dr. Wakabayashi once again nodded solemnly. As if demonstrating in front of the girl of Room 6, he stretched his stooped chest with an attitude of praying to God and clasped his hand tightly.

“That suspicion is one of the keys to solving this great mystery of your past. That is to say, Dr. Masaki would be able to stop tearing the rest if he could tear the calendar up to that point.”

“…th…that’s why…”

“Dr. Masaki died the day after…exactly a year in the same place behind the Hakozaki Aquarium where Dr. Saitō drowned—he committed suicide by throwing himself.”

…A bolt in a clear sky…should I describe it like that? Struck by a strange and indescribable surprise, I let out a sort of scream at this moment. When I finally calmed down, I think my mouth moved as if deluded.

“…Dr. Masaki…committed suicide…”

I couldn’t believe my ears as I heard this voice of mine. A great person like Dr. Masaki, a master, commits suicide…is such a thing really possible?

Two doctors who became the chief professors of this Department of Psychiatry, fell into the seawater on the same day, one year apart, and even in the same place…is such a terrible coincidence possible?...Surprised and confused, I stared at Dr. Wakabayashi’s pale face.

Dr. Wakabayashi, like never before, straightened his posture and looked back at me. He let out a devout voice as if praying to God.

“…I say it again…Dr. Masaki committed suicide. As I said, Dr. Masaki prepared for 20 years for an unprecedented large-scale experiment of the liberation therapy, and finally the sword broke and the seeds pulled out…and he committed suicide…It seems you still don’t understand, so allow me to be a little more specific: You and the lady of Room 6 were to be discharged from the hospital after recovering both your memories, in Dr. Masaki’s original plans for the experiment—the experiment was supposed to be completed and the both of you to enter into a happy, married life, but now we’re at a dead end due to the unexpected tragic event…Then, no one knew whether the event was due to Dr. Masaki’s negligence…The day happened to coincide with Dr. Saitō’s death, as if by divine purpose, a kind of “uncertainty”…Dr. Masaki took responsibility and left this life. You, the center of that experiment, the lady of Room 6, and I who was entrusted with the paperwork, clerical work, and all else related to them…”

“…Th…Then…”

When I said this, I kept my mouth shut. My lips could barely move as I felt my whole body turn pale with indescribable excitement.

“…Then…What if I…cursed Dr. Masaki’s life...”

“…No. No. It’s the opposite.”

Said Dr. Wakabayashi in a solemn tone. He shook his head side to side, still staring at me.

“It’s the opposite. Dr. Masaki embarked on this research expecting that you would create his destiny…No…I’ll take this one step further—Dr. Masaki has made up his mind 20 years ago to achieve this result, and carried out the work orderly. In order to do the experiment of historic university science he discovered through your destiny, he has made an unmovable plan and proceeded with the research.”

It was an even more terrifying explanation for me. I pressed my chest, and without realizing it, it was becoming difficult to breathe, and then I asked him.

“…That’s…a procedure like that…”

“It is here. Look at the documents, and you will understand.”

As he said this, Dr. Wakabayashi closed the binding of the document he had been looking at while we were talking, and respectfully pushed it in front of me. I also received it with the same dignity, knowing that it must be a collection of important documents. I flipped through the contents, and found that it was a sort of pamphlet with a red cover, something bound with a Western large-sized lined paper and a flock paper with newspaper clippings pasted on it, and it was sandwiched between canvas-covered canvas—nothing was written on the cover. It was quite heavy, so I closed it and put it on the table.

From the other side of the table, Dr. Wakabayashi had his pale eyes on me.

“…This is a valuable document that can be said to be Dr. Masaki’s posthumous manuscript. What I mean, among the research papers of Dr. Masaki on psychiatry—psycho-anatomy, psychophysiology, psychopathology, and psycho-genetics, what could be considered the essence of such research—these four manuscripts, along with the main text of the “Theory of the Essence of the Brain”, which I had kept for a long time, were incinerated before he committed suicide. As far as literature is concerned, that is the only one which remains. Dr. Masaki put these documents in that order before his suicide, and it does not seem to be in any chronological order, but if read in that order, the contents of Dr. Masaki seem to be easily and interestingly understood in the order which he proceeded with research.

“…The pamphlet with the red cover bound at the very beginning is *ahodarakyō (a mock Buddhist chant)* sutra “Insane Hell Heretical Song” which he sung at gathering people on main roads everywhere as he traveled around Japan, the one on the actual situation of the mentally ill abuse in modern times, and the research he began to remedy this.

“…Next, pasted on the flock paper, is a clipping of a speech by Dr. Masaki that was published in a local newspaper, called “On the Surface of the Earth is the Great Liberation Therapy for Madmen”, it was on Dr. Masaki’s motives for rescuing the mentally ill when he would embark on research on mental illness—he explained his position to a newspaper reporter in a bitter yet humorous exchange, in which he says that “no one living on the surface of the earth is not insane”, the fundamental principle of psychopathology—it was quite poignant and candidly demonstrated….Then…the piece “The Brain is not a Thinking Place” is based on that principle, that is, Dr. Masaki explores the true function of the “brain” which until now was regarded as impossible to research—at the same time, he was also involved in psychiatric disorders and other problems which conventional science could never solve; such was the amusing explanation he gave to the newspaper reporter on the content of his treatise, “Theory of the Essence of the Brain”, which all bizarre phenomena of the mind was solved with ease.

“…And the one written with a brush on the bound Japanese lined paper at the end is “Dream of a Fetus”, perhaps the reverse of the “Theory of the Essence of the Brain.” The paper, if you recall, contains the contents of “psychogenetics” which is specified—the psychological life of the parents who gave birth to the child, the various customs and psychological accumulation of the ancestors, being passed on the fetus; the paper that caused the big sensation in the first graduation thesis in the university.

“…At the same time, I would say that the distant cause of Dr. Masaki’s unavoidable self-determination, despite his already great achievements, is contained in this chapter…the scribbles on the Western large-sized ruled paper next to it is Dr. Masaki’s will that can be seen as his “Report of the Results of the Experiment on the Liberation Therapy”, written as the final conclusion to this research…if you look at these documents in that order, you can easily discover the exciting achievements that Dr. Masaki devoted his life to the pioneering of the great path of psychiatric science—I hope you understand this correct order. At the same time, the flow of this historic university science, which has controlled your career from the other side and led you to your destiny, one by one, will rotate and emit a great light, like a kaleidoscope, rotating round and round, in front of your eyes…”

I can now only remember Dr. Wakabayashi’s explanation so far. As I listened, I casually opened the first booklet with the red cover, and started to read the title on the first page…

INSANE HELL HERETICAL SONG

—A person, in the dark age of the madman—

Austrian Doctor of Science

German Doctor of Philosophy Song Written by: *Menguro Manji*

French Doctor of Literature

▼Ahh—aa—aaaaa. To those on the right and left. Ladies and gentlemen, old, and young. Ladies and gentlemen, it's been a long time. Ask me a riddle and they'll be surprised. The whole universe should be as expected. It's been so long since I've lost the ability to do it. Today is my first time on this roadside. A madman appears out of nowhere…*sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoko chakapoko*…

> …Come, come, come. Come and drop by. Listen to me. Here's a story. I don't need money. It's for free. Do stop by. Do not push. *chakapokochakapoko*…
>
> …Come one come all. Come and see and be **SURPRISED**…*sucharaka, chakapoko. chacharaka, chakapoko*…

▼Aaa——aaaa. I'm a crazy monk who's out of control. About five feet tall. Thirty five-thirty six years old. A shaved head. Drooping eyes, complete dentures. Skinny ribs becoming a washboard. The clothes I wear are those from the scarecrow of the field. Look at the zōri (Japanese sandals) that drag my feet. Hardened by the mud from the clattering mountain. Like the *tanuki*'s mud boat. A beggar-like monk. Flowing across countries. Exposed to wind, baked in the sun. Today is the same blue sky. Spreading my bag on the side of the road. *Sukaraka, chakapoko* exposed to the world. In accordance with fate, tradition, and history. Ask the wooden fish I strike…*sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa——aaaa. According to fate, if you ask the *mokugyo*. I haven't parents, siblings, relatives, or concubines. Just me, *sukarakachan*. Mister and the past, *sukaraka, chakapoko*. One bag, one's past. The parent is a wooden crotch by the sparkling wind. The carefree body was left to blow. Flowing trip around the world. Beijing, Harbin, St. Petersburg. Red Moscow, Berlin square, drunk in Munich, singing in Vienna, dancing in Paris, sleeping in London, and crossing the sea to the free America. Women's market in New York. Gambling in San Francisco. Chicago's alcohol. Until the drunken steps are American. It took ten stupid years. Even with all I've seen and heard. There is only one souvenir. It's a scary story from hell… *sukaraka, pokupoku. chacharaka, pokupoku*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It is a scary story from hell. Moreover, it's a story of a fact that I saw with depressed eyes. I open it today, no need for money. Not only will I give it to you, but I will also give it for the price of listening. I sing it to you now. It's the letterpress of the song. I'll give you something else later. I think it'll be a way for people to buy it. I don't know if there'll be doubters. No need to worry about that. This is my pastime. This is a propaganda project on human civilization. Reference has nothing to do with it, just a story. Now, listen, watch…heresy—festivaaaalll—eeee—a statement. *kichiga*——aaaa——iiiii——hell on earth uuuu——…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

I

▼Aaa----aaaa. An insane hell—a heretical ritual. If you ask me where hell is. It's in this corrupt world. The cause and effect are here. They get picked up before long. It's a fire cart you ride with your eyeballs spinning. A place that goes round and round. Beyond fighting, and the realm of hungry ghosts. Fall in a thud and find yourself in hell. From the mountain of needles to the bloody pond of hell. Cold hell to burning hell. The forest of sword-blades and stone-cutting hell. Fire, boiling water, hanging hell. There're 80,000 hells. The reward of karma in this corrupt world. Chopped, crushed, roasted, boiled. *Avīci (the most painful of eight Buddhist hell)* and screaming everywhere. It's a torment that never ends. If you hear that voice, that will be your last. It's going to split your head open. Such are the words of this monk from this high place…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. The monk talks from a high place. You shouldn't rely on him. Rumors of hell you can't go unless you die. It's this living monk's offertory collection. Eight hundred lies that even Buddha doesn't know. The hell I've seen. Hell and affairs change. Don't hit the gong, don't chant *nenbutsu (three-word invocation)*. Don't spend a train fare for paradise. There are several around here. It's hell in this world while we're still alive…*chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's a hell on earth while we're alive. It's also a hell without poor spare time. Flirting in the rivers of bamboo hell. The tie of hell between duty and humanity. Or the punishment for a crime committed. Go ahead, it caught you, and walk sharply. A definite term and an indefinite term, beaten. Hell, what a big difference. It does not make sense. It couldn't breathe, it couldn't see the light of day. It's a hell of unknown breadth and depth. Enma is a Doctor of Medicine. A bunch of university bachelors are horse-headed and ox-headed demons. It is, however, a specialty tool in Hell. Former offenses, discern and sniff out. Eye to see, nose to smell, the journal of Enma. Until the back of people's souls. Clear glass that sees through the watermark. You can't even see the shadow in a mirror. Be it sin or not. Seriously, without even distinguishing between insanity. Kick recklessly into the final stretch. Just hearing it makes my hair stand on end. Hell is out there. Like a nice psychiatric hospital. If you think I lie, come in and see. As many tortures as you want. What a scary, insane hell!...*chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. What a scary, insane hell! A terrifying psychiatric hospital indeed. It's for everyone, even if it's a mystery. Let's not reach a conclusion. Please listen to the things in order. While listening, they become unaware of such things. I agree that it is possible. They'll be many if the conclusion is reached. The pores in my body are tingling. Well, it is the story of hell…*chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Well, it is the story of hell. The beginning of hell. The *i* in the beginning of the fateful *iroha (traditional ordering of the Japanese syllabary)*. If you ask me the first time. It's thanks to Westernization. Accordingly, the world's Westernization. The origin of ever-progressing progress. The precious gift of

scientific knowledge. It's the job of the honorable doctor. My role is to heal people's illnesses…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. My role is to heal people's illnesses. Even in the doctor's work. Curing the insanity of the human body. Methods of surgical and medical treatment. Healing the insanity of people's souls. Treatments in a mental hospital. Let's compare the differences. Ah, surprised, the shaking stops. What a surprising difference in progress…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. What a surprising difference in progress. It should be different, the partner different. They can see the shape of the human body. They can tell by touching the limbs and torso. Dissect the five viscera and six internal organs, they can see them. Examine by percussion, auscultation, X-Ray. Pirquet's Reaction, and a blood test. Using a number of diagnostic tools. Even if it is an incomprehensible disease. Wrong medicine, wrong doctor. Or dying due to wrong treatment. If they dissect the corpse later. They'll know right away what is wrong. They'll know how to diagnose and treat. They'll open it in progress. An exchange with God. But they can't examine our souls…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. The soul cannot be examined. No matter how good a doctor you are. The insanity of the human soul and mind. Where's your pulse, where's your tongue sticking out? What kind of trouble do you give an injection? Where do you worry? Without the magnifying glass of nervousness. The heat increasing you fell in love with. I wonder if it went up in the thermometer. Faking insanity, true insanity. You can't see it through an X-Ray. You can't hear it, you can't see it. The identity of the soul is more mysterious than farts. How can this be diagnosed? There's no medicine for lunatics. The old parable is still true. It ends in mental illness. Absolutely impossible to diagnose and treat. Scientific knowledge that can't be researched. To understand the things that don't make sense… *sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's something that couldn't be understood. Don't understand the reason here either. Notice this strange fact. This whole thing in the first place. The human spirit, the insanity of the soul. It becomes impossible to diagnose and treat. Anywhere in the world today. Psychiatric hospital, neurotherapy. Or the madhouse. Spread on a square signboard. An elaborately designed entrance. Expansive medical examination and treatment. Hospitalization and collecting the nursing fee collection. The psychiatrist with authority. What sort of work is it? Catching the fraudster. I'm sure you're all suspicious of me. Wait a little bit while the story is in order. This is a very absurd inside story. Thanks to the inability to diagnose and treat. The story of the doctor making a nice profit. This is the true *ahodarakyō* sutra…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoka chakapoka chakapoka*…

II

Sukara, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko…

▼Ahh—aa—aaaaa. Well, it was a long time ago and a long time ago. A long time, a very long time. A time when science did not advance. A disease of the human body. Similar to the human soul. Because they don't understand. Diagnosis and treatment

are a guess. House divination, direction, and horoscope. What an obstacle! Prayers, abstinence, holy water, talisman. Give us a sign. Please, make it end. So many untreatable diseases. There's the drug. Wear it, and you'll get better. Such is the information I found. A person's disease is in the body. Such is the reason for insanity. Understanding the cause is the beginning of medicine. Now anatomy, physiology, pathology. Medical chemistry, bacteria, drugs, and others. Surgery, internal medicine, dermatology, otolaryngology. Ophthalmology, orthopedics, gynecology and pediatrics. All is hand-crafted. Instruments and medicine that don't leak. Cures the insanity of the body. A glimmer of scientific knowledge. Shining brightly day by day…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Shining brightly day by day. It's a mental illness, instead. Heal the insanity of the human soul. Seeing a doctor, getting treatment. Seeing the progress you have made. A lunatic a long time ago. God's mind has moved. Worship with awe and reverence. The deeds of living spirits and the dead spirits. Offered and cherished them. Depends on where you are. Because they're possessed by a demon. That time, doctors and judges. Monks and shrine maidens who played a role. As soon as it is found and pointed at. Spears, swords, lasso, bow and arrow. Officials carrying the clubs. Smash your head one by one. Limbs and torso dismembered and falling apart. Burn it and dispose of it or bury it in the roots of trees. Exactly like today. The same punishment as a rabid dog's extermination. This is the treatment of the lunatics. First examination, first treatment. The *iroha* of this insane hell, "*i*"…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. This the start of this insane hell. This is why I'm crazy. I don't know the cause. Using superstitious evil methods that even I could do. Those who do bad things come out. They're too clever. Grudges, jealousy, hatred of things. Political enemies, business enemies. With irrational hatred and envy. I thought they were a nuisance. A human without recollection of anything. Shrine maidens, monks and officials. Using bribes to pull them out. Treated as insane without saying yes or no. Carrying out the death penalty of the law of the country. A prison in a light place…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. A prison in a light place. Look at the history of the world. High rank, court rank, honor. Taking of property or territory. Women coming and going and successors. Family turmoil and internal disputes. Cleaning up the opponent who is in the way. Such examples if these methods. Glimpses remain. Now, let's see what happens now. I would say it's the same thing. Far from unspeakable, it's a little outrageous now…*sukaraka, chakapoko. sukaraka chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

III

…*sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoko, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Ahh—aa—aaaaa. Now is the reign of Westernization. The universal age of scientific knowledge. Only mental illness in the midst of it. During the old dark ages. Medical treatment is impossible. Say something unexpected, a suggestion job. That kind of person is insane. Such a person who says that I don't know. I like that kind of person. Intellect, common sense, scientific knowledge. Such a wonderful person who will never be forgotten. I would like to ask for such a person. Try things in their spare time. A little asylum somewhere. Or at a school or the library. PhDs and Bachelors all over the world. Wanting to stop by and start researching. Expand the book of mental diseases. Take a quick look and see. Names

of disease lined up. Round Western letters, square *kanji* and so on. Hundreds and thousands pushing each other. Even breaking a finger is difficult. They are now insane. Surgical and medical patients. Illuminated by the light of scientific knowledge. Medical examination and treatment that sees down to her soles. Reasonable nurse salary. Using up the numbers. Only amateurs are grateful… *chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Only amateurs are grateful. They aren't hateful. Amazing their Japanese souls for the Western world. From the edge of the sky to the bottom of the earth. Scientists who have investigated thoroughly. Even if they want to stop by and study. The most important. In the cavity of the skull. The brain tissues coiled and wrapped around. What kind of work. We've yet to know the truth. They who think it's a lie. Scholars of all ages, east and west. The book that examines the human brain. Read it and understand. This is what we hear and see. Sitting where you go to judge. Knowledge, experience, old memories. Preserved in a storage house. What's up with him? If it is a *naniwabushi (narrative song)*, this is just the introduction. Such a big discussion. Not a fact is known…*chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Not a fact is known. Not knowing why. Even if the world is wide. Really look into the human brain. Infuriatingly simple and clear. Strange, clear, unparalleled. If one sees through the workings of the brain. Sounding like an unprompted remark—a foolish thing. I'm the only one here…if you ask me a question, what about you? Your brain is like that. Thanks to being baked in the sun every day. Human nature changed. I don't know if I'm being ridiculed. Don't know if it's true. It's just my pastime. Doctors and scholars from all over the world. Completed the research—made me say "wow". A society of two billion people. Looking forward to replacing the head. If it's a thesis someday. Published by a university. They'll know when they see it. Scholars of the world. Don't know how to study the brain. Misguided speculation. Just maybe. A real cannon. Even if they can explain one reason. No other facts can be interpreted. If you stand here, you can't stand here. Nine *shaku (around 9 feet)*, two *ken (around 3.6 meters)*, two sheets of sliding storm shutter… *sukaraka*, *chakapoko*. *chakapoko chakapoko*.

▼Aaa----aaaa. Nine *shaku*, two *ken*, two sheets of sliding storm shutter. Even from morning till night. Revolving lanterns or kaleidoscopes. Cat eyeballs, a turkey. Crying and laughing, round and round. Creating the mysteries of infinite variety. The true nature of the human soul. What kind of shape is it? How insane is it? It's not *Hanshichi-san* (a character from a *bunraku* play, the character is pursued by the police for killing someone), the sake store owner. Where to sit? Don't understand a single thing. The proof is in front of you. In contemporary psychiatric literature. List of names of diseases. Scholar who wrote such a book. Don't know what to do. Take a quick look at the patient's face. For the purpose of making a gesture. A trick, an amateur deception. Sex madness is nymphomania. Kill someone, you are a murderer. A Western dance maniac, you dance. You're an arsonist, set fire. What kind of science did you study? Give a clear name. Anyone can apply, even if they are not doctors. Angry drinkers, crying drinkers. Laughing drinkers, addicted drinkers. Bar hoppers and people of the world. Drunk as you can see. All the same as naming. They can examine it now, but how strange….*chakaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*.

▼Aaa----aaaa. They can examine it now, but it's strange. They still take care of the mentally ill. Experts and bachelor's doctors. Where the human soul is insane. Or reliable proof that does not go insane. Where to look and find? The amateur is surprised. It's a business, don't worry…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's a business, don't worry. Call them all lunatics. To the far entrance of the doctor. If the person came. No one looks insane. A bulky sort of group. Or they look normal. The patients who have settled down. Family and doctor's cost. Completed the procedures properly. Lunatics are no different. No consideration for false confinement. Complete with legal permits. Bought here in a fair and open manner. No trouble on the part of the doctor. Such is the pattern of the story of the family. Or look at their attitude. Expand the book and compare. After giving it a suitable name. That's the end of the examination. Hit the red bricks. Some are misdiagnosed. Don't know if they'll be there little by little. Useless to worry. Unlike other types of illnesses. They don't understand the misdiagnosis. The last time they say "letter ki" once *(apparently, this means nonsense)*. A brick hell that no one can get out of again. Interpreted as "wrong, wrong". Proof of "letter ki". A fate that will never change. Call the doctor for an arsonist. Dissecting greengrocer *Oschichi (a girl who committed arson on falling in love with a girl)*. What a nymphomaniac. Think of it as a specimen of a thief maniac. If *Ishikawa Goemon (a Japanese Robin Hood)* was hospitalized. Turns out to be a megalomaniac. Worried about riddles and buttocks. It's easy because it never happens. A patient who can't be examined because of fever. A sickness that no one knows what to do. Well, they're an easy-going insane doctor…*sukaraka, chakapoko*. *chacharaka, chakapoko*. *chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. They are also a carefree psychiatrist. If so, what is the method of treatment. Just worrying about being unrefined and an amateur. This is the same as medical examination. Blind searching in the dark. A place that doesn't break your brain right away. Don't know if it's because of the opening of the world's benevolence. Say it from the patient's side. Incomprehensible evidence right in front of your eyes. Doesn't matter where you are. Take a peek inside the asylum. Not to mention the iron-barred prison. Today's detention prisons and prisons, etc. Lots of tools that can't even show a shadow. Iron chains and sleeveless undergarments. Handcuffs, fetters. Crucifixion bed. A stone box with a small window open. A spectacle of lined rats. What an utter villain. A torture tool that shakes the whole body…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. A torture tool that shakes the whole body. That exchange of in-patients. Really heals the madness of the soul. When it comes to medical instruments. Can't find a single one. An injection of anesthesia to a patient who won't sleep. A sedative to those who make noise. Eating things for nutrition. Like an injection or enema. Inferior to poor internal medicine and surgery. After it heals, it's the doctor's achievements. If they die, they are done with their luck. Ahahaha, ehehehe, nonchalant. What a terrifying insane hell…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. What a terrifying insane hell. This is still, however, still a small survey. The *Sanzu* river (Buddhist River Styx) if insane hell. Hearing it makes my hair tingle. Eighty thousand hells is stupid. All-you-can-eat foolish nonsense. Continuing to abuse as much as possible. Lunatic from this world.

Hell——pilgrimage——ha——well——ka——ra——jaa——i…*sukaraka, chakapoko. sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

IV

▼*Sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*. Aaa----aaaa. All you lose your soul. This was not the story of Japan. The story of China and India. Psychiatrists around the world. Built with a merciless heart. Insane hell, splendid appearance. A foolish dead patient. Every single one is full. First, that's logical. Number of beds in hell. Thousands or tens of thousands. Here and there in the human world. It pops and jumps. Not enough for the mentally ill. Once hospitalized. Even if it takes a long time. Some never leave. Whether you like it or not, it's packed to capacity. The doctor will be intimidating. Do whatever it takes to the patient. If it's troublesome, money to pay. Time to hesitate a little. Letting them leave the hospital immediately. With permission for home treatment. Some patients come out safely. With medical certificates. Cases of entering coffins. Replacements will come later. No pushing, no pushing, it's a ticket gate…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. No pushing, no pushing, it's a ticket gate. But this whole story is strange. Very strange, the whole thing. Putting money in a place like that. Why should we be hospitalized? Those who are suspicious. There's a lunatic among us. No experience to do it. Firstly, listen closely. More surprises to come. *Chakaraka, chakapko* it flies out. I don't know, but this fish gong knows…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I don't know, but this fish gong knows. There are more shocking facts. Equality everywhere. If you are a member of the asylum. Anyone can tell without saying a word. Confidential and honest. They say it is the limit. Don't know if it's inconsistent. The story of this fish gong fits perfectly. Take all the crazy patients. Go through the red brick entrance. Even among those who came to bow. Parents, siblings, wife, and children. Please heal them. Shedding tears and sighing. Not having many requests. Even in a group of meat and bones. Really sincere. Taking care with the intention of treating. Truly, it's all about the mothers. Making them sick to the stomach. If your son and daughter are the patient. Came with other meat and bones. Even fathers and brothers who share the same blood. Really heartless. Especially the young wife. Sorry, but for a couple of days. If you think you will sigh on the side. Pick them up from the village. While waiting, they go to the middle of the day. It's still the best. Shortly after handing the patient to the doctor. Can't even decide where the room is. Make a phone call or go to the restroom? Looking at the *obi* in the mirror. While fluttering the head of the nose. It disappeared smoothly, but it's farewell. They'll never show again… *chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Not showing up is quite normal. If it is decided that it is incurable. The only thing to show the doctor is how you look. Throwing away true hunger. The disease is worth living. Thank you very much. When I hear back. If it heals, what a nuisance. Kill me if you want to. The unspoken soul is clearly visible. The point of life and death for the patient. Where doctors make lots of money….Oops….your eyes have changed color. Don't look at me like that. I've seen that with my own eyes. However, it doesn't apply to Japan. China, India, the West. No ears or eyes. The story of a fish gong that doesn't say anything…*sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's about the deaf fish gong. Talking about China and India. Being male or female doesn't matter. If you are a person who has gone insane once. Even if they look this calm. How unexpectedly violent. Kills people and sets fires. Doesn't like their bad feelings or deeds. Spread out in all directions. A dog in human form. It's not enough to be treated as a human being. No matter how cruel the punishment is. Even if you throw stones and roof tiles. Can't even remember what they're guilty of. Even if they have healed nicely. When will it recur? If you are not alert in the present world. On top of the old fashioned. That bloodline is scary. What kind of curse is reciprocation? Looking and pointing at the world. In the middle of that, in one's family. An unexpected lunatic…A big deal…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Quite hard to come out. High class, rich society. If there was a house where nothing is needed. A *zashiki (an Edo-period room for confining criminals or lunatics)*, make one, and it will be cleared up. To a hospital without cure. No need to put it in. Put it bluntly, it is high society. A person who doesn't know hardships. A well-known family. Put out the "letter ki", the last time. The generation lineage is disturbed. A daughter's short story. On top of which the edges become dangerous. To the immediate neighbor. Outrageous curse of money. Unreasonable reward for promotion. Pale eyes and tongue stuck out. The heat of fingers pointed behind you. Involving the ticket gate. A matter of circumstance and authority. Making every effort to follow connections. Sneaking into the red bricks. If it is crowded. Make more fees. Asking the director for unreasonable circumstances. This world is all about money, anyways. It's one insane hell. Even the director with the face of *Enma*. Immediately changing to Jizō's smile (a bodhisattva who looks over children, travelers, and the underworld). Instead of receiving them with merciful hands. Just let them go to Paradise. Even with money, such is the way to go…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Even with money, such is the way to go. The mystery of family status, honor, and status. The more mentally they are. The more difficult to treat at home. Sneaking into the red bricks. Not feeling safe until all is sealed up. But with middle-class. Fixed monthly salary. Thin income lifeline. Begging inside the head or the family. If someone goes insane. Even if it's a rented house, they'll chase you and torment you. Unforeseen *zashiki*. Even if it is a little trouble for the patient. Savings, pensions, sudden smoking. Even a caregiver. Can't work if it was the husband. Can't work if it's the wife. Or if the child goes to school. An egg with a "ki". Gathering together and being ridiculed. An indescribable sadness and bitterness. Everyone will fall at once. If it's the remaining option. Director of the red brick. If they come and see, devising a means. No matter where, it's always packed…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. No matter where, it's packed. Moreover, they fall one step further. A poor income. Wife in a side job, the daughter works at a factory. Becoming a family like that. Cruelty and tragedy taboo. Far from care, far from medicine. The whole family will be together soon. Hanging their head on the ceiling. Wishing to go insane and die. Even if they complain that will increase. And the person? Eating a big meal instead of dying. Healing the hopeless expression…*chakapoko chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Healing the hopeless face. Such a way in the human world. Wheat's black ears or a horse in a rapeseed field. Like the insanity of flowers and vegetables. Without knowing the reason. Popping up, jumping up. Countless lunatics.

Free acceptance and hospitalization. The world is full of universities. Hundreds of beds? Not a charity. Research material for student professors. Reference of the living specimen lecture. Pick and choose what suits you. If not needed, refuse to see them. What about private establishments? All about business. Everyone is full of money and authority. Overcrowded with great patients…*chakaraka, chakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Overcrowded with great patients. Still left with something like that. Countless lunatics. Where and how to clean up. If one looks at it strangely. I ask again. Can't hear my ears and see my eyes. The one-eyed wooden fish whose mouth doesn't move. A story seen and heard. Empty-minded and selfless. This *ahodarakyō* sutra will be thrown. A sloppy complaint when visiting hell. Step by step, falling into the depths…. The seed of the up-close story. No need for money. The **shock** of hearing it…*sukaraka*, *chakapoko chakapoko*. *chacharaka*, *chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*…

V

▼*Sukaraka, chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko chakapoko*. Aaaaahhhhaaaahhhh. Well, everyone, we are here. When a crazy man is among us. The rest of the family left without anyone in the right mind. The remaining sane family members. Subjected to unbelievable tortures. Never leaving home in such a state. Have to do something about it. Specifications not found. No choice, in the meantime. Bankrupt, work impossible. Family starving in front of one's eyes. How sad, so sad, very sad… *chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. How sad, it's sad, so painful, and I don't want to expose myself to such things, but I am old, so are my parents. I'm sad, bitter, and I don't know what will happen to my sweet child. For the sake of such a worthless life. Is it reasonable to abandon and care for them? While not causing trouble for others. Is it reasonable to hang the patient and his family by the neck? Is it the way to die as a family? Crying and resenting him for what had caused this grief, but he was the key to the problem. The patient is a bit of a wreck. All he does is gawk and gawk…*chakapokochakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. He just keeps scurrying around. Even if the original form remains. The original mind is a shell of an algae. Only in the shape of a human being. He's worse than a dog or a cat. I can't say I'm sorry for him or her. If I could have, I would have replaced him. After all the agonizing and lamenting. I commit a mortal sin… *sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Commit a mortal sin of desperation. Pretending to move to some distant country. You pretend to move to a hospital in an unknown place. Pretending to go to a hospital to let people in. And then, to the end of the mountains and fields, never to return. He abandons his patients with tears. But this is not the same as abandoning a child. There is no Buddha to pick up and nurture. Not only no one, but everywhere you go, you will be beaten and chased. Wherever you go, you will be beaten and chased. Wherever they starve, freeze, and fall. The roots of the trees, the roots of the roots of the grass, they may be fertilized. They will abandon the demon who knows this. I look around for scurrying. I look around for the remnants of the poor patient. Far away in the shadows, in the trees. Ten million infinite things that can never be achieved with two hands together. … *chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Ten million infinite things that can never be achieved with two hands together. The old story goes that it happened in the Engi Era (901-923). The old story goes that it was done long before the Enki era. Ah, Semimaru (a poet and musician from the early Heian era), the reverse-haired one. But for some unknown reason, the two of them are now together. A blind man and a mad woman. They were abandoned by their father's gate. The city of flowers is far behind. Osakayama (not in Ōsaka, but in Ōtsu, Shiga) in the sorrowful eyes of the unknowing. The story is too good to be true. Such a sad custom of the floating world. The secret of the impending disposition. No matter how old, how new, how east or west, how high or low. It doesn't matter if you have money or not. It doesn't matter what's right or wrong, what's reasonable…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's hard to say whether it's right or wrong. In such a situation, at the end of the field. Among the pitiful patients who are lost. If there is a little bit of sanity left in them. They may search through the cesspools of other places. They'll get something and live again. Even if they will eventually come to their senses. But there you will find the sadness and bitterness of this world. I feel so deeply that I can't do anything about it. Or ashamed of my own self. I think for the sake of my remaining family. I give up on others, I give up on the world. The tears I shed are the tears of a beggar. If it continues for three days, it cannot be stopped. He falls into the carefree world he has heard about. That is the famous beggar. Or they join the wild, lying in the fields. In front of the temple gate. In front of the gate of the temple, under the shade of the shrine's forest. In the *kamaboko kosha* (a crude, semicylindrical hut made of bent bamboo and covered with mats, usually inhabited by beggars) by the bridge. If you gather up the lice that live there. If you gather them one by one, two by two. It would be a very large number of people. And what's more, they look so miserable. They are all suffering from this hell. The state and society that turns a blind eye. I do not want to say that they should die at once. The number of people who disappear in the cold treatment. One or two out of a thousand or ten thousand…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. One or two out of a thousand or ten thousand. How dare you all! If this were an ordinary disease. If this were a common disease. You would be more important than the expert. Doctors, medicines, nurses. A soft bed, a good meal, they say. Will be visited by all of you, no matter what. Not only humans, but also dogs and animals. In some cases, even small birds and goldfish. They are cared for carefully for the rest of their lives. The mentally ill, on the other hand. Thanks to the unidentifiable nature of their illness. Red brick or the end of the world? The torment of hell from which they will never be spared… *chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It is a torment of hell from which you will not escape. But listen to me, all of you. I have been playing the wooden fish. I have told you the story of the hells I have beaten out of you. The hell of the hospital and the hell of the field. Honest, authentic, and gilded. The hell where the mentally ill go down. It is the hell of the ordinary psychopaths. Now, I'm going to go to the next one. I'll do my best. Then I'm going to raise my filial voice. I'll tell you the story of hell. And I had to bite into one of them as well. This is an amazing story about a terrible hell. They know nothing of sin or retribution. Ordinary men and women who are not insane. With a sense of humor. Suddenly, their limbs are taken from them. And they're forced to die without being able to speak. They are forced to do things they don't want to do, and they are forced to do them with impunity. It's a crazy hell where you're forced into. Moreover, if you look into it carefully. Tang

Dynasty, India, and Western countries. It's a large building lined up in rows. *chakapokochakapoko…*

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's a very fine grand building. The polished gold signage. The big advertisements in the newspapers say, "What kind of hospital, what kind of treatment," and so on. All I see is a lot of square and rectangular letters. It doesn't say anything about hell, though. The Police Newspaper Detective Agency. A mysterious business that knows nothing of what's going on inside. And yet, they are ignorant of what's going on. Inside the doors of the world. The last thing you want to do is put one foot inside the door. You cry, you scream, you go crazy, and you scratch your head. It's a dark world from which you will never emerge. I didn't even know such a place existed. This is the cultural world of the 20th century. The age of universal scientific knowledge. A world of laws, morals, and etiquette. I could walk around with dignity. Tomorrow, I may fall. It's a madman's hell, the hell of the bottomless pit…*sukaraka, chakapokochakapokochakapoko…*

VI

▼*Chakapokochakapoko. Chakarakapoko.* Aaa----aaaa. I don't think it is in Japan by any chance. Daggers and pistols is used to kill people. Anesthetics, poisons, silk strings, handkerchiefs. There are a lot of tools to kill people. There is a civilized country among them. It is a real country, called the best. In the capital city of the insane. I have seen the new means. The noble, lofty, high-colored tools. Openly and publicly during the daytime. I had a policeman and a doctor present. No blood, no fingerprints. Some kind of prosecutors and detectives. They all look suspicious. It's a stealthy way to get the fingerprints. But it costs a little money. But the profit is great. Money is always the enemy in this world… *chakapokochakapokochakapoko…*

▼Aaa----aaaa. Money is always the enemy in this world. First of all, there is the case of inheritance. Politics, diplomacy, military secrets. Something nice and lucrative. You think he's in your way. The target is walking alone. Is it a place for lovers or a gambling den? Or a secret consulting place. A place to relax, to slip in. A place to find a way to get close to. A psychiatrist I have hired. Accompanied by a man of avarice. And ask for a patrolman. He's actually a good friend of mine. He is a little bit mentally ill. He has not been home for a while and has been lonely. I walk around with a blah, blah, blah, but I'm sick. I'd like to show it to the doctor. I'm all right, he says. I'm fine, he says, but I'm going to go into a frenzy with my weapon. It is an unavoidable emergency measure. I always know when I pass by here. I take it and stick it in the closet. Then, my three friends. Can I borrow your hands? How much money do you have? The doctor's advice was given right and left. You can do as you wish. If you drop the ball, you'll get a surprise. The target is a thousand-fold abyss. You'll never get out of there alive… *sukaraka, chakapokochakapokochakapoko…*

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's a crazy hell that you can't get out of. This is a family disturbance. The target is still young. If they are coming with their sons or daughters. There are more pretentious ways. Especially, he is crazy about modern thought. If they are oversensitive. It would save a lot of time and effort. A little sarcasm. Or, if you make them commit to a position. They'll have a nervous breakdown in no time. Their cheeks will become pallid, and their eyeballs will glisten. The language of behavior changes. Let the doctor grab this. Once we get him to see a doctor, he's all ours. Letting them rest is just a surface pretext.

While the flower buds remain unopened. I'm going to fall into an unbearable and unbearable hell…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. What a hell of a fall! Specializing in this kind of patient. Even in this country. He is a doctor who is famous in the world. At first, he was an ordinary doctor. But this kind of patient. The gratuities he received were very large. So he gradually became a specialist in this field. Now, he's very prosperous. A surprise in the city of *the insane*! A beautifully designed hospital. Inside the hospital, you'll find a modern culture. Inside are the most sophisticated torture devices. Breathtaking equipment for murder. If you look at it with your own eyes, you will see that even in the middle of summer, it is still cold. It is a cold hell of several degrees below zero. On the other hand, the front street. The shining entrance. The number of automobiles lined up is countless. And the families of the rich and famous. The strength of this place is its secrecy. You can get money by extortion. If that hand does not work. The person in question, the secret identity. The sane patient you forced to create. We'll announce it was a misdiagnosis. We'll get him out of the hospital as soon as he's well enough. Or we will take the patient's side. We will tell your secret to the world. After all the wrangling. After all the squeeze, the person you are extorting may go bankrupt. If we see that we are exposed to fraud. To our secret inpatient. One injection, a bottle of liquid medicine. I'll do an autopsy later. I'll do an autopsy later. I don't know if the patient was violent enough. We don't know if the patient was violent or not with the current medical science. That's the real disadvantage of being a doctor. It's the kind of magic trick a psychiatrist can pull…*sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapoochakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's the kind of magic tricks psychiatrists do. And still more wonders. This is the home of crazy hell. Even in the country of Japan, it's the city of the madman. You are fearless, doctor. In the midst of such business. To the same fellow steady doctor. Not only do they not point fingers at us, but they also don't complain. No one complains, no one criticizes. Even the government, the police, and the press. All they can do is stand back and watch…*sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I can't help but watch with a silent stare. The continuing wonder of the country. It's a big, fluoridated box for confidential expenses. The millions of yen that leak out of there. It's in the doctor's pocket. It doesn't even make a sound. Not only that, but it's completely silent. In the doctor's broad shoulders and large chest. The many metals and medals that line the line. It is also a great service to the nation. The civilian and military officials who dedicated themselves to it. They are the ones who rarely receive them. Germany, France, England, Russia, and the West. Japan, however, did not seem to have any. But even so, the doctor is a real doctor. Against such powerful countries in the world. If he had done such a great service to the world powers. I wonder if he would have received the Order of Merit. All I can do is to extinguish the souls of those who did this… *sukaraka, chakapoko. chakapokochakapoko*…

VII

▼*Sukaraka, chakapoko.chakapokochakapoko*. Aaa----aaaa. Well, I'm afraid I'm boring you all. I think so, but let's not stop here. A Buddha makes a Buddha but does not put his soul into it. In the torn and torn sealed preface. The wonders of

the world. Eyes cannot see, ears cannot hear. The true nature of the hell of scientific culture. To the very bottom of the bottom of the bottom of the bottom of the bottom of the bottom. Tear it open, expose it, and expand it. This is a truly amazing story. It's really great. I'll keep on talking until you all agree. I'll be waiting to hear how you feel. I will not be asked again about this infernal tale. The story of the mysterious wooden fish…*sukaraka, chakapokochakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. The unheard hell again. It's a deaf-mute wooden fish, the *ahodarakyō*. But still, it's all a bunch of *sukaraka* and *chakapoko*. What a country of the people! Ostensibly, it is a world power. If it is the best in the world, it is the pride of the nation. It is the home of free justice. It is called an ideal country where people's rights are respected. Unlike Japan, which is called "the ideal country". Anyone can be the head of state. It is a country based on money and power. There is no word for loyalty. Money is the key to everything. Justice and law can be bought with money. Conscience and chastity, of course. Liberals do not choose their own means. The bear-hawk spirit that grabs and won't let go. The first class of billionaires. The interests of the country are his own interests. With the arithmetic of the board and the unmovable. Because they hold the real power in politics. No matter how many governments are changed. The prestige of the billionaires will not change. The top is ministers and senators. And down to the policemen and soldiers. They have the prosperity of the country in their hands. The billionaires of the top class. They are the watchdogs of money-making. Under the mask of legal justice. Of weak and righteous men. Freedom, morality, and humanity. They trample all over the place. So, I hate such wealthy people. Hate the inhumane prosperity of such wealthy people. Scholars and pastors who stand on the side of righteousness. Under the right of free speech. They begin to make speeches against the rich and powerful. Or write about it in books. They are praised as "elites". Popularity of the lower classes is gathered. Public opinion to overthrow the capitalists grows…*sukaraka, chakapokochakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. The public opinion to overthrow the rich rises. Therefore, the rich man becomes a bad demon. He put up such a claim and public opinion. He threw them out to the desks of magazines and newspapers. What are you going to do about this? With a cigar in his hand, he blamed the government. The government was greatly embarrassed. The government should be annoyed. A wealthy watchdog like him. If you don't get in their good graces, your position is in jeopardy. They won't be able to pay for the next election. But I'm free to do what I want. He doesn't violate any of the laws of the land. He is a reasonable and honorable man. A righteous scholar and a pastor. They will not be evicted and fed. If I were to throw him in jail, I would face serious opposition from the public. I would receive a great deal of opposition from the public. So, after much deliberation, he came up with the following conclusion. It's a crazy hell that goes on behind the scenes. Among such scholars and pastors. I only had my eye on the leader's stock. If you're good at it, use a detective. Never dreaming that they are after him. I was alone in a lonely place. He hears the sound of footsteps after he walks. And in the blink of an eye, he's dragged down. In the form of holding a psychotic person. A large handcuff and footlocker. A handkerchief of anesthetic for your face. The doctor is waiting in the shadows. The hospital car is thrown into the eye of the patient. I don't have to tell you the rest…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I don't have to tell you the rest. This is the civilized world that understands this. It doesn't matter if you are a nation or an individual. They are

stuck in a bad thought. They will say that this is the most convenient way. They are asking for help in secret, and we are asking for help in secret. The patients who enter are politicians, scholars. Military detectives, great inventors. The heir to a wealthy or famous family. Or the kind of famous actor-star. The ambition or ill-gotten gains of others. Or a secret project. Were they good enough to get in the way? He was in a great position, but it was fate. No pretrial, no trial, no sentence. No life, no fixed term, no death penalty. Not to mention life, or life without trial, or even the death penalty, which is lighter than the electric chair. It depends on what the note says. That's what hell is all about… *chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. This is hell. Some of the patients fall into it. Of course, there are also lunatics and insane people. There are some, but only for the sake of excuse. But among them are outstanding people. Heroes, great men, geniuses. They seem to be deer claws dressed in white. The crazy hell cows and horses. From the rear, where they take you by the hand and lead you away. From the top of the pile of gold and medals. Grinning and looking away… *chacharaka, chakapoko*. *sucharaka*, *chakapokochakapokochakapoko*…

VIII

▼*Chacharaka, chakapokochakapokochakapoko*. Aaa----aaaa. Ladies and gentlemen. I am here to welcome you all. This is my souvenir from the West. I accompany you in the shadow of modern culture. This is a tale of the hell that is this world. Birds sing and leaves grow thick. Flowers, autumn leaves, and paradise. A wandering psychotic in the midst of it all. Thrust away by his relatives. Cannot weep for their sins nor for their retribution. The poor form of a crazy beggar. Here in the village, there in the town. Night after night, day after day, they chase them around. Stones and tiles are thrown at them. Beaten by the rain and exposed to the wind. All they do is disappear into the snow and ice. Such a hell was made in this world. Even the round, bright Lord Tendou-sama (*the sun*). Turning his face away from them. Whether you say you don't know me or not, they don't know you. He is smiling with a flickering smile…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. It's still a carefree hell. It's still an easygoing hell. Electric lights and gas lights day and night. The light of the culture of material science. The brighter it shines, the brighter it comes. It is the spiritual culture that grows dark. Money and women. It's about rights and duties. It's a contest of wicked wisdom without choosing the right means. It's a race for survival that goes against the grain. Trains, cars, and airplanes. They come and go in all directions, flying back and forth. The fate of man is just an inch ahead. A secret door hidden in the dark. The men and women, young and old, who are brought here. No matter if they are crazy or serious. The stupid and the clever are all on equal footing. If you kick in with a bang and close the door with a snap. You will not be able to complain. It's the place where you fall without a sound or a scent. The light of reason and humanity in this world. It is a dark world that casts no shadow. Of reinforced bricks and cement. The hell of this world of scientific knowledge. The crazy hell that overlaps inside. On top is the hell of kindness. The next is a hell of contempt and cynicism. At the bottom is the hell of abuse and assassination. At the bottom is a hell I don't even know what it is…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. The next is a hell where one doesn’t know what to do. Next is something amazing. A hell where everything is known. The one that is sane. Thrown there. Teeth biting, writing, grounding, stepping on. The more they step, the kinder it is. If they don’t stop, the person shall be in the hell of abuse. The next is a hell of white bones. When you become one with it, beyond is an abyss which no one can get out…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Towards the inescapable abyss. A dangerous door to hell. In the middle of nowhere. If there is? It goes without saying that there are people with attendance. Government officials, scholars of the world. So what if they are in the intellectual class. People with blood and tears. Pretend you don’t know; throw them away. In the old willow tree, in a tatami prison cell. Even with medicine, one must be on guard. (The note says, “Never be too careful in taking medicine in the tatami prison cell——a lacquered sake barrel——) This was in the old days of Edo. Even with the progress of modern culture. Even in the progress of scientific knowledge. The essence of the human brain, the true nature of the mind. For we do not know what is what. The study of psychopathology. It's still the same old thing. The insanity of the false and the insanity of the true. They can't even clearly distinguish between the two. You imitate the appearance of other medical science. How many times do you need to see a doctor for treatment? We built a square hospital. If you are going to display your instruments, specimens, medicines, and books If you display them in a dignified manner. It is only natural that such a hell would be created. It is our urgent task to prevent this. We need to destroy such hospitals as soon as we find them. The most urgent thing is to destroy them…*sukaraka, chakapoko, chakaraka, chakapoko. chakapokochakapokochakapokochakapoko*…

IX

▼*Chacharaka, pokopoko. Sukaraka, pokopoko*… Well then, what a crazy hospital. I'd like to know if there's anything you can do to prevent it from happening. If you are asking me if there is any way to prevent it. There is one way. And it's a big job. Somewhere with a nice climate and scenery. Somewhere with good climate and scenery, conveniently located. I spent 10 million yen to get there. I have a new idea. I'm going to build a big mental hospital. I will attach a research laboratory to it. I will hospitalize patients free of charge. I will make sure that there will be no hell. I will do a treatment called the "Madman’s Liberation Therapy”. This is also my new idea. It is the correct treatment of psychiatric diseases. The right treatment for mental illnesses. No drugs, no surgery. Iron chains, stone boxes, iron boxes. No sleeveless underwear or sleeveless shirts. And all manner of psychopaths. And then send them out into the open. The most natural and correct treatment. The most natural and correct treatment. It's a ranch for the mentally ill. It is a paradise for crazy patients. The first insane asylum in the world. The world's first mental hospital. Of course, anyone is welcome to visit. I don't know if it will be a wonderful spectacle or not. I don't know until I open the lid. Everything is a new invention. *Sukaraka, chakapoko. sukaraka, chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. Everything is a new invention. I will eventually announce it. Not a single scholar in the world knows about it. It's a principle that brings out a mental disease. And it's very simple and clear. It's a wonderful and delightful theory. So, I will put it to a practical test. It is absolutely impossible to

prevent the disease. There is no medicine, no surgery. Find out what the mental disease is. And if we can treat it. I'd be a great person with a great reputation. Of all the races in the world. The Japanese race is a magnificent one. It is a country that respects justice and humanity. A country that is advanced in spiritual science. It is my wish to make you say so…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I wish to make you say so. I wish I could tell you that. I was given the money by my parents. My parents gave it to me. I had to give them the land, fields, savings, certificates, and so on. I could have converted the old loincloth into money. That's barely half of what I have. The rest I have to ask for help from the government. But I would also like to ask for one more thing from all of you. We need your pure and precious will. I would like to put my trust in you. Even if it's just a penny or a straw. I am a wishful monk who does not care how much or how little. I would like you to hit me on the head…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I'd like you to smack me on the head. But, you've heard that such a wishy-washy monk is still one half of the "Ki" character. It seems that he is a "ki no ji" (strange). There is something wrong with his eyes and wind. He looks no better than a non-human beggar. He throws his bag by the side of the road. He was shouting and playing a wooden fish *chakapoko*. They expose themselves to the public in the middle of the day. And his complaints were out of the ordinary. It's 10 million yen of the world's culture. They are unheard and unseen. To fix the madness of people's hearts. The study of ancient and modern philosophy. Lining up the absurd things. He's a cheating monk who collects donations. Do you think I'll fall for such an old trick? I'm getting off on the wrong foot. If you insist on going quickly. How very reasonable of you. You're absolutely right *sukaraka, chakapoko*. I apologize for the pat on the head…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Aaa----aaaa. I apologize with a pat on the head. In the first place, what in the world? Such a silly, floppy head *sukaraka, chakapoko*. Knocking a wooden fish that doesn't know its own size. He has no one to turn to, he has no money. He is a needless red disgrace, exposed to the sun. This is a mad hell. It spreads to the other side of civilized society. It is a bottomless hell of recklessness and barbarism. No brush, no word, no wooden fish can touch it. I have seen the ugliness, the impatience, the sadness, and the bitterness. Thanks to the fact that I have seen it from the very bottom to the very bottom. My head is a little strange. I thought I couldn't leave it like this. It is the beginning of the cause and effect. How can we help it? After much deliberation, I came up with this and that. We should take care of the mentally ill free of charge. The first step is to build a big hospital to take care of the mentally ill for free. To build it, we need your help. We need the help of public opinion. Or not even a penny. It is the fruit of thought that will not be wasted. The appearance of the beggar who came up with the idea. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused to your eyes. I'll sing you a song about the crazy hell you're in now. This is a book that I have printed. I will distribute it to those present. No money is required, please. Take it home and read it. This seems to be true. You are the one who was thinking of making a donation. Now then, let me tell you about my life's work. I would like to find out more about what is involved in the project to help the madmen. I would like to find out more about it. Or a souvenir from my travels around the world. Or a crazy story with a funny point of view. The hauntings of families and bloodlines. The grudges of the living and the dead, and so on. They make people's hearts go crazy and deceive them. The stories of great causes and effects. Shall we listen to it or not? Or, let's hear such a story in a place where many people gather. If you let

them tell such a story. I thought it might be strange entertainment. If you think so, I'm sorry to trouble you. I have a postcard inserted here. Here is your name and address. And at the end of this page. Please write your name and address on the end of the page. I ask for a pomp and post. I wish for this world. I wish that there is such a fact. The three houses across the street, the two neighbors. Who will be the source of your rumors? Please pass it on. If you do, you will know what I now call the crazy hell. The secret behind human culture. The secrets of the underbelly of human culture will spread to the world whether you like it or not. A mental hospital that does bad things. The madhouse that does the wrong thing. The public opinion will rise to demand that the madhouse be destroyed… *chakapokochakapoko*…

▼So the government cannot remain silent. It is a serious problem that cannot be abandoned. It is an urgent matter for social services. I will throw away my entire fortune. I will give away more than 5 million yen. I will take care of the mentally ill free of charge. I will build a national psychiatric hospital. I will start to alleviate the overproduction of the mentally ill everywhere. Begin to alleviate overproduction…*chakapokochakapoko*…

▼Forgotten by man, forgotten by the world. He ends his life by scratching madly at the seaweed. The poor psychotic is saved...*pokochakapokochaka*…

▼Or at least at that hospital. The hospital is researching a method of treatment for the disease. The treatment of the disease. And all the crazy hells around the world. Every single one of them will be turned upside down. The mentally ill of all kinds. If the torture and killing would stop. I can't think of anything I'd rather do…*pokopokochakachaka*

▼Aaa----aaaa. There is nothing I would like more. Then, I see what you are doing. It is indeed very reasonable. It's a very strange, impressive, and admirable letter. Don't worry, I'm with you. Don't worry, I'm right behind you. You'll be in mad hell until you're done. Smash them down with your fletching and your flattery. If you would only grant me your praise. My joy knows no bounds… *chakachakapokopokopokopokochakachakapokopoko*…

X

▼*Sucharaka, chakapoko. chacharaka, chakapoko*. Aaa----aaaa. Sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen. I'm sorry for my business, and I'm in a hurry to get back to my strolling feet. I'm sorry for my strange appearance and my strange complaints. I am sorry to keep you here. However, as I think about it. The time that flows through 3,000 worlds. Tens of thousands, hundreds of millions, even trillions of years. If it is within the unknowable infinity of time. Even if I live to be fifty, seventy, or even a hundred. It's just a lifetime in the blink of an eye. Without knowing what's what. We meet, we part, we are born, and we die. I am among the countless number of people. Today is just now by this road. It is by chance that I meet you. Please forgive me. All right, even if I have to part with you like this. The only thing that remains is the sound of the sound of the echoes. If after this, it becomes rumors around the world. In magazines, newspapers, and novels. You may see a crazy story. Or see a real psychopath. Or if you see a real psychotic person. Remember. The moonlight and the sun's glow. The light of the moon, the sun, and the stars. The dazzling modern culture. Or the light of benevolence and compassion. Or the searchlight of justice and reason. The world that does not shine as in the

past. In a mad hell more than hell. It is a place that disappears without a sound or a scent. The breadth and depth of the infinite darkness. A sea of blood drifting blue at the bottom. The flame of the shadow fire that wanders above. Death without sin or retribution. The regretful thoughts of the mentally ill. The many grudges that are heard but not heard. The heart-throbbing complaints heard. It is this *ahodarakyō*, a substitute for Nembutsu. To the tune of the atonal wooden fish. Be in a good mood. *Gedou——saa ——ee ——moo——nnn*. Insanee ——ee——hellllllll.

——Okay. Dear boredom——

◆*Please send your postcards on the left*

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHIATRY, FACULTY OF MEDICINE, KYŪSHŪ IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY

DR. SAITŌ JUHACHI'S ROOM

MENGURO MANJI

ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH

THE GREAT LIBERATION THERAPY FOR MADMEN

Kyūshū Imperial University

A Talk with Keishi Masaki

Classroom of Psychiatry

Since the beginning of March last year, construction has been underway behind the main building of the Department of Psychiatry of Kyūshū Imperial University, which is steadily progressing along with the construction of its affiliated hospital, the "Treatment Center for the Liberation of the Insane," the contents of which have been kept strictly confidential since recently. Dr. Masaki spoke to a visiting reporter in his office on this subject.

The world is now making a fuss about the "liberation therapy" that I have started at Kyushu University, calling it my originality and novelty, but to be honest, it is neither my originality nor novelty. The sun can be seen as its director, the air as its nurse, and the earth as its bribe taker, since the surface of the earth has been a great liberation center for the mad since long ago, long before history and legend have left us.

I am not making any strange statements when I say ..... I am saying this because I have good reason to assert such a fact. I say this because I have good reason to assert such a fact, and it is safe to say that the first step in my "research on mental illness" is based on the fact that "the surface of the earth is a great liberation therapy center for mad people."

The reason for this is that people born on this earth, regardless of rank, age, sex, or gender, are supposed to scorn, feel sorry for, or give special treatment to the “imperfects” they find with even one finger that is not at their disposal, or that is lacking or too much. Similarly, when they find a person whose brain is not at their disposal, or whose brain is not working properly or too much, they immediately brand them as a mental patient, a crazy person, and give them discriminatory treatment. If these normal people who are scornful and cynical of the mentally ill, who seem to think that it is alright to treat them with contempt and abuse no better than fowls and insects, ... then... are their spirits satisfied with anything at all? Does the brain marrow of all people move freely and at will, as the will of the individual commands, even to the nooks and crannies of the brain?

I dare to say. From an impartial and rigorous scholarly point of view, this is not the case. It is just that we cannot see them with the naked eye, just as we cannot see crooked limbs or missing eyes and noses, but in reality, every single living person on the surface of this earth is a

spiritual cripple or a fraud. It is not wrong to assume that all these spiritual people are packed together in a tight crowd, with too many bends and twists, too big and too small, and too much and not enough wisdom and passion.

Is there not seven habits (some eccentricities) and fourty-eight habits (*based on research, this is from a book from the Edo period, in which the author finds human weaknesses in the everyday life of ordinary people, and criticizes the social situation)*? It does not matter how much others may laugh at us, we cannot stop our disgusting and trivial habits. They may even be a hindrance to one's career or cause trouble to others, so one must make up one's mind to stop them, and even if one prays to God or Buddha, or even advertises in newspapers and makes a vow, one cannot stop the bad habits. It may be a strong manifestation of a psychotic seizure, where one is unable to correct what is wrong in one's head of one's own volition. Or they cry even when they try not to cry. Even when they think they shouldn't be angry, they get angry and forget about what happened before and after, which is a sign of a weakness in their mind that they are unable to recover from a temporary mental bias.

In addition, they are obsessive, anxious, moody, moody, forgetful, nervous, easygoing, crazy, addicted, and has a perverted mind. There is no one who does not have a defective brain. In other words, there is no one who is not at least as bad as the mentally ill.

As proof, when I point out their weaknesses ....., such as, their inability to think straight, they all blush with embarrassment, or they roll up their sleeves and try to defend themselves or roll up their arms and take a bite out of me. This is the same mentality as a madman claiming that he is not mad, which is the height of silliness, but it is also an unavoidable part of human nature..... Moreover, if the unavoidable nature of such human feelings is left unchecked and neglected, such psychotic tendencies will seem to be a matter of course. If they are given the gentleman's treatment that is so fashionable today, they will become more and more sick, and they will have no choice but to stop. And when the tendency cannot be stopped, it becomes a family tragedy or a criminal case, and is exposed to society. The minor offenders are subjected to social sanctions, while the more serious ones are subjected to the law. Those who are still incapable of remorse, who are like rickety cars that have lost their brakes, are branded as some kind of lunatic, and are taken to a mental hospital.

I don't want you to misunderstand me, but I don't mean to imply that there is anything wrong with that. I do not mean to insult the primates of all things, but when I see a psychotic person, whose mind is no different from my own, I feel contempt and fear for him or her. They are so full of self-confidence that they are the only ones who do not have any psychotic tendencies, no matter what anyone says, that they have a perfect and flawless mind…. It is tempting to defend the innocent and undeserving psychopaths who are being treated with such cruelty and discrimination by such people.

In other words, in any case, if we look at it this way, not being able to distinguish between ordinary people and lunatics would be like not being able to distinguish between people in prison and people walking around outside. To put it plainly, the so-called normal people ..... or they who are those who are not so blatant as to crawl into red bricks, and those who are crazy.

Of course, this is a kind of rant. It is a regrettable and outrageous statement that cannot be described as rude, impolite, or even irrational, but it cannot be helped because the facts are the facts. It is as if all medical research could not be conducted without considering the fact that man is nothing more than an animal. If there are any of you who are confident that "I'm not crazy, I'm a person with absolutely perfect spirit," please come to me anytime. That person will be hospitalized at government expense as a research patient at our university. We are just in need of such patients for our students' lectures.....

The Sun is generating these endless hordes of psychopaths all over the earth and is perpetually carrying on a silent liberation therapy. Then, after a long period of time, the human race, which is less than an insect, a bird, a beast, an insect, or a half-crazy person, naturally becomes aware that they are a horde of crazy people, and they start to make up religions, morals, laws, or something polite like the red principle or the blue principle and say "Let's stop being crazy with each other. ..... to stop acting like a bunch of crazy people." Therefore, I, too, have made a small model of it and am attempting "drug-free liberation therapy" on behalf of the Sun, though I may be presumptuous. I am attempting a real scientific research and treatment of psychosis based on the observation that "all mankind is insane."

…Well…I don't know yet what kind of psychotic patients ..... will be housed in the liberation treatment center. Eventually, I plan to select and house patients who will be suitable as material for my..... new scientific experiments in psychiatry.....

Is it the content of the spiritual science that I advocate? That is a very difficult question, and it is not something that can be explained overnight. However, I can assure you that it is a method that has fundamentally changed the way we study mental illness up to the present day. First of all, it corrects from the bottom up the conventional superstitious theory that "the brain is where we think" by reexamining the function of the human cerebral brain. Then I will reveal the genetic effects of the mind as reflected in the new "action of the brain". I would like to collect the most interesting and most comprehensible specimens of psychotic patients, diagnosed by observation of their mental anatomy, psychophysiology, and psychopathology, and try to cure them by applying my unique mental suggestions and stimuli. I myself cannot predict whether these specimens will be collected or whether.....these riots will begin. Hahaha.....

However, just to be clear, it would be a nuisance if I, who am conducting the experiment, am misdiagnosed as a mentally intact, peaceful, and healthy child.

Once that sun shines brightly and starts roasting the entire surface of the great liberation center for the mentally ill called hell, it will not stop. Even if you think you might want to put some soy sauce on it at the right moment....., it doesn't seem to have the time to do so, and it continues to roast and roast for as long as it can. In the same way, once I began to study the insane, I could think of nothing else. Just as I began to urinate in the street, I will continue to do so until I run out of steam, whether a lord passes by or an officer comes to see me, and I am prepared to be punished and fined.

Therefore, even if the other mentally ill on earth can be cured, my mental abnormality will never be completely cured. This much I can assure. And so on and so forth.

AN ABSOLUTE DETECTIVE STORY

THE BRAIN IS NOT A THINKING PLACE

=== CONTENTS OF DR. MASAKI'S DISSERTATION ===

• A reporter

Well. I've been wondering why the contents of my dissertation, "The Theory of the Brain's Essence," have not been published in the academic world. ..... Don't make fun of me. I am not the kind of person who refrains from publishing for fear of causing controversy. In fact, I have a little something to add, which is why I am keeping it at hand.

You want me to tell you what it is? Yes. Well, you can't not talk about it. I can try to....., but if I told you, you would immediately write about it in the newspapers. I was actually a little weakened when your newspaper wrote the last article I wrote about the "surface of the earth being a great liberation therapy center for lunatics". I heard that the article was a self-advertisement, so I dived into the paper.

Weelll. I am fine. I'm not even a little bit scared by what they say, but I feel sorry that the President, who is a man of discretion, and the Dean, who is a coward, turn blue and get worried when I say something big. Ever since Mr. Tsurukawa's research on "universal return of money" and Mr. Akai's "rejuvenation surgery," it has been misunderstood that Kyūshū University is full of mountaineers. And now, the contents of the "Theory of the Essence of the Brain" are even more disturbing than the previous "Liberation Therapy.".....

Hmm. You want me to talk because I don't write. It's been a long time since I've heard a newspaper reporter say something that they don't write, but is it all right? Alright..... let's talk then. By the way, would you care for a cigar.....a Havana cigar. It's a fee for listening to me. Is it cheap? Hahahahahahaha. I'm quite quiet. I may raise the meter a little.

…Do you read some detective novels? You don't. You have to read them. I can't say that anyone who doesn't read detective novels, which can be regarded as the nerve center of modern literature, is a modern person. Well… you are tired of reading. Uhahaha. You are quite rude. At least your business is a newspaper reporter. Ahahahaha. How distasteful.

I have in my possession the most novel and bizarre detective story of all time, and I'd like to share it with you. I've been contemplating submitting it to a scientific journal, and I'd be happy to hear your review for the fun of it. The complexity and subtlety of the plot and the poignant irony of the resolution are probably unprecedented. Of course, if there is any other example, you will never see it again.....

Whaatt. Don't be fooled. It has a lot to do with my theory of the brain. A detective story is, in essence, a sport of the brain. The brain of the murderer and the brain of the detective play "devil's game" and "weasel's game" using all their secret techniques. The charm of the various illusions, hallucinations, and perversions that are created in the course of this process is what makes detective novels so appealing to readers' minds. Right? Isn't that right?

However, you know what? My detective novels are by far the most different from the usual kind of plots. In other words, it is the absolute best scientific detective story in the ..... universe, in which the "brain" chases the "brain" around. The very trick that makes the two billion brains of mankind gasp in surprise by revealing the seeds of the absolute scientific detective novel is the theme of my "Theory of the Essence of the Brain".

Whaattt. I don't know. Hahahaha. You don't know. I haven't told you anything yet. Haahaa.

Oh, sure, sure, sure. I don't care if you take it in shorthand. All you have to do is wait until I officially publish my dissertation on the "Theory of the Essence of the Brain" in the newspaper. If you want, I can put my own handwriting on the paper. Wouldn't it be more convenient to publish it as my creation than as a discourse?.....

But before I go any further, I want to say that there is no guarantee that you will understand or not understand this detective story. After all, this is a detective story of the absolute highest order, with the brain chasing the brain. The resolution is admirably attached from the beginning, yet the reader will never know. You may feel, however, the whirlwind jumble of hallucinations, illusions, and perverted notions that are quite bizarre and eccentric… perhaps that is the secret of this cerebral novel. Hahahahahahaha.

By the way..... it is a typical form of detective novels to start off with an extremely difficult riddle that will make the reader's head explode. Moreover, it is inevitable that the mystery that can make the "essence of the human brain" extremely puzzled must, of course, be about the "essence of the brain" itself.

Suddenly!!... Perhaps a little scare. Hahahahahahaha. The "brain" is the greatest, most brutal, sideways "enigmatic idol" in the modern scientific world. It is a gigantic protein sphinx that is unidentifiable among the various organs of the human body. It is nothing but the monster itself that keeps two billion skulls on earth banging from morning to night.

The monster known as the "brain" sits at the highest point in the human body and exploits all the organs of the human body like a servant, extracting the best blood and the best nutrients from the human body. What the brain commands is not done, and what the brain desires is not

sought. It is hard to know whether man exists for the sake of the brain or the brain exists for the sake of man. ..... The brain is nothing other than the principal deity of each organ of the human body and the dictator of human culture, which is so thoroughly despotic.

However, that being said, there is one strange thing here.

It is, of course, the fact that the protein solid that calls itself the brain has, since ancient times, been a part of the human body, and that it is of no use ....., when examined through rigorous scientific research, comes down to one thing: "I don't know," in other words. In other words, it comes down to one thing: "We don't know." Conversely, this monster named "the brain" has not even given a hint of its true function to the brain marrow itself, as scholars of all ages, both East and West have done. Not only ..... but also ..... its own brain radiates super-scientific weirdness, mystical power, and magical power in all directions, so much so that it is hard to believe that it itself is a one- or two-kilogram lump of matter. It has been scratching and clawing his way through the scientific research into the brain's essence from one end to the other. To put it simply, "the brain is trying hard not to let the brain know what it is doing, so as not to let the brain know what it is doing." The brain, therefore, is gradually making the center of modern human culture, which was created by the brain itself, nonsensical, peripherally nervous, decadent, corrupt, confused, and in agony, while it is wrapped around the skull cavity with a nonchalant face, and the devil among demons is becoming the brain marrow itself.

Of course, this is not my first-class bluster. I say this on the honor of my profession.....

Oh, you mean to say..... that the brain is where you think .....?

That's right. That's what everyone thinks. Not only today's top scientists, but also all the world's people of all kinds and classes, professionals and bourgeoisie alike, live their lives thinking that they are thinking with their brains. He is convinced that radio, airplanes, the principle of relativity, jazz, safety razors, the red theory, poison gas, and everything else are all created from this mass of protein, which is more than 12[redacted] grams and less than 19[redacted] grams.

Indeed, such an idea seems to be true when we dissect a human corpse and take a peek at the brain. The cerebrum, cerebellum, medulla oblongata, pineal gland, and so on, are all overlapped without limit, and the oddly shaped cells are connected from corner to corner of the 30 trillion cells in the body by the neuronal protrusions that have been deformed in a bizarre way. When we study the system of communication, we find that the whole of the cells that make up the various parts of the human body are carefully, precisely, and orderly interconnected around the brain's medulla. Therefore, it is thought that the spirit or life consciousness that governs all human actions may be housed in the brain's medulla. At the very least, it is safe to say that the brain is the place where we think.

This way of thinking has now become the unmovable belief ..... or common sense of mankind in general. There is not a single person anywhere who doubts the fact that the "brain is where the brain thinks." All the most wonderful cultural relics of our time, from the needle to a single piece of paper, were conceived by this “thinking brain”… such a brain-centered society we are in that not a person would declare “no no”.

.....Therefore..... my cerebral detective novels are about a young detective as well as the greatest cerebral neurologist of all time, with his eyes glazed over by the world at large. The truth of the simple and clear illusionary action, which should be described as the bottomless pit of a ..... fool, is exposed in the light of shining science, overturning the conventional array of superstitions about the brain from its very foundations at once, and exposing the truth of this great devil "brain's" mysterious action.....exposed under the bright light of shining science, making the reader's head clap with a whammy.....The storyline is that it makes the reader's head click.....to a home run, but it may or may not be received.....by the reader.

Welll. You still don’t know…. A few more questions you need to ask…

What..... you mean it's not a fantasy novel? It's a weird.....That's why I said at the very beginning that it is a "scientific detective factual novel". If you include fantasy in your novel, interest in the story will be lost. Of course, it's not a non-sense thing at all....., so don't worry about it. You'll find out in the process that it's not such a sweet thing. Alright .....

By the way, that young great detective, who also happens to be a great doctor of neurology, is a handsome young man of about twenty years old, and I also temporarily named “Anpontan Pokan-kun” (*for additional information, a literal translation of the name is ‘fool who is absent-minded’ or for something simpler ‘absent-minded fool*). It’s alright…of course this person is real. Moreover, despite the fact that this beautiful young man had one of the best minds of all time, he suffered from a very dangerous genetic disease, psychosis, and was admitted to the hospital affiliated with this school soon after he entered the university.

Well… aren’t you a terribly skeptical reader…. If you think him fictional, I can introduce you to him if you want. He is right at Room 7. I can call on him, “Hey. Pokan-kun…”, and his side face when looks surprise and turns around is quite cute.

By the way, this seeking boy.....Anpontan Pokan, after having a genetic seizure and falling into a state of personnel crisis, soon came to his senses and realized that he had completely forgotten his birthplace, the names of his parents, and even his own name. He realized to himself that he had forgotten not only his hometown and the names of his parents, but also his own name. He seems to be so concerned about this matter, because he is naturally intelligent, that he paces the synthetic stone floor of his hospital room night and day, day after day, thinking only

about his own cerebral brain. He is very concerned about it. ..... "I don't know, I don't know. I don't know what on earth my brain has been doing..... or what on earth my brain has been thinking..... or whether my brain controls my whole body..... or whether my whole body controls my brain..... I don't know," ..... and so on, scratching the hairs on his head, which had grown long and thin, or hitting the back of his head with his knuckles, and without a break for even a minute. He paces around the room in circles without taking a break.

However, when the seizures began to rise and fall, Dr. Pocan would stop on the man-made stone floor in the room and begin to look around curiously. Then he would grab something unseen out of the hairs of his tousled head and slam it down on the floor with all his might. Then, pointing to the thing he had tapped on the floor, he began to make a speech about the brain's essence in an endless stream of words and gestures. At the same time, he would fall back on the floor with a dizzy look in his eyes. Then, after about three quarters of an hour in a comatose sleep, He would again wake up with a confused look in his eyes. And so, as before, he paced around the room, repeating "I don't know, I don't know". Again, he pulls something invisible out of his head and taps it on the floor beneath his feet. Looking back and forth, left and right, and raising his fist in the air, he begins to make a speech in his brain. He then stomps something he doesn't understand on the floor and turns over.....with a groan; such is the daily routine of the young detective, Mr. Anpontan.

..... By the way, what's interesting is this speech by Dr. Pokan.

Whenever Dr. Pokan makes a speech, he seems to be standing in the middle of a busy crowd at some busy train junction or other. He would begin his speech with his fists in the air and his voice shrieking in a shrill, piercing tone.

“.....Stop.....

“.....Stop!.....

“Trains, cars, bicycles, motorcycles, buses, trucks, and rickshaws all stop..... Gentlemen, ladies, flappers, modern men, salaried men, professional women, bourgeoisie, professionals, pickpockets, and policemen stop moving.

“.....You are now in grave danger.

“…...You must be walking around with those thinking things that is the brain…..With its judgement, you can listen to the traffic patrols’ go-stops, distinguish between blue and red flags, criticize the latest trends from decorative windows, learn of the appearance of newcomers in newspapers, discovering topics from postings in the evening papers, being wary of the pickpockets, avoiding creditors, chasing scents…While

elevating the brain ever higher, stepping on the pride of the cultural person… such is the thought.

“…..This is dangerous. I warn you now of its dangers…… The emergency of the brain…..

“…..Behold. Listen. Be surprised. Be amazed…..

“......The two billion human beings of today are all as stupid as you are. They are fools who go to the post office to ask where they are moving to. He is a flustered person who yells our number over the phone. He is a lowlife who thinks that the "brain" is a "thinking place”.

And so, with such a ridiculous illusion on your shoulders, and with one of these illusions as your sole and only source of inspiration, you are driving yourselves, with your trains, automobiles, and motorcycles flying, into the frenzy of human culture, night after day, in the race against time, with the perverse ideas that "the brain is the best and last capital" and "the rapid age is the speed age of the brain".

“I can’t watch this with any sense of wonder.

“…..Behold. Listen. Be surprised. Be amazed…..

“This is a slogan from Anpontan Pokan.

“This is an abuse of human culture.

“This is the overthrowing of the cerebral civilization.

“This is the rebuilding and reconstruction of materialistic scientific thought.

“I, Pokan, declare.

“…..The idea that, “The Brain is the Thinking Thing” is the greatest enemy of humanity…..In this universe, this is the greatest demon of all….At the creation of the world, the serpent of Satan, who made Eve eat the Fruit of Knowledge, sneaked into the cavity of the human skull, wrapped itself and hid, which cursed the descendants of Adam and Eve….This is the predecessor of the “Thinking Brain”….I declare

“…..Open your eyes…..

“…..See this shuddering demon that is the brain for what it is.

“…..Liquidate all superstitions and delusions on the brain.

“The human brain boasts.

“’The brain is where we think.’

“’The brain is the creator of scientific civilization.’

“’The brain is the omniscient and omnipotent god of the real world.’

“…..it declares…..

“The brain, thus presuming to be the greatest and finest authority in the universe, sits in the highest place in the human body and makes full use of all the organs of the body like a master to their servant. It is exploiting the finest blood and the finest nourishment from all parts of the body and is mastering the arrogance of a king. In this way, the authority of the brain's own brain marrow is being raised to a higher and higher level, while at the same time, the human race, which is superstitious about the authority of the brain marrow, is sinking deeper and deeper into depravity, step by step, day by day.

“Behold the amazing ‘history of the brain's guilt.’

“I, Anpontan Pokan, have studies world history from all angle and have come to this conclusion.

“It says….the guilty history of the brain can be summarized by five pages…..such is its declaration……

“’It made Man conceive himself to be more than God.’

“The first page in the history of the brain’s guilt.

“’It has made Man turn against the natural world.’

“The second page.

“’It returned mankind of the world of birds and beasts.’

“The third page.

“’It has made mankind go insane in a world of matter and instinct.

“The fourth page.

“’Mankind is falling down the slope of self-destruction.’

“That is the end.

“Facts speak louder than anything else.

“If one looks at the history of medicine, you will understand…

“The great scientist Hippocrates (*for some reason, Q-san named this Hepomeniasu, but I put it on Hippocrates temporarily, but I know for*

sure Hippocrates is the father of Western medicine), who first found the human brain from the corpse; the founder of Western medicine.

“The great mind of Hippocrates, however, this great man of modern science, used an extremely daring and clever trick to seal the function of the brain he had discovered in absolute secrecy.

In other words, Hippocrates' brain was staring at the "brain of a dead man" with its grayish-white whirlpools, as if to say, "You don't know who I am," and the "living brain" inside his own hairy skull and began a serious game of deduction of all kinds.

“..... Huh. What is the use of this? For what purpose does the creator God keep in the skull's attic what looks like a grayish-white serpent's spiked coils? .....

“And Hippocrates was tormented by this difficult question for days and nights

“…..Well…..this protein mass looks like an incapacitating, nasal discharge factory, or something similar to a so-called "fish turd". The fact that it is located in the attic of a building named after a human being suggests that it may be a storage tank for valuable nutrients, and the fact that it has a curved shape similar to that of the small intestine suggests that it may be a digestive organ of some kind. I don't know what it is. ..... What is it ..... don’t know don't know .....

“It made them twist and turn his head, struggle, and become stupefied and fatigued. After making him confused, the inside of Hippocrates' skull ached.

“The great scientific genius, Hippocrates, was now caught up in a beautiful trick of his own brain. And so he leaped up and slammed his desk.

“He said, ‘I know ..... that the brain is the place where I think. I've been using it so much that I'm starting to get a headache.....’

“..... that he said.....

“The scientist immediately took a scalpel and sliced the entire corpse, from which the brain marrow had been removed, into pieces as thin as 1/100,000 of a millimeter. As soon as he confirmed the fact that every single one of the 30 trillion cells that form the various organs of the human body, from corner to corner, was made up of nerve cells, with the brain marrow at the center, pulling together. Offering both hands, he jumped out into the streets at once.

“’……I understand. I understand. I understand everything…..

“’The origin of life being God’s Providence is a lie. God is nothing more than the idea of the human brain.

“’…..Just look at this brain…..

“’ The essence of life is contained in this mass of 1,200 grams or 1,900 grams of protein. Our mental consciousness is nothing but a kind of chemical energy stimulus produced by the decomposition of this protein.

“’It is all at the behest of the brain .....

“’The brain marrow, as science has discovered, is the omniscient and omnipotent God of the real world."

“’The essence of life is contained in this mass of 1,200 grams or 1,900 grams of protein. Our mental consciousness is nothing but a kind of chemical energy stimulus produced by the decomposition of this protein.

“’It is all at the behest of the brain .....

“’The brain marrow, as science has discovered, is the omniscient and omnipotent God of the real world.’

“…..such is what he said…..

“The radicals, who were fed up with the superstition of Christianity and the corruption of the monks at that time, responded with loud applause as soon as they heard this. We, too, swallowed Hippocrates’ superstitions whole. I, too, had swallowed Hippocrates’ superstitious theories, and had even adopted the illusion that "the brain is the place where we think," with its own preliminaries.

“’That's right, that's right. There is no God in this world. Everything is nothing but the action of matter. We are creating a new material culture with the chemical action of the proteins in our skulls.....’

“.....this he declared.....

“Thus, the "thinking brain," which had erased God from the human world in the beauty of things, continued to turn man against the great natural world. Thus began the creation of a materialistic culture for man.

“First, the Brain thought up all kinds of weapons for human beings to make it easier for them to kill each other.

“They pioneered all kinds of medicine, rebelled against natural laws of health, bred the sick, and restricted childbirth at will.

“He made the world smaller by running all kinds of machines.

“They devised all kinds of lights and exterminated the sun, the moon, and the stars.

“And so, from one end to the other, they put man, nature's child, into a house of reasoned iron and stone. They made them breathe in gas and electricity to harden their arteries. They made them play with mechanical dolls made of lead and clay.

“They taught them how to use alcohol, nicotine, opium, digestives, cardiotonic drugs, hypnotics, aphrodisiacs, chastity disinfectants, and poisons, and made them believe that the unnatural beauty of perversion created by such a jumble of substances was real human culture. ..... have made it a habit for mankind so that they cannot survive a day without unnatural beauty.

“…..Not only that…...

“The "brain that thinks" that took "God" out of the human world and then eradicated "nature" has at the same time deprived the human world of all natural psychological manifestations that promise human proliferation, evolution, improvement, and comfort and happiness. In other words, the love of parents, love of fellow human beings, love, chastity, faith, shame, righteousness, humanity, sincerity, and conscience are all irrational from a materialistic scientific viewpoint. This has given rise to a world of individualism that is all about materialism and animal instincts.

“And so, day by day, human culture is becoming more and more decentered, self-destructive, neurasthenic, and psychotic, and finally, in the crossroads of a nihilistic world where all mankind has become mentally suicidal, all non-sense ghosts are wandering about, yearning for the red light and the blue light.

“The "brain that thinks" is thus unknowingly trying to destroy the human race.

“Behold the cold-bloodedness and cruelty of its cerebral culture!

“Shall this be left alone?

“Oh, that's not all. .....

“The "brain that thinks" is thus doing harm to each and every human being by burying him or her in the nihilistic world of illusion, while at the same time playing a special trick on the minds of the entire human race, toying with them like a tree leaf.

“And at the same time, they are trying to thoroughly dazzle..... the eyes of I, Anpontan Pokan.

“Behold.....

“......how many "brain tragedies" are rolling right under your noses, being tossed about by "brain tricks”. See how seriously the "nonsense drama of the brain" is unfolding on the world stage.

“….Look for yourself…..

“”The Brain that Thinks” reigns supreme in the culture of the human world. It is dominating and guiding even the depths of scientific culture while proudly proclaiming that nothing is unthinkable,...... even the secrets of the universe.

“......What do you think of that?......

“The "brain that can think of things" is piling up and arranging on the surface of the earth, far beyond our eyes, the products of materialistic culture created by the "brain that can think of things," and the "brain itself" that is the keystone, in the midst of all the scientific research on the "brain itself," which is the keystone of the world. What is the matter with you that all you do is scientific research on "the brain itself" in the darkness of doubt? How is it that the brain, which has thought through the mysteries of the universe to its very depths, has left only a single thought about the brain itself? What a strange phenomenon it is that there is not a single article in the literature of scientists until ..... today that has been able to explain precisely the action of the brain.

“How thoughtless of you ..... or of all the world's scientists, who represent your brain, to have been unaware of this contradiction and mystery until today.

“Behold ..... the human brain, which has been the subject of research on the human body to the hilt. Anatomy, physiology, pathology, heredity, and every other aspect of the human body is studied in minute detail. The treatment of illnesses is also the same, with research being conducted in internal medicine, surgery, otolaryngology, dermatology, ophthalmology, dentistry, and many other fields.

“And what a stupid and one-sided failure it is to leave the study of the brain that invented such research and the study of diseases related to the brain in the same state of "blind exploration" as it was in the past. ..... What a brainless and mismanaged system it is that all the doctors have been spoon-fed the treatment of so-called brain diseases and mental illnesses, without allowing the study of anatomy, psychophysiology, psychopathology, psychogenetics, and so much more, in any of the universities in the world......."Where does human life or life consciousness reside?”, “Where do hallucinations reside?”, “Where does premature dementia occur?” ....., and so on. What a great atonality it is that the brain of such a wise person has buried every single one of these important questions about the "brain," which everyone wonders about, in a big gibberish of incomprehensible lack of understanding.

“Just as a diviner cannot divine his own destiny, it has become so commonplace that no one suspects that the brain cannot think about the brain.

“What is this but a tragedy of the brain?

“What is this if not the great nonsense drama of the mind being tossed about by the brain?

“The closest and most poignant explanation is what is commonly called "weeping mind" or "laughing mind". This is a disease in which the patient is unable to express any other emotion, whether angry, surprised, or whatever, as long as the emotion moves at all: ..... crying or laughing. The brain is the only explanation for this disease, and it has given strict orders to all the world's scientists to go ahead with the "thinking brain" method. The scientists of the world who have received this strict order have been saying that the symptoms of gout are caused by the paralysis of the entire cerebral medulla due to hemorrhage. Only the part of the nervous system that drives a single emotion, such as "crying" or "laughing," survives and is still active. Therefore, all the emotions that occur in a person have no other destination than to be expressed by the activity of a single neuron, whether it is crying or laughing. The only explanation is that since the ..... brain is the place to think, there is no other explanation.

“Unfortunately, however, the results of pathological autopsies of the brain marrow of such patients are always the opposite of what one would expect. What is damaged by cerebral hemorrhage is not the entire cerebral brain. It is ironic that in most cases, the damage is limited to a small, narrow, single spot in the cerebral medulla. It is tragic because it can only be a prank of the brain that cannot cry or laugh.

“One of the most ironic and bizarre examples of this disease is "binge drinking”. This disease is, of course, dismissed and shunned by scientists with their all-rounded minds as an incomprehensible disease that cannot be understood..... For example, only while suffering from the attacks of somnambulism, these patients can display extraordinary wisdom and skills that are unbelievable for a human being and can perform amazing tasks that are impossible for a human being to accomplish….. but when the person wakes up the next morning, he or she will return to his or her old state of being and will not retain any of those wonderful memories in his or her brain marrow. And so, the experts who are superstitious about such superstitions as "the brain marrow is where we think," "where we feel," and "where we remember" have absolutely and permanently clogged up the brain with judgment power.

"’It's unthinkable in the human brain.’

“It's amazing because it makes you scream.

“It's a horror story of the brain's inability to handle the world.

“Moreover, all the scientists, who have appointed themselves as pastors of the materialistic sect and missionaries of science universalism, are still chanting the absolute praise of the brain.

“’The size of the brain indicates the degree of evolution of its owner. Since mankind exists because of this large, developed brain, it exists for thinking. Therefore, the brain is god of culture, the creator of the world of science, and the guardian deity of materialism.’

“They respect superstitions like the Bible, and tries its best to defend the brain’s authority. Also, under the microscope of these scientists, contrary to the brain, these groups of animals without heads or behinds can accurately judge what is hot or cold, or pick and choose what to eat; even weather forecasts the human brain can’t pick up can be so clearly revealed, how exciting! On top of that, these lower animals son’t say anything with their mouths, but rather their gestures.

“’We can think without a brain.’

“’We are all brains.’

“’We transform our entire brain, including the limbs, body, ears, eyes, mouth, nose, digestive excretion, reproductive organs, and so on.’

“’You are just diving the work and having separate organs take change of it.’

“’Even your limbs are really thinking.’

“’You can see and hear my behind.’

“Pinch your crotch, and pain is only in the crotch.’

“’If a flea eats, only that part is itchy.’

“’The brain does not hurt or itch at all.’

“’You still don’t understand?’

“’Ahahahahahahahaha.’

“’Ohohohohohohohoho.’

“’Ihihihihihihihi.’

“Is it because you are laughing?

“What if this is not some satirical drama of the brain?

“What if this not the prank of the brain?

“On the other hand, in the midst of this materialistic culture, phantasmagoric and mystical dramas on the mind and soul appear as they were in ancient times. So many of them, sneering at people’s minds one by one, how fun!

“In the golden age of materialistic capitalism, in the midst of scientific and culture-filled metropolis, dead people make phone calls, strangers appear in photographs. Or the jewels sucking away the lifespan of the beautiful woman, or the devil’s railroad crossing threatening the train, perhaps the ghost of the Old King caressing the walls of the Amerongen Castle, making the old Kaiser sigh, while King Tutankhamen’s mummy curses the Egyptian explorers. Even Sherlock Holmes, that great genius of scientific reasoning, fingerprints, footprints, cigarette ash formulas, and materialistic detective methods, dragged into this kind of phenomenon in his later years and became a psychic; passing away still absorbed in academic research…speaking to his surviving wife and children from the afterlife with soundwaves that does not use etheric waves…..such is the place. Everyone says it’s strange, and yet there’s no one to assert that such things are possible or impossible. Even if there is, it is sure to end up into a debate, and so it is clear from the very beginning that this will end up breaking while questioning each other’s brains. Then, all kinds of reasoning and imagining, that this is no good, thinking, “How can the brain think of the brain?”; a situation of repeatedly meeting each other like a question-and-answer session, in a run-down *yoseba* (*an entertainment hall for manzai, rakugo, magic, etc.*)

“What do you think, people?..... Such is how I see it.

“The "pathology of the human brain," which must be studied before anything else in the "brain of the people,"....., the basis of psychopathology, and the important issues that should be at the center of psychiatry, are being clogged up from one side to the other by the "brain of thinking," as you can see. All psychiatrists and mental hospitals on this earth are stuck in its incompetence and meaningless ridicule for diagnosis and treatment. In this way, countless mentally ill people are left in a world of contempt and abuse that can never be saved. We are creating a mad hell on the surface of the entire earth, which consists of this world.

“What is this if not one great “brain teaser”? What if this “Thinking Brain” is not the end of the great horror nonsensical play that the “Thinking Brain” made and performed itself?

“Applaud if you want.

“Cheer if you want.

“If you cry, cry. If you laugh, laugh.

“As I…..Anpontan Pokan, became aware of this culture of the brain, the roots did not fit. I, Pokan, felt secretly ridiculed by this terrifying spectacle of society, and he felt aware of the coldness of his brain, and at the same time, he felt as if his left and right kneecap bones are about to come out. By breaking through this trick of the brain, and overthrowing this universal materialistic superstition of the brain from its roots, I forced this production of such a brutal and terrifying nonsense drama of great horror to a stop.

“I….Anponkan Pokan, stand here. I throw a rope around my arm. Furiously, I apply the best detective skills that he devoted his life to, and through advancing his search across infinite time and space, he finally discovered the true identity of this great demon that is the brain…..I was able to thoroughly see through the identity of this, “cursed idol of materialistic culture”. This great nightmare of all mankind…..I encountered the “absolute supreme truth” in order to wake up superstitions and delusions related to that “Thinking Brain”.

“……What’s more, this great truth is so simple and dull that it’s amazing that no one even noticed this. The "true activity of the brain" had to be the very thing that Bacon, Locke, Darwin, Spencer, Bergson, and all the other extraordinary brain people since the first discovery of the brain have been unable to recognize in themselves. It was nothing more than a single phosphorus stick to burn away the "great evil spell in the brain" that was toying with and killing two billion living souls on earth.

“Gentlemen. Be joyful. Jump up, stand on your head, and somersault bravely. Foxtrot, stamping, and step.

“Kick off the traffic cops and the safety zones.

“Sing the triumphant song of freedom from the tyranny and tyranny of the cerebral brain ..... that has been the last superstition of mankind since time immemorial.

“I, Anponkan Pokan, have pursued the great demons of the earth in front of you. I have come to the bottom of the truth of the tricks of this mysterious, phantasmagoric criminal, and a brutal trickster. And now, that great devil’s true identity….I, Pokan, exclaim that I have found the truth of this trickery of this mischief-maker. I say…..

“…..The brain is not a Thinking Place….

“…..I declare this…..”

× × ×

A-ha-ha-ha. How do you like it? Isn't it painful? Super express, right? It's absolutely bravo. It's a super-express detective story that's

enough to make the brains of two billion people around the world go awry.

.....What. Still don't get it .....? .....

Aha aha aha aha. That's because you are still stuck in the habit of thinking with your brain. It's because the materialistic superstition of "spirit is matter" is still lurking somewhere in the corner of your head.

Listen to me. I, Dr. Ampontan Pokan, a young detective, am continuing my arguments with the brain that I have just put on the ground.

× × ×

“…..Look…..Listen…..Be surprised…..Be amazed.

“The truth about this cerebral trickery can be found at ..... devil-more-than-the-devil sideways.

“Ever since Hippocrates, the first scientist to discover the brain, we humans have been tossed about by this "thinking brain”. Day in and day out, we have been under the illusion that we are being forced to serve ..... our bodies and our minds with all our resources in front of this brain. And so the head of Anpontan Pokan himself was one of those heads.

“.....But .....now the time has come when that illusion must be destroyed. The time has come when the illusion of Hippocrates, the first scientist to discover the brain, must be dispelled. The time has come when it must end up covered in mud, just like my brain lying at I, Pocan's feet.

“.....I, Pokan, is the first on earth to proclaim in high voice on this crossroads. I have the honor to announce the most pointed academic ..... scientific religion of the last days, ... the "Theory of the Brain" in the Anpontan Pokan style.

“I, Pocan, affirm. It must be an axiom as old as physics that "the brain that thinks cannot think about the brain that thinks about things" and that "two objects cannot exist in the same place at the same time. Therefore, the "brain that thinks," which thinks about the "brain that thinks," has been plagued by the "ghost of the brain," which Hippocrates, the first scientist to discover the brain, perceived to be the action of his own brain. Now, he is about to be killed by the ghost of his own brain.

“…..I, Anpontan Pokan, challenged this, dignified.

“……The place where we think is not the brain…..

“……The place where we feel is not the brain…..

“…...The brain is nothing more than an insensitive, insensible, protein solid…..

“……This I declare……

“......This is so suspicious. What is so funny that you are laughing so hard?

“Why are you rolling around in the streets......?

“Why are you crawling into the police station? ......Hugging a telephone pole?..... kiss the red mailbox?......You must be having a mental breakdown.

“......What, what......????.......

“..... You say, 'If you don't think in the brain's medulla, where do you think?'.....

“......'If you don't feel it in your brain, where do you feel it?”……

“……”Where is the spiritual consciousness?……You ask “How is it that we live?......

“……Whyyyy……

“That is not a funny question at all. It’s neither strange nor bizarre. It’s a very ordinary problem.

“…..Get the mud off one’s pants.

“…..Wear your hat.

“……Correct your cravats……

“Our minds…..our consciousness, are nowhere to be found. Our bodies are filled with it. It’s the same as that lower animal without a brain.

“Your behind hurts when you pinch your behind. When you’re hungry, you’re hungry.

“How simple and clear!

“This alone, however, is too simple and clear, and may be difficult to understand, so allow me to break it down and explain: all the desires, emotions, wills, memories, judgements, and beliefs of which we are constantly conscious, each of the thirty trillion cells in our whole

body, with absolute equality, are caged the same way. Thus, the brain is no more than a group of cells that have only the function of mediating and flexibly sympathizing with the contents of consciousness of each cell of the body without omission.

“The Reds call each member a cell. The same way if we look at each cell as an individual human being, and the human body a metropolis, then the brain is the central telephone exchange. It can’t be anything other than that.

“……If you still can’t come to a conclusion, come with I, Pokan. It’d be nice to trace my painstaking efforts to discover the true identity of the brain through the limits of time and space.

“First of all, in order to find out where, why, and how the brain is born, you will board the silver wing of the super-speed plane "Reasoning," which is exclusively operated by Mind Airlines, alongside me, Anpontan Pokan. Then, after taking off from the Mind Airfield, we will soar through the infinite space-time, sailing backwards for 600 million years through the majestic and majestic long current of universal evolution that lies beneath your eyes.

“Look….The present world of humankind is now a dream of the future in an instant, and the world of elephants of a million years; with mammoths, elephas, stegodons, and other gigantic beasts roaming around.

“And now, the world of dragons a million years ago, the world of birds, then the world of fish, the world of shellfish, the world of sponges, and the world of very small creatures with generally low levels of evolution. Turning back at super speed, we finally come to the ancient generation of 600 million years ago….What do you think?.....On the youthfulness of this world, with volcanic eruptions that overturn the heavens and earth, great thunderstorms, great sea volcanoes, smoke of great earthquakes, water vapors, and dust clouds, covering the sun and moon, swirling up. What do you think of this earth?

“Take a drop of the sea water, with low salt content and a temperature of over 40 degrees Celsius, bubbling up the surface of the earth, and examine it under a microscope. Before your eyes, you will discover a magnified image of countless single-celled organisms floating. You can look over the mass of progenitor cells that will become the common ancestors of all life in the future…… What’s more, these primitive cells are the ones that, as you can see, cause the earth’s surface to cool down little by little, and among the various compounds that will be produced later on, this is the last and most complicated thing. A subtly elite organism that combines the vitality of the elements in a way that it can be most harmoniously and vigorously displayed……It’s none other than the first swarm of life, the legitimate lineage of Ame-no-

Minakushi, the beloved son of Jehovah, and of Horus, the prince of the gods of the sun.

“Therefore, each primordial cell possessed infinite psychic powers, capable of manifesting all sorts of consciousness, emotions, and judgement in response to changes in its environment. It assimilated inorganic and organic matter other than its own, increased and divided itself, and at the same time possessed the psychic ability to reflect and interact with each other's senses and consciousness in the cells of its divided neighborhood wall.

“Behold, the evidence……In front of you eyes, the progenitors cells now actively divide and multiply themselves, and their forms and abilities steadily evolve. With that psychic power, they grow, divide, unite, reflexively sympathize, resonate as one body, and play an active role. Perhaps it is beginning to evolve into a higher and more complex form. And then……

“If he evolved this far, he would be invincible. No one else has evolved more than I have.”

“And, as the egomaniacs, relieved and smug, pass on to their descendants as sponges, shellfish, fish, birds, and beasts, as they were in the days when they were so good at what they did, they will be able to do the same thing..... What do you think……Before one knows it, the complex, diverse, and ever-changing living world of today unfolding before your eyes.

“……See, by the way.

“Among the many different kinds of animals, those below the level of evolutionary development of the sea and the moon, as you can see, do not have such sophisticated things as brain or nerve cells. They think, move, eat, sleep, and live by being aware of all senses simultaneously throughout their bodies, using reflex sympathetic actions of all the cells in their bodies, just as they have been doing since ancient times.

“However, as you know, when an animal evolves to a higher level of complexity, as we have seen, the content of its consciousness becomes very complex. The distance between cells gradually becomes more and more distant, to the point where you can move your toes in the bathtub and wonder if your body is that far away from the bathtub. So, just as the limbs, eyes and nose are divided into specialized areas of expertise, the consciousness has created an automatic, duplex, reflex-sympathetic station named the "brain", which allows the 30 trillion cells in the body to reflex and sympathize with each other's senses and consciousness in all directions, all at once……I am I….I live as such….I feel as such.

“Each of the 30 trillion cells in our body, from the red and white blood cells to the hard bones and the tips of our hair, are simultaneously

feeling and being aware of the very same content of consciousness that we are feeling.

“We cannot see with only the orb of our eyes. We cannot hear sound with only our ears. Behind that, there must be the sense of judgment of all the cells in the body.

“Similarly, it is impossible for the brain to think or feel with only the brain. Behind that, there must be the mutual subjectivity and objectivity of all the cells in the body. Otherwise, the human brain is as useless as a motion picture machine without a silver screen and an audience.

“Moreover, the keenness of the reflexive sympathetic action of the whole body's consciousness mediated by the cerebral brain is truly astonishing. The social organization of human beings, connected only by telegraph and radio, is beyond the reach of the human mind.....The spine tingles, and at the same time, the whole body is awestruck..... behind may or may not tingle, and you jump up with an "ah”; It's that quick and agile. ......

“The 30 trillion cells that make up each organ in our body are all sharing their specialized tasks, and using the reflexive sympathetic function of the brain, they are all seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting things at once, directly. They are conscious, inspired, fighting, singing, dancing, screaming, and shouting all at once, with the brain at the center.

“......When we are happy, our appetite is happy. When we are happy, our appetite increases, because our stomachs are also hungry.

“......When we eat food, we feel energized before we have even digested it. Because every cell in your body is full at the same time.

“Therefore, the true nature of what we are aware of as our life or spirit is merely a reflection of the subject-object relationship that is expressed by each of the myriad cells in our body, which are overlapped by the reflex-sympathetic mediation of the brain's medulla oblongata...We can see this without question. We can see without question that this is the case. At the same time, the great content of the cerebral brain, which we have been superstitious about until today, is actually the illusion of the infinite spiritual intelligence contained in each and every cell of the body, which is being reflected and communicated there…..like thinking that the telephone exchange rules the city…..this fact comes without hesitation.

“….Why, gentlemen….is it not so simple and clear?

“….Why not keep your mouths shut?

“…The fundamental problem of this life consciousness that modern scientists regard as the greatest wonder of them all, will be resolved

without difficulty when this idea of the “Thinking Brain” is turned around and thought about. The role of the brain will be as clear as that of our limbs.

“….If you still don’t understand, come over here, look at the automatic, reflexive switching station that is lying at I, Pokan’s feet: this is Anpontan Pokan’s Brain. Observe the work of these nerve cells and how they work.

“These things… as you can see, the nerve cells become wires, switches, cords, switchboards, relay stands, antennas, vacuum tubes, dials, coils, and so much more. But also, they are divided into categories like crying, laughing, seeing, hearing, remembering, falling in love, and much more, which correspond to the various types of senses which reflect the feelings of the 30 trillion citizens of the corner from every corner, in this floating world, day and night.

“…Do not speak to them.

“They are specialists in sympathetic reflex, a selected few from the cells of the whole body. Like girls at a regular exchange station, the cells are selected to become sympathetic reflex specialists…. They don’t concern themselves whether it’s hot or cold, or there’s a bee sting on the head or fire from behind, or the appearance of a new cabinet, a new war, a new earthquake, or a new fire. They are nothing more than batteries, cords, sympathetic pads, coils, dials, vacuum tubes, etc. of I, Anpontan Pokan, that reflects awareness, judgement and sensation throughout the body…

“So do not speak to them. Don’t make them think. Don’t make them any more tired by making them do something other than their work.

“The less they think about other things, the more they concentrate….in the reflexive work, that is, the more they become more active and rapid. The mind does not get tired. It does not flicker. It will become clear… and… relaxed.

“So easy and clear. My head will become Anpontan Pokan.

“I….Bureau Director Anpontan Pokan, will make a clear statement here.

“The easy-to-understand method of Anpontan Pokan on sympathetic reflex, has been taken off and now your mind is free….Anpontan’s mind has become light-hearted, and will never fall for the tricks of the brain. Never going to think with brains again… As a great doctor of the science of the brain, I have unpopularized the phenomena of the brain, and accurately detected and exposed the true nature of the brain, that monster that holds the mortality of mankind’s culture in its grasp. I, ….who detected and exposed this, is compelled to tip my hat…this I say…

“Some of them have still not taken off their shoes.

“Some of you scholars still ponder on the various bizarre and mysterious phenomena on psychosis or psychic phenomena that cannot be fully explained with this alone.

“…Good…Very good…

“These are people whom we can discuss the bizarre. To discuss the true nature of the mystery of this earth… they must be the latest, the sharpest, most advanced race of people who can’t stop until the make the brain, like mine, erotic, grotesque, and utterly stupid and nonsensical.

“…Good…Very good…

“I am sorry for such people but put your head back on and return to the grand entrance of the Brain Bureau. And here….read the “Brain Bureau, Pokan-style Sympathetic Reflex Affairs, Terms and Conditions of Membership” posted here.

“Well, gentlemen…this agreement has only three articles, as you can see. It is less than one-tenth the number of an ordinary telephone exchange station subscription rules. Very simple. These three articles are the unwritten rules of the 30 trillion cells of the human body, passed down from generation to generation, and they are adhered to such an extreme degree that it borders on insanity. With this, you will see all the inscrutable plays, sarcastic plays, insulting and abusing plays, nonsensical plays, horror plays, and so on that are being staged all across the earth with ease.

> **ARTICLE ONE.** All reports that come by the reflex communication from the brain station should be memorized as fact, even if they are false.
>
> …People of dream of burglars crawling into their house, and call out in a loud voice, are none other than those who are governed by the first article.
>
> **ARTICLE TWO.** The fact that a reflex communication does not come from the brain station is to not be recognized as fact even if done by the patient themselves. They are to be forgotten.
>
> …Those who are insistent in saying “I don’t remember snatching your *futon* last night”, must be honest people who adhere strictly to this second clause.
>
> By the way, these two articles stated are the terms that trigger the “half-awake state” that has become subject to serious debate in the current psychopathology community. It is a common occurrence, of course, for people with ordinary brains, the phrases concise and easy to remember, but by Article Three, it may seem complicated. The meaning, however, is as simple as the previous two. What I mean is,….
>
> “When the sympathetic reflex function of the brain is disturbed, the cells’ sympathetic reflex actions throughout the body besides

the brain will take the place of the brain, like those lower animals without a brain."

It is the convention in that sense, that it is the emergency measures for any emergencies in the brain…This "Thinking Object that is the Brain" has to date produced all sorts of weird phenomena such as ghosts, monsters, hallucinations, psychiatric disorders, crying, laughing, sleepwalking, and dazed states. The root of these tricks that produced these phenomena and teased the brains of scientists around the world is due to the brain's simple and clear abuse of Article Three. It states…

ARTICLE THREE. When the sympathetic reflex function is the brain is damaged, the reflex sympathy is lost at the point where damage is done, and consciousness cuts off from other consciousness and the sympathetic reflex action each cell in the body has possessed since the beginning; using the sympathetic action in the same state as lower animals (without reference to sympathetic reflex action of the brain) to sense, judge, consider, or control the whole body prior to other consciousness so it can be active.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS:

1. In cases where the Brain Bureau has no time for reflexing… example, when the patient closes their eyes or jumps back.
2. In case of anesthesia…example, when the entire brain ceased sympathetic reflex function due to anesthetic agent, unconscious behavior or language induced by sensation in the cells of the whole body or by conscious memory, etc.
3. When brain sleeps at an abnormal depth…example, sleepwalking, sleep talking, tooth grinding, etc.

The three types of cases above do not apply to the Three Articles.

"Do write it down in a notebook or something before you forget. I recommend this especially to the students. The three articles are the alpha and omega of the hygiene of the brain, and the chronic illness of a nervous breakdown are, in essence, because of this convention…no…the majority of the self-proclaimed cultural people are in a state of mental bankruptcy and extinction, falling prey to these three articles…

"And….that is not the sole reason. As you might have guessed from the previous explanations, the structure of the Pokan-style reflex-sensing machines of the Brain Bureau is very delicate and prone to many malfunctions, and to replace them is not easy. Therefore, there are unavoidable emergency measures.

"Moreover, the existence of these three articles, the emergency code of sympathetic reflex in the Brain Bureau is the most convincing, simple, and clear, and it is possible to reveal the mechanism of all the strange phenomena on earth made by the brain, such as "crying" and "laughing".

“In other words, if one of the sympathetic centers in the brain…like, let’s say, the sympathetic center for laughter is paralyzed due to cerebral hemorrhage and incapable of reflex sympathizing, only the “current of laughter” that was being reflex-sympathized is released, losing contact with the other consciousness, as dictated by the protocols of the Articles. The cells of the whole body besides the brain are paralyzed. The cells then of the whole body, except for the brain, use the sympathetic reflex function, inherited since the beginning of time, to make all laugh discriminately, no matter what happens. Even if other currents of anger and sadness begin to happen, the current of laughter, free from the central sympathetic reflexes, will run through all the cells of the body and laugh all over the place, leaving no room for emotions to appear outside. This is commonly referred to as “laughing paralysis”; the same logic applies to “angry paralysis” or “crying paralysis,” and so on.

“Needless to say, such injuries are caused by cerebral hemorrhage, and if you perform an autopsy and remove the skull, and you will know immediately….”Hahaaa. This is where you feel the current of laughter.” The fact that the failure of the brain, seen with the naked eye, is an exception to the rules, and there is no telling how many other bizarre phenomena produced by the brain. The erotic, grotesque, and nonsensical wander around day and night from the scientific civilization’s attic and basement…from the train streets of the culture of the Brain to the side streets of the city…. Not only that, each and every one of these bizarre phenomena is a clear evidence of the delicate breakdown of the brain, which neither a stethoscope nor an x-ray can penetrate.

“First and foremost, what I find most indignant is the fact that this “Thinking Brain” are unaware, even in dreams, of the existence of the Three Articles between the brain and the cells of the whole body… Every one is in the habit of forcing the brain to think by holding your head in your hands or twisting your neck in your hands, even in saying things like “You can’t lose your brain even with salmon roe”.… They are not aware that… the brain is ot a thinking place…but a station a la Anpontan Pokan specializing in simple sympathetic reflexes… and they will do anything to get it to think. It’s a bureaucracy that specializes in thinking and strives to make the cerebral cortex to think about anything and everything, without realization that it is not the place where the brain thinks…It’s a telephone exchange that does the work of a city hall without a care in the world.

“You can hardly imagine the extent to which the Brain Bureau’s exchangers are plagued by clerical overload… How drastic the errors of reflexive exchange affairs are… Swirling whirlpools of hallucinations, delusions, and perversions, how unimaginable.

“The evidence is better than the argument…the facts are right in front of you.

“If you think too much in the brain, the entire tissue will heat up like an overloaded coil of electric current and the sympathetic reflex

function will begin to weaken. Various consciousness within the cells of the body will then begin to lose contact with each other and begin to act freely on their own. They become a light, semi-aware, preoccupied wanderer of consciousness, darting around the space of consciousness created by these cells… These are that same kind of incessant fantasies and delusions that one stares at when your mind is tired from thinking and as the brain becomes tired and sleepy, the communication between consciousness also gets tired and ceases. This state of dreaming, gradually becoming an absurd dream, you may have probably experienced it as you fall asleep reading a novel or rowing a vessel on a classroom or a train.

“Back then, people were deeply superstitious, and when they venture into the dark, they would tire out the brain with fear and fall into hallucinations and perverse notions. These visions would become ghosts and monsters, and thus have been handed down as tales. They do not belong among the ranks of the ladies and gentlemen with nervous breakdowns, hysteria, restricting agents, and sleeping pills.

“Modern people like you, especially you who lead fast-paced urban lifestyles, become so exhausted that even in the middle of the day the brain’s function become exhausted; various conscious actions and sense of judgement are free, crawling around the sympathetic reflex functions between the peripheral nerves of the body… they are on the verge of a dizzying, fluttering, preoccupied wandering state, crawling around sympathetic reflex functions between cells…When walking by a big chimney, you feel as if it will fall on your head, and you instinctively walk faster…You feel as if the sound of a passing train is coming to your bedside as you sleep, and you have the urge to turn on the lights. Some others like, the stove yawning, the yolk of the egg with cold eyes from the plate, upon coming home last evening, the red post from the intersection’s position seems different, the bread oven sighs in the middle of the night, the image sweats, a white hand comes out of the desk and gestures you to come, a pistol turns toward you ang “bang!”… such bizarre phenomena occurring constantly in the man of science and culture all caused by the error of the sympathetic reflex bureau… like the preoccupation of the consciousness arising from the fatigue of the brain.

“As I have mentioned, this level of insanity is common among you. Moreover, people with this level of abnormality are aware of their mental illness that they are not included in the list of the mentally ill on purpose, for the condition may aggravate if they are treated like lunatics. They become gold-leafed insane and living in a red-brick apartment makes you qualified to have an escort.

“I…Anpontan Pokan, was in the psychiatry department of the Kyūshū Imperial University, where I have been staying until today, and so much people. And when I listened to Dr. Masaki, the head of the department, lecturing his students, I was quite amused to hear him talk about exactly what I, Anpontan Pokan, thought.

How funny because he's talking about the exact same things that I, Anpontan Pokan, thought.

"" …Ahem… as I have explained, the human brain is like a composite spherical reflector that reflects and interacts with every cell in the body to create a single focal point. The brain illuminates the entire universe of the consciousness moving within each and every one of the 30 trillion cells in the whole body, like a dragonfly's eyes looking out over a thousand worlds above and below and all directions with one eye.… The spirit reflected and sensed from time to time by the brain, and from time to time creates this focal point…. that is to say, the personality and characteristics of a human being, contained in each and every cell of the whole body are, according to my experiments, nothing more than a collection of psychological effects inherited from one's ancestors…In other words, the manifestation of a thousand million psychological habitus experienced by the ancestors is unified by the sympathetic reflex action of the brain and they harmonize with each other to create the focus of this "brain", however… if such are not corrected by the ancestors and passed down to their descendants, they may become more and more outrageous with each passing generation. For example, the woman who has the habit of thinking of a certain thing endlessly has, by chance, fallen in love with a certain man… if she continues to think of him over and over, wanting to see him and to be with him whether he sleeps or wake up, the part of her brain that reflexively communicates this "longing consciousness" will become tired and stuck. Then, this longing consciousness gradually becomes detached, becoming entrenched in delusion and fantasy, begins a vindictive, snake-like preoccupation with the world. Day and night, she draws his image in the air and talks only of him. Then, the sympathetic nervous system of the sympathetic stand of the missed one, that which is in charge of the longing for him, becomes unable to handle the situation any longer, and becomes depressed. It becomes completely detached and inactive; the degree of madness grows deeper. The longing consciousness is completely released and active. Getting even more insane… running through the streets…be seized. Shaking the iron grid and becoming insane…or, at least some kind of madness, choreographed under the *four flowers of the sky (something about kabuki theater, need more research)*, even after a hundred productions, it will receive the applause of the masses…such is the order it has become.

"" People with few tendencies are the normal people, and those with a lot are the psychotic ones. People who are "invention fanatics", "research fanatics", "collecting fanatics", "anything else fanatics", "anything else insane" are all members of these groups, regardless of degree of fanaticism. Some can be saved if treatment is quick, but when they become like full-fledged binge drinkers, that is a completely different story… It is, of course, a kind of psychosis, and the activities are more amazing than those of the ordinary lunatics, but the person in question is no different than ordinary people. No, it is a rare disease that is often found in a specially made normal person a little fuzzy due to some nose disease, having a wonderfully delicate mind and too good at learning, or too weak-minded to kill insects, and

can’t be named insane, even if they are. Then, in the middle of the night, they rise up and so things even more bizarre than a madman, making them far more interesting.

“” In other words, the state of consciousness of a person when they are awake is no different to an ordinary person. When the sun sets and night arrives, however, and the human brain falls into a state of dormant reverie, it becomes different from ordinary people… in other words, they go beyond normal sound sleep and approaching Death’s hands, so that they never wake up with the usual yells and screams…the characteristics of the somnambulist.

“” Also, the degree of sleep becomes even deeper, and the inevitable result is that there will be a few cells in the consciousness of every cell in the body that will not be able to sleep as deeply as they should. Moreover, the deeper the sleep, the more clearly the consciousness that has fallen asleep awakens and begins to play various roles, as if the blacker the background, the brighter the foreground.

“” For instance, suppose a person falls asleep with only one emotion, falling extremely excited…. “I want that diamond” or… “I want to kill that bastard”, and when the brains fall to the depths of sleep, only the consciousness of the brain and the cells that are sleeping together will see the sleeping cells. The most important thing to keep in mind is that the brain is not a cell that sleeps with the brain, but only the consciousness of the cell that sleeps together with the brain. Then the consciousness rises like a limp, having lost contact with the conscience, common sense or reason, and begins to move, with the sympathetic reflex action of all cells in the body as a substitute for the brain. Then, communicating with the judgments and sensations summoned from the cells of the whole body at will as needed, to see, hear, and think, and do the work we want to do. You steal the diamond or kill that bastard you hate, but you would not remember anything in the process of the deed as no impression passed through the core of the brain. When one wakes up, they are at ease and return to the foolish-like state as they were in their ordinary life. Even when confronted by the stolen diamond or the corpse of someone they killed, they can’t confess what they don’t know, and they become even more like an Anpontan Pokan.

“” During the preoccupation, all the cells in the body are simultaneously taking on the roles of the brain and their own specialized functions, and it is customary to feel some kind of fatigue after awakening from sleep. This is easily confirmed by the fatigue after anesthesia is the same as the after-medicine anesthesia of the brain, but it is difficult to distinguish between the fatigue after anesthesia, and fatigue after a binge drink, a fascinating forensic research problem.

“” A perfect example is this young man who is standing here listening to my lecture. You might recognize this young man. He took the examination for this university in the spring of this year when he was about twenty

years old, and soon after passing it with the highest grade, and was admitted. This poor man, suffering from a bout of sleepwalking inherited from his ancestors. Strangled his own bride to death on the eve of their wedding night. Not only that, on the year of his sixteenth birthday, in the same seizure, strangled her own mother to death. He began scratching the hair on his head, hitting the top of his ears with his hands, saying, “There must be something wrong with my head”. Often, he would stop in the room and begin a speech on the essence of the brain, which I found moving as I had heard it in this classroom. Sometimes, I would go back to listen to his speeches for my own reference, as his memory is amazing that is beyond imagination… The reason is that this young man is completely detached from his past memories resulting from the intense attack of sleepwalk, so that his memory of current events floats in this world of absolute freedom, unattached by anything. And so he focuses his attention, memorizing even the smallest details with superhuman precision. But in normal life, he looks as surprised as a creature crawling out of an egg, and therefore, he is called Dr. Anpontan Pokan.”

“When Professor Masaki came to this point of his lecture, all the students looked at me and all at once burst out laughing. And so, I ran out of this mental hospital with a start. And here I am today, standing on this cross-street observing the abnormalities of the brain, and I have decided to issue this warning as I can no longer leave them behind. I have taken the liberty of announcing this Pokan-style theory on the brain, which transcends time and space.

“…You all seem impressed. Did you see? Did you hear? Surprised?

“When I, Anpontan Pokan, declared that the brain is not a thinking place, the trees lost their green color and the flowers their red color. Materialistic culture has been overturned from its very foundation, and all psychopathology reduced to the theory of the mind.

“…I say it again.

“Mankind has denied God by the very essence of the thinking brain. It has created a materialistic culture in rebellion against Mother Nature. It has rejected human feelings and morals derived from the psychology of nature and has superstitiously believed in the materialistic religion of individualism. Thus, materialistic culture became more nihilistic, animalistic, self-flagellating, neurasthenic, insane, and suicidal day by day.

“This was all a prank of the “thinking brain”. This is the poison of the materialistic sect that believes in the “ghost of the brain”.

“Now the time has come to put this superstition to rest. Having denied superstition about God, mankind is now trapped in a dilemma where it must deny the “brain essence of thinking”. The time has come when we

must return from the unnaturalness of material science to the nature of spiritual science.

“To start this slogan, I, Anpontan Pokan, have shown my “thinking brain” to the ground.

“And you will see, I will trample it down!

“…..Eeeeeiiiii…..uuuuunnnnn!...”

× × ×

…Is what he said…

….Ahahahahaha…surprised, are you?.... Did you see?... Hear it?... Impressed?...

This is what I call an absolute science detective factual novel. A novel, on the progress report of Dr. Anpontan Pokan, a young detective with a super brain that chased after his own brain, caught it in a beautiful way, and gave it to the earth’s beasts. It’s the decomposition formula for the highest order equations of the world’s finest scientific romance: “brain – brain”

If you know how fascinating the tricks of this novel are… you will understand the horrors of the “Dream of a Fetus” paper I lent you the other day. You will understand the principles that govern the great nightmare that the fetus has in the mother’s womb. You will understand the contents of the liberation therapy that experiments with these amazing principles, the identity of Dr. Anpontan Pokan who is housed there, and his horrifying career.

And, as an added bonus… if we go through the conventional idea that “the brain thinks,” we can come to the conclusion that “the brain is not a thinking place”…going to the next step, the brain is once again back to the initial idea that the brain is a “place to think”, which is the principle of my own unique and bizarre roundabout way of psychiatry… If you have stopped to take a look, please clap your hands…

…Well. You’re getting dizzy-eyed.

Ahahahahaha… it will dazzle you. People who have heard my high spirits, most become dizzy…

….W….Well. That is not so. You think you got drunk on cigars?...

A-ha-ha-ha…This man’s a joker!

Wa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

(Written by a reporter)

DREAM OF A FETUS

——Let the human fetus represent the embryo of another animal and plant

——Notes and explanations if infinite variety of religious, scientific, artistic, and other sources, references, and literature are either omitted or very brief

The human fetus has a dream during the ten months it stays in its mother's womb.

The dream is like a series of long films, and the fetus is the leading role in what can be titled "The State of Universal Evolution", spanning hundreds of millions, maybe billions of years. In other words, the film starts with the life state of the primordial single-celled microorganism, the ancestor of the fetus, then continues with the unimaginable long years which the protagonist which is the single cell gradually evolves into the human form….the fetus itself. It is a wonderful, unimaginable, and bizarre film that depicts the unborn child's experiences of breathless calamities, persecutions, hardships, and tribulations, afflicted over a long period of astonishment, natural disasters, natural selection, and survival competition, as if from its own direct and present subjective point of view. A bizarre film that transcends imagination… Inside, the viewer will be able to see real, unforgettable images of prehistoric fossilized plants and animals, and the natural disasters that led to their extinction. Then, the film goes on depicting, as the reality of the fetus itself, the countless sins committed by its ancestors, from the primitive humans who survived and evolved in the midst of natural disasters, all the way to the parents of the present fetus, driven by their serious and painful competition for survival, combined with their various desires. By resolving the major wonders of "embryology" and "dreams" as described, we can directly and indirectly prove that this must be a nightmare of the utmost astonishment and horror.

Firstly, when a human fetus is conceived in the mother's womb, the first manifestation is a single tadpole cell, like the primordial animals, the common ancestors of all living things.

After being conceived, it divides and multiplies into two cells: the left and the right. Then they bond and become a single organism.

The two cells on the left and right eventually divide and multiply into two cells, top and bottom, respectively. All four of them are still closely connected to each other, receiving nourishment from the mother's womb and performing the functions of a single organism.

And it continues in fours, eights, sixteens, thirty-twos, sixty-fours… countless… and so on, they divide into multiples and grow closer in contract, gradually growing ever so larger, and they are the first ancestors of the human species. The ancestral form evolved from a single-celled microorganism into a human being is definitely repeated in the mother' womb in the same order which it evolved.

First, it takes the form of a fish.

Next, the front and rear fins change into quadrupeds and take the form of an amphibious creature that roams on all fours.

Then, it takes the form of a beast, the four legs growing strong as it gallops about.

Finally, it retracts its tail, lifts its forelegs to form hands, and stands erect on hind legs and walks around in the form of a human being… it evolves to the form of a normal fetus and then born with a yawn… the time required for this process is usually almost the same for all people.

This is a phenomenon no one can deny, but why, then, do all fetuses have to repeat such a laborious birth sequence in the womb of the mother? Why does it not immediately take the form of a small human being, grow up, and be born? Why does the first grain of a cell repeat the same exact sequence of embryonic development as if it was agreed upon? In other words,…

"What made the fetus do what it does?"

No one has been able to come up with an appropriate interpretation. I have searched every corner of the modern scientific literature for any interpretations, and so far have not found it. The only explanation is that it is a mystery.

Next, every fetus repeats in its mother's womb, without fail, in the order which its ancestors evolved, evolving from fins to limbs, scales to hair, and so on over millions or tens of millions of years,… but the time elapsed is so short that it can be counted in minutes or seconds, as it repeats in a very short period of time what the animals of our ancestors did, the passage of time can be seen. This can be explained as an unexplainable wonder, but even more mysterious is that the ratio of time shortened to the actual time required for evolution is not a ridiculous ratio at all.

The human embryo repeats in about ten months the evolutionary path of its ancestors since the beginning of time, while other animals generally spend less time in embryo the less evolved, they are… like bacteria and other unicellular animals that remained in their primordial form, for the most part, do not even spend any time in the embryo. They divide and become two new organisms in their original form…What is the reason for

this? Why does the human fetus, which has the highest degree of evolution, have the longest embryonic time? In other words,

“What made the fetus do what it does?”

If one tries to put a proper interpretation on that question, one discovers something that is absolutely impossible to explain with modern scientific knowledge. The only explanation is that it is a mystery.

The above are just a few examples of mysterious phenomena related to the fetus, but when the human “body” thus created is studied and examined from an anatomical point of view, the same kind of mysterious phenomena appear without end.

When we look at a human body from the surface, we see that it is more noble and graceful than other animals due to its high degree of evolution… or in other words, because of the care taken in its embryonic stages. From gentle and dignified eyes and nose to the beautiful skin and aesthetically balanced skeletal structure and flesh, it appears to be the primordial leader of all things, but once we peel off the skin, separating the flesh, examine the internal organs, and dissect the contents of the brain and five senses, we discover that every part of the body is composed of organs “hand-me-downs” from our ancestors who evolved from lower animals, such as fish, reptiles, and monkeys that has been in existence since the beginning of time. In other words, even the shape of a tooth to the single strand of hair has been so refined and evolved that the great history of the great persecution of natural selection, or the bitter struggle for survival over a long period of time is clearly recorded. The great and serious memory that commemorated such a history in every single detail, evolved the embryonic form over and over again according to that history, and completed it into the human form; clearly imprinted in every cell of the completed human being.

That is to say, such phenomena are well documented in evolutionary theory, genetics, anatomy, and so on, so I will not go into much detail here, but I will attempt to explain the question of who remembers and repeats such history, and what makes a fetus do so.

“What made the fetus do what it does?”

No explanation at all. It is still, after all, a mystery that cannot be explained in any other way than as a mystery.

And that is not all.

If we go one step further and observe the contents of the human psyche, this fact will be proven even more seriously and painfully.

What I mean is that the human spirit, when observed from the surface, is incomparably more beautiful than that of any other animal. Our spiritual life is wrapped in a single layer of “human skin” which we call our “human pride”, or the awareness that “human beings are the chief spiritual beings of all things”, and we put up the make up of “common

sense" or "personality", and we are extremely clear and composed. Peel off the outer skin, however, what emerges is the same as animal psychology, inherited over a long period of time by microorganism, the distant ancestors of human beings, trained up to the modern human beings, in the form of the animal psychology of that time period, as mind of caution or survival competition against natural selection and the great persecution of the competition for survival. Such a blatant discovery that all have been inherited exactly as they were, the form of the animal psychology of the time.

Firstly, if you peel off the skin of these "cultured people"… decorated with benevolence, justice, humanity, and etiquette, you will find the psychology of barbarians and primitive people underneath.

The best proof of this is the innocent child. Children who do not know how to put on the skin of culture will display the character of the ancient race who too does not know how to put on the skin of culture; if they go and pick up a stick, they will want to play games with it. This genetic inheritance, the instinctive memories of a barbaric age, latent and transmitted in the cells, is stimulated and awakened by the suggestion of a weapon-like object, a stick sword. When they see an insect wasp, they chase it around for no reason at all, as they have been simulated and awakened by the suggestion of an insect wasp, from the psychological remains of the hunting age, when we would have chased anything that moved. The joyful frolicking in which they rip the wings of their prey, deprive them of their wings, splitting open the bellies, and roasting them over the fire is nothing less than the exact reproduction of the memory of the brutality of the ancient peoples who used such methods to dispose of their prey and captives; to taunt and insult them, and to thoroughly satisfy their sense of triumph and superiority. A baby crying then placed in the darkness is a revival of the fear of darkness filled with wild beasts and vipers of the primitive people who have yet to discover fire, and the fact that a baby urinates everywhere is a reproduction of the ancient habit when we still sleep in the trees and grass, as explained in the advanced psychological research of our time. The next step is to identify the savage or primitive man.

Now, if we peel back the skin of the savage or primitive man, we discover the nature of the animal… of the fowl and beast.

For instance… when a man and women meet for the first time, they greet with a human-like manner, but inside, their eyes whiten strangely and sniff around the other person's surroundings. If they are not careful, they will look around the person's behind and find something unpleasant in the smallest details, causing them to wrinkle their nose and bare their teeth at each other, implying the desire to sniff. When they get careless, they bark. Biting… the same psychology as that of the dogs and cats I encountered on the streets of the town. When they see something weaker than themselves, they want to bully it a little. They think of killing anyone who gets in their way. Maybe steal them. Sniff another's urine. Maybe bury their relics… we express this kind of animalistic psychology everywhere in out daily lives, as are applicable to abusive

words as “damn you” or “You beast” uttered by everyone, as if it is the only way.

Then, when the diaphragmic membrane under the fowl and beast is cut open, the psychology of insects appears.

For example, they crawl to higher ground even after pushing down their companions. They crawl around where no one can see them and try to make something delicious. When they do a good job, they immediately crawl into a hole where they can be safe. When they see someone well-nourished, they sneak up to them and try to parasitize them. They protect themselves by making obnoxious and unprofessional appearances and movements. They hide behind hard shells to keep them at bay. When it sees an enemy, it tries to save itself at the expense of others. When the time comes, they wield a poison needle. They then spray ink to the air. They radiate urine and emit foul odors. They also disguise themselves as local creatures or stronger beings… all low-class, the cowards so these, and such words as “weakling”, “maggot”, “rice-eater”, “blood-sucking worm”, “toilet worm”, “snivellers”, are words of derogatory nature from the inherited mentality of the insects.

Next… and finally, opening up the core of the psychology of the insect… the core of all animal psychology, the deepest level of human instinct, we find the protozoan psychology common to molds and other microorganism. The way of moving that can be thought of as moving without meaning and living without meaning, expressed by what is called the herd mentality, the fad mentality, or the rearing-horse mentality. When taken apart, these behaviors seem meaningless, but gathered into large numbers, they have the frightening effects of many molds. They flock together towards the shiny, the splendid, the loud, the easy to reason with, the provocative, the new and easy to understand, but of course they have neither judgement nor understanding. They are as unaware as microorganisms under a microscope, drawn and ecstatic and drawn by multitudes. There is senseless excitement, pride, and peace of mind. In the end, however, they are so carried away that they throw their lives away without second thought, falling into…riots…revolutions, and so on. They act like insects concentrating on a drop of malic acid.

Only here does the human psyche approach the laws of physics and laws of kinetic change and chemical equations. In other words, it is so close to the inanimate, the exposure of the moldy nature that it is at the heart of human nature used by politicians and other whose goal is to gain popularity.

We then wrap it up with “human skin” and adorn it with ribbons and labels for social interaction, appearance, status, and character, and walk down the street wearing make-up and perfume. When we dissect the contents of the life, we find that most of it is nothing more than the reproduction of the ancestral animalistic psychological memories latent in the cells of the human body. With the aforementioned anatomical observations of the human body, however, we must also ask how the fetus

encapsulated such countless complex and diverse psychological memories in its cellular subconsciousness or instincts, and so.

“What made the fetus do what it does?”

The fact that the content of a single human spirit is the very remains of universal evolution over the past several hundred million years has not been explained at all. No, even the fact that the human psyche is the very remains of universal evolution over the past several hundred million years has not been paid attention to at all, covered by shallow conceit such as “human beings are the spiritual head of all things” or “I am a human being”.

The above is a list of mysterious phenomena related to the remains of universal evolution as manifested in the embryo of the fetus, in the body of the adult perfected by the embryo and the psyche.

Dreams have long been recognized as the representatives of wonders, and when something even slightly unexpected, the immediate thought is, “This must be a dream, right?” When one thinks that one can see all things in the universe that are not at all different from the real thing, strange and unnatural landscapes and goods appear in a jumble that one cannot imagine, and when one thinks that the psychological and physical laws of the real world are carried out as they are in these appearances, they change a thousand ways according to the outlandish laws not even found in myths or legends. In the characteristics of such dreams, the following three are the most important clues for clarifying the nature and identity of dreams:

1. Events in dreams are often very abrupt and consistent during their ongoing transition. Well. Such cases are more frequent. It’s better to think of such supernatural scenes, irrational abilities, and transformations of objects, in other words, as dreams. Nevertheless, in the process of dreaming, we hardly feel suspicious of such suspicious and irrational things, and the feelings we get are always serious and sincere than reality or actuality.
2. Scenes never before seen nor heard, appear with the same feeling as if they were real.
3. Modern science has proven that events that occur in dreams are so brief that they can be counted in minutes and seconds, even though they are continuous events that last for years or decades.

The various mysterious phenomena related to the “fetus” and “dreams” that I have enumerated above have become major questions in the scientific community no one can deny; moreover, these have remained unsolved to this day. There are two reasons why no one has been able to find the key to solving these wonders to this day.

One, the conventional scholars' conception of the human cell, which gives birth to the human embryo and dreams to the adult completed by that embryo is completely wrong; and two, the general human conception of "time" flowing through the universe is fundamentally wrong…it is these two.

In other words, the content of each and every cell that makes up the human body is greater than the content of its protagonist, the individual human being. Well. It has such an amazingly great and complex content and performance that it can be compared to the entire universe. Therefore, the greatness of the contents and performance of a cell cannot be understood by the conventional approach of material science, which seeks to look at the contents of a single cell with a microscope, chemically analyze its components, and study its division and reproduction by changing its form and color. It is an impossible note, just like trying to discover the greatness of the character and performance of a great person by merely observing their external appearance and dissecting their internal organs, without regard to their achievements during their lifetimes… The same can be said of time… The time indicated by the meteorological observatory, the hands of our clocks, the rotation of the earth and sun, and the revolution of the sun are not true time. Nothing more than mere artificial time created by material science. An illusion of time, a phony time… True time is not so rigid that can be measured by dimensions. If we can accept the fact that time is something flexible and mysterious… then we can also accept the reality of the "fetus's dream". It will be as if we have the key to the mysteries of life and the universe.

A cell is a trillionth of a trillionth of the human body, a microscopic particle that would not fit under a weak microscope. Therefore, the complexity of their contents and the extent to which they are capable of expressing themselves are probably only a trillionth of the capacity of the entire body…. In any case, they are extremely simple and ineffective… such was the idea that dominated the minds of most scientists to the present day. So, although the mysterious life, reproductive genetics, and other abilities of the cell have since been discovered and astonished scientists, their research has remained limited to what can be explained by material science; that is, what can be looked under a microscope and analyzed by chemistry… most of the ideas have not even left the concept of something as simple and ineffectual… as a trillionth of a trillionth of the human body. To study more is to desecrate material science. It has been considered a sin as a scholar.

This is, however, a grossly irrational and mistaken assumption made by scholars caught up with "materialistic science" of the present day, and made assumptions about the contents and capabilities of cells based on shape and size, and has come to believe that "Maybe this is what it is." The reason why the great mysteries of science, such as that of life and the wonders of dreams, have been left unexplained for so long is that we

are trapped, as if “peeking at the ceiling through a reed marrow”; materialistically crippled and irrational… in other words, too caught up in science, and because of that, we study the cell, the subject of vast and limitless life, by unscientific research methods. If we sweep away such old-fashioned academic common sense and conventional superstitions on the *Kojitsuke* theory *(I am still quite unsure about this, but searching this leads to a theory relating to ‘arguments that do not make sense; which a person believes the wrong argument is right’)*, and observe the universe with a freer and more detached attitude, and at the same time, consider this problem in light of more appropriate, clear, and practical phenomena, the contents of a single cell will be far greater and more serious than what can be observed and measured under a microscope or in a chemical laboratory. The fact that the content of a single cell contains something far greater and serious than what can be observed and measured under a microscope or in a chemical laboratory, and in fact not even comparable to the entire universe, must be realized by true scientific knowledge that transcends the modern age. We must face the fact that those who superstitiously believe that materialistic methods are the key to life, no matter how hard they try to deny it, cannot deny it.

The first of these is the ability of the cell to create a human being. The only cell conceived at the mother’s womb as the seed of life divides and grows in the same order as described above, following in the footsteps of our ancestors, one after the other. We remember “that was there”, “this was here”, “this was there”, and so on. We remember and recall that this is how it was here, and build themselves up in the order of fish, reptile, primates, and human, without mistakes. And though difficult to say, they try to make themselves as advanced as possible by integrating the beauty and advantages of their parents, so while their ears, eyes, nose, and mouth are the same for everyone… it is their child. They look like everyone. He is like them. They are a carbon copy of their father the way they throw tantrums. Like the mistress that remember things so well, even the smallest details… The memory of each cell is amazing. How serious is the interactive resonance, judgement, reasoning, ambition, conscience, or the critical power of the spiritual art? The large group of cells, the human being, comes in contact with the universe and understands it, or moved by it, forming large groups like nation or society, forming a common unity and human culture. How profound and vast is the creative power? All such great works, almost omniscient and omnipotent, must, in the end, be the manifestation of spiritual power of the first grain of tattered cells. In other words, the vast and boundless culture of the modern human race has its roots in spiritual power contained in the microscopic cell, reflected on the surface of the entire earth.

> ◇**REMARKS**. A person is a large group of cells with such great content, but through the mediation of the brain, unifying their psychic abilities under a single, common, shared, consciousness. Therefore, the knowledge, emotion, and will expressed by the human being should be far greater than that of each individual cell, but

> the fact is, the opposite is true, so that since the beginning of the world, no matter how wise or great a person that may be, they are powerless before the great spiritual power of the cell…we must kneel like the stars before the sun. The capacity of a large population of cells unified into the human form presents a strange phenomenon in which the ability of the cells, one tenth of a trillion, does not correspond to one of a tenth of a trillion. This is due to the unifying organ of the cellular spirituality in each part of the human body…that is, the brain, not yet evolved, is thought to be the reason of the full range of cellular spiritual activity being prevented. At the same time, the first single cell, the seed of life that appeared on earth, its thoughts? The infinite psychic power evolved into the most advantageous and capable human being through various processes to reflect the psychic power on the earth. It is thought that the present human being in an incomplete organism in a transitional period, which explains the contradictions and strange, inconvenient phenomena occurring. This is, however, an extremely important research matter that cannot be explained in a single morning or evening, so I will only mention it here as a reference.

Now that the relationship between the human body and mind and the spirituality of cells have become clear, the explanation of the nature of “dreams” will become extremely easy.

Each cell is a life that possesses consciousness and spirituality equal to or even greater than that of our own individual life. Modern medicine has proven that every cell absorbs nutrients, develops, multiplies, tires, ages, decomposes, and disappears as long as it is doing its work. Moreover, each and every one of those cells, as it labors, develops, divides, multiplies, fatigues, decomposes, and disappears, is aware of the suffering and enjoyment of its works as we, if not even more than we… at the same time, it is the duty of the cell to develop the personal feelings on such things as pleasures and sufferings, which are equal or even greater than our own personal feelings, as well as develop the feelings of contemplation, imagination, fantasy, and so on, as bizarre and variegated as our individual feelings, as if a nation were to leave behind ten million works of art from its birth to its demise.

The fact is clearly demonstrated by the dream we see, when the whole body is asleep.

Firstly, a dream is a state in which, while the whole body is asleep, the psychic power of certain parts of the cells is stimulated by something to wake up and become active. This state of consciousness of these awakened cells is reflected in the brain, and what remains in memory is what we call a “dream”.

For instance, when one falls asleep while swallowing undigested food, the cells in the stomach are still awake and laboring away…Oh, the pain! I can’t do it anymore. What is going to happen? Why are we subjected to

such atrocities?... When full of complaints, the unending, bitter, unsatisfied feelings expressed by the stomach cells are reflected in the brain as a single thought. Now we see the hero of our story in prison for a crime they did not commit, heavily chained and forced to carry a stone more than they are heavy enough to carry, grunting and groaning as they work… or maybe, in a large earthquake, you are under the house, scratching the algae as you scream… Eventually, when the painful digestive work becomes easier, things become happier. And with that, the content of the thoughts and fantasies are reflected in the brain become easier… you feel like you are at the top of a mountain worshipping the sunrise, or skiing down a beautiful slope in one swoop.

At times, when one closes their eyes and think, “Oh, how I wish I could see her”, the man dreams of the sensual thrills, but unable to do so. Her image is symbolized by a beautiful flower, a bird, or a landscape, smiling down on him, but when trying to catch a glimpse, various obstacles appear, and in the end approaching becomes impossible. The natural phenomena of the prehistoric times that remained in the cellular memory appear in front of his eyes, and the view of the great mountains and cliffs where his ancestral primitive used to live can be seen. Feeling how the grandfather felt as a beggar and feeling lost, or the father swimming across the river with similar feelings. Or you become a monkey and cross the mountain, or a fish diving into the sea, and after a thousand hardships, finally…you may finally get a flower or a bird, and the first feeling of self-doubt sinks in. The dream ends, and you wake up.

In bed-wetting, one dreams of the great floods of the prehistoric times. In a stuffy nose, one can dream of the agonies of boyhood, to a time when one almost drowned. And so on… the hand, the foot, an organ, a piece of skin, or any part of the body. When the whole body is asleep, the cell that is awakened by some kind of stimulus are surely conjuring, fantasizing, and deluding on an object worthy of that stimulus…they dream of something. In other words, the cellular subject evokes scenes that correspond or resemble those feelings of that cell at the time, from the memories of the cells inherited from its ancestors at will, and superimposes them as it sees fit, while depicting them in the most serious and poignant manner. If the mood is insane or perverted, and there is no material in the image to express the corresponding feeling, the artist fills in the blank through conjuring up imaginary objects or scenery. In expressing fear or anxiety peculiar to the cells within the human body, images of kitchen utensils slithering like earthworms and snakes are conjured up, or in expressing pain, the artist draws a large tree dripping with fresh blood or a flower blooming in a flame, just like a person who does not know the true nature of mystery were to think of the angel with wings.

This is direct contrast to the waking state, governed and changed by the surroundings, whereas in the dream the moods change first. Then, as the mood changes, we follow the scene that fits one’s mood and make it change a million different ways, so that no matter how outlandish or inconsistent the changes may be, one does not feel the contradiction or

the unnaturalness of the scene. It is only natural that the impression one gets is more natural, serious, and poignant than the impression of reality.

In other words, a dream is a unique cellular at form that combines, without any logic and reason, a group of symbolic figures, object memories, hallucinations, and random thoughts that symbolize moods and feelings known only to the cell which is the protagonist of the dream, and that depicts the changing moods in an extremely clear manner.

> ◇**REMARKS**. The modern tendency of various art movements in the Western countries is gradually approaching the expression of dreams by trying to express more painful and serious moods than the conventional realistic or common-sense expression method, through meaningless or fragmentary color sounds or the combining of outlandish scenic objects.

The nature of dreams is that they are reflections of the contents of the cell's consciousness in the brain as the cell develops, divides, and multiplied, as explained above. Now, the reason why time we perceive in the dream does not correspond to actual time will be explained. In other words, the general public believes that time indicated by clocks and the sun dictates the true time, which causes a great illusion and makes them surprised and amazed at the strict scientific judgement.

According to modern medicine, the standard is a minute, about 18 of an ordinary person's calm breathing or 70 times the pulse rate. Sixty times of that equals an hour, twenty-four times equals a day, and three hundred sixty-six becomes a year. At the same time, a year corresponds to the time it takes the earth to circle the sun, and so, the time indicated by clocks manufactured by reputable companies is the same for all people. This is, however, nothing more than artificial time, and true time is not like that. Proof of this is when each individual uses the same length of artificial time separately, there is a great difference.

For an example, there is an astonishing difference in the length of an hour measured by the same clock between an hour spent reading a novel and an hour spent idly waiting for the train at the station. The length on an item measured by a bamboo ruler cannot appear the same for everyone. Or, if one compares a minute of being under water and a minute chatting, it's only half a thought, and it is an undeniable fact that the former feels agonizingly long, while the latter does not even feel as long as a moment.

To go one step further, let us assume that a dead person still senses the passage of time through their senseless senses. They must feel that a second and a hundred million years are oof the same length. And perhaps, since such a feeling must be the true feeling after death, that is, a hundred million years are included in a second, and the length of the universe can be felt within a second. The infinite time that flows

through the infinite universe is nothing more than an extreme illusion, that is, something as still as an arrow and as fast as a stone in the midst of the infinite truth.

True time is different from the artificial time we know. Rather, it is something that stand still and flows with infinite elasticity and flexibility, simultaneously and separately, to each and every sense of all infinite and limitless life, without any relation to the operations of the sun, the earth, or any celestial body, or to the rotation of the hands of a clock… it is here that we understand that the heart of the universe if the heart of life.

Next, in comparing the length of life on earth, there are plants that thrive for centuries, large animals living for more than a hundred years, and microorganism that are born and die in a matter of minutes or seconds; in general, the smaller the life form, the shorter the life span. The same is true for cells. If we take the average of the long and short life spans of the cells and compare it to the length of the entire lifespan of a human life, we can assume that there is a difference between the life of a nation and the life of an individual. However, the length of the life of each cell, long or short, as perceived subjectively is the same; no matter if the time between birth and death is measured in a minute or a century in artificial time. The actual length of time felt while being born, growing up, reproduction, aging, and dying is the same length as a lifetime. How absurd and unnatural, even irrational, to try to give up on the pity of the infant born in the morning and dying in the evening by comparing it with the life of an insect which is also born in the morning and dies in the evening. It is nothing more than a tragicomedy that comes from confusing the inflexible artificial time with the infinitely elastic natural time.

All living things breathe, grow, reproduce, age, and die using the length of their lifetime as the length of their natural time, infinitely expandable and contractible. Similarly, no matter how short the life span of the cells that make up the human body may be measured in artificial time, the natural time in their possession must be infinite. Therefore, if the cells were to use the contents of their infinite memory and time to draw a dream in a frenzy, it would not be a problem in events of fifty to a hundred years in a single moment or a second. In the tale names, “The Handan Dream”, an ancient Chinese legend handed down in Japan… Lu Sheng dreamed of a dream of fifty years. The fact that Lu Sheng dreamed for fifty years as he was cooking a bowl of millet rice… it is a fact that there is nothing strange about it.

Through the above, we can understand how the spiritual power of a single cell is immense and infinite, especially how serious and immeasurable is the “power of memory of the cell” of a single cell. It can be affirmed that the “cellular memory” is a great work of the mind and body, simultaneously born and created, and, at the same time… What makes the

fetus do what it did… This paper may answer most of the questions on the existence of the fetal dream.

The fetus is in the mother's womb, completely insulated from the senses of the outside world, in a state of deep sleep. In this time, the cells of the fetus' entire body are actively dividing, reproducing, and evolving, all at once aspiring "to be human"…The fetus repeats the memories of the time when its ancestors evolved, and reflecting the scenes of that time in its consciousness one after another. As mentioned above, the fetus is completely shielded by the mother's womb from external stimuli, and at the same time, nursed in an extremely calm and smooth manner, so no need to think about anything else. All that is required is to single-mindedly follow a dream, "be human", and the content of that dream will change with extreme smoothness and precision. This is what makes them different from the unrestrained and freewheeling dreams of adults.

To explain in reverse, what creates the fetus is its dream, and what governs the dream is the cellular memory. This is the reason why the evolutionary processes that all fetuses go through in the mother's womb and the time required for this process is constant, and why the length of cellular memory or the fetal dream is constant, since the current human species evolved from a common ancestor. The fact that the "fetal dream" which should have lasted billions of years, can be seen in as little as ten months is not at all suspicious, considering the aforementioned cellular psychic ability. The reason of the time of the embryonic life is relatively short for animals with low level of evolution as it is easy to remember the evolution of such animals… Therefore, lower microorganisms that have not evolved in any way since the beginning of time have no fetal dream. It is easy to see why they divide and reproduce in an instant, just as their ancestors.

> ◇**REMARKS.** How serious and subtle is the fact that "cellular memory" and other cellular spiritual powers are, and how profoundly and subtly they influence the reincarnation of all living beings and control its destiny. Such a fact that it is felt on the reincarnation of one's children and the grandchildren, has been explained in various scriptures, originated from Egyptian monotheism of thousands of years ago. These religions that are still in existence in various parts of the world are superstitious remnants of rituals and methods that are taught to uncivilized peoples through the dressing up of scientific considerations. I would therefore like to add that the existence of the dream of the unborn is not a new theory.

In describing the contents of the fetal dream, which we do not remember, what would it be in general?

This can be inferred by considering the above-mentioned items, but for the sake of reference, I would like to explain my own guesses as follows.

Of all dreams of the ancestral evolution that a human fetus comes to see in the mother's womb, the foremost must be the nightmare.

The reason is that in the process of the evolution to the current level, the human animals have no horn like an ox, claws and fangs like a tiger, wings like a bird, protective colors like a fish, poison like an insect, shells like any shellfish, or any other natural tools for self-defense or attack. Although much weaker, harmless, non-toxic, and featureless compared to other animals, humans are exposed to the fierce competition for survival and has fought against all kinds of terrible natural disasters and evolved into the most advanced animals we know today. At that point, they must have experienced the pain of the survival competition and the persecution of the natural selection to an almost incomparable degree to other animals, and these memories of hardships and sufferings must be so limitless that one could hardly breathe. The hardships of the fetus, growing slowly and gradually, while dreaming clearly… of the serious memories of their ancestors of the same sex, belonging to their past, of hundreds of millions of years, and feeling them for the same length of time as the facts, are beyond the reach of the short, shallow graves of hardship that the parents undergo on earth.

Soon after the single cell, that seed of the human being, takes the form of the microorganism, that common ancestor of all living things, and attaches itself to a point on the inner wall of the uterus, it begins to dream of floating in warm water, together with countless other microorganisms of the same species, in the same form it had hundreds of millions of years ago. Each and every one of the innumerable and infinite swarms of microorganisms, with their transparent bodies absorbing and reflecting the intense light of the sky, emitting the seven colors of the rainbows, or scattering gold and silver glints, floating, turning, and swinging aimlessly, enjoying the freedom of the first life on earth, and at the boldness of the moment, and the joy of it. The joy of it. That beauty… before we can think of it, the slightest change in the water we live in come upon us in the form of an unspeakable agony. As you watched the hordes of your friends perish, you would think to run away, but the whole body is tied in agony. Try to run away, only to be bound by the pain that envelops my entire body and cannot move. Thinking of such agony, that unbearable… torment, finally passes, the sun of the beginning of time follows like a fire, and the light of the moon penetrates like ice. The wind blows one into the void, or the rain sends one plummeting into the abyss of nothingness. Tossed around in the world of unimaginable horror and anguish, not knowing life or death… the want to be sturdy, even if for a moment. As the body fights in agony to become a body that can withstand both the cold and the heat… the cells gradually divide and grow until they become the form of a fish, the ancestor to the next human being; for the fish as skin

that can endure the heat and cold, scales, fins, and a tail to swim around, mouth and eyes, and nerves to judge things, all in an amazingly advanced form…Thank you, but I have nothing else to say of this. To see as creature as witty as me… strolling along the edge of the beach, and seeing a fish thousands of times larger than you, coming after you with large hands that seem to cover the skies. Run to a forest of seaweed to catch one's breath, but one is saved. And the next time one tries to lift one's head, a pair of sea scorpion shears, dozens of times larger than the previous ones, will be in front of one's nose. Trying to flee, a trilobite, looking like the cloud, cloaked you from behind. A sea anemone flashed its poisonous spears from the side. Barely alive, you escaped between them, and ducked under a pebble…oh God. Such a shameful thing. One can't live in peace at this rate. The fellow creatures that evolved with you are so disturbed that they wrap their bodies in hard shells or stick their arms and legs out from between rocks, but one is no longer willing to go and stay in the dark, heavy water. Rather be on the land soon. Rather jump freely in the light bright air…Praying very hard, and thanks to that, one is able to crawl onto land like a three-eyed reptile.

…How exciting…. No sooner had I done that… a massive earthquake, a volcanic eruption, and a tidal wave swirled from all directions, obliterating the world. The sea boils like hot water, and there is no escape. The suffocating sensation of bouncing around breathlessly on the scorching sands. That feeling of impatience… how it passes, and next thing, one is under the toes of a mountain of iguanodons. Flying of the wings of the plethodon. Being put on the spectral beak of the archaeopteryx. Cannot help it. Cannot do it. The people we evolved with, with stings all over their bodies, imitating the colors and shapes of their neighbors, wearing shells and blows poison, could be more righteous and uninhibited, ever so gentle, and still stuck in hell, instead of doing such a one-wheeled, cowardly and ungainly thing. Hiding among the stones and trying to think under one's breath, and one of the parietal hole on the top of the head disappeared, now, taking the form of a two-eyed monkey, capable of leaping from tree to tree.

…Oh, that is all accounted for. You should be fine, One's first time to see a snake, how surprised to see a heavy drinker coming up from behind. Running away, a large eagle comes to kick one down from over the head. Just when one thinks one has escaped through the branched, lice swarm from the body, and leeches come to suckle. While one cannot be on guard whether one is asleep or awake, a great thunderstorm, a tornado, a blizzard and snowfall will cover the skies, and will drive one mad to the point of death on the ground where tress and grass have been shattered…Oh, the sadness! One can't stand it. Nothing wrong has been done, so why suffer such atrocities? One prays… somehow to be a great person to see these calamities with a peace of mind… One pokes their head into the hollow of a tree, praying with heart pounding, and like that, the tail fell off and now one become the human form.

…Very happy. How thankful. One thinks they would now live in paradise, but the dream is not yet over. On taking the human form, the nightmares begin on being human.

Human ancestors of the fetus have accumulated an infinite number of sins, large and small, directly or indirectly causing suffering to others on the reason of survival among themselves, that cruel and cowardly animal psychology inherited from the original humans and various other selfish desires. This bloody and suffocating memories are reproduced in front of the eyes of the fetus, one by one, on the form of its present subjectivity. That part where one murders their lord and seized his castle….where he committed seppuku against his loyal retainers and watched him like a snack… the part where one poisoned the wife and the young lord and forced the grandson to take the place… where she crushed his sick husband to death and played with his avenging man… where they crushed the newly born bastard to death…. The pleasure of hanging the wife's daughter-in-law in a wet garment… the pleasure of plunging the hated stepson down a well…. The fun of tormented the daughter with many others… the pride of making a man kill himself due to a broken heart… the disturbing nature of gathering boys and girls and abusing them…. the joy of spending your precious money and throwing it away. The seriousness of homosexuality… the deliciousness of the human flesh…. Experimentation with poisons… the betrayal… cutting… torture of the weak…. Various kinds of scenes become dreams in your eyes, shifting and changing in a jittery manner. The crimes of the fetus concealed, or the secrets that it has died without being able to tell anyone else; appearing one after the other as bloody faces, headless bodies, hair in the well, daggers under the ceiling, white bones from the bottom of the swamp. Each time, the fetus is startled, making nightmares, and in agony, moves its arms and legs jerkily in the womb.

In this manner, the fetus dreamed all the way to the generation of its parents, and when there are no more dreams to see, it falls to a quiet sleep. The mother begins to have contractions, and the fetus is pushed out of the womb. Air suddenly enters the lungs and organs of this fetus. At that moment, those dreams of the past escape into the depths of the subconscious, and a completely different, superficial, intense, and painful, awareness of reality pervades the entire body. Surprised by the nightmare, it begins to cry messily. In this manner, the fetus… now is exposed to the unlimited love of the parents, and now dreams a peaceful, human dream. And now they are awakened to reality and now creates a continuation of the "fetus's dream."

A baby with no memory of their life suddenly cries out in their sleep, or perhaps even smiles as if remembering something, is seeing remnants of this "fetal dream: left behind from the mother's womb. There must be a dream during the embryonic period that explains the cause of a birth defect or a mental defect. When one finds the so-called "demonic fetus" in which only bones remain in the womb, or only the hair and teeth, must

be due to the dream of being aborted for some reason. Or it developed into a drama too much for the fetus to handle.

——*End*——

FIRST AND LAST TESTAMENT

——*The night of Taishō 15 (1926), the 19th of October*

——*Memoirs of a Crazy Doctor*

Well, well. If you are far away, look through a telescope. If you are near, come closer and look through a microscope. I am the “who” who has earned the reputation of the mad doctor of the Department of Psychiatry of the Kyūshū Imperial University. I am here to present a will and testament unparalleled in the history of mankind, in the hope that it may strike back the brains of those who have common sense, and perhaps decide who is the greater fool, the reader or the writer… Those who think that I am a man of common sense, I’ll spit at their eyebrows and meet them…

…I tried to write it out, but there seems to be no way to do so.

…It shouldn’t be. Currently, I am sitting at my swivel chair in front of my table in the upper-level professor’s office in the main building of Kyūshū Imperial University’s Department of Psychiatry; a bottle of whiskey close at hand and a fountain pen held at an angle, staring at several sheets of ruled Western-style paper. The electric clock above my head read 10 p.m., purple smoke wafts from the cigar, which I hold in my mouth. I’m not sure I’ll be able to do it. Perhaps you would not think of me as someone who will be dead by tomorrow… Ahahaha…

I am always in the habit of having to go above and beyond the norm to have my fill. I pity the people with common sense who recognize me as a lunatic.

From here… I have no idea where to start, but here it is… after all, this is the first and only time I’ll ever write a will.

I’ll be imitating ordinary people here and write with common sense… first of all, I will clarify my motive for suicide.

I can assure you that my motive relates of a lovely girl… that I can assure… Ahem. Please don’t laugh.

This girl is so beautiful that it would be simpler to stop after writing a dozen lines. Even if you were to pull out all the handkerchief top boxes, cosmetic labels, women’s magazine covers, costume shop advertising dolls, beer stores, department store posters, anything else in the world… if you were to go to all the cinema studios of the United States or in Europe, you will only find a waste of time and money. So pure, so painfully fragrant, so creepy… Ahahahahaha. I’ll leave it at that. I’m so old that I’ve been elbowed by such a beautiful woman, and I’ve seen the world for what it is, but don’t worry about it. What I am trying to hide is that this girl was removed from the human family register about half a year ago…

If such is the case, then there may be some people with common sense who will be quick to swallow….that the girl is dead, but wait a moment…don’t

panic. The girl who now is crawling into the dead man's family register will soon bond with a beautiful boy, as good as she is, as beautiful as she is. And so their business in this world come to an end… then, some smart patient with dementia comes out and talks…then they'll go crazy and kill themselves. Likely they dreamed of a love scene between the dead beautiful girl and a live beautiful boy and went crazy… or so they might have thought.

…Thanks, I'm shocked. I did not know that a will is so difficult to write, that it was something to be written with such fervor. I am not quite sure what I am doing, but I will write it like an ode to the fact that a beautiful girl who passed away, and a beautiful boy who is still alive and well are actually kissing and embracing each other; the fundamental principle of spiritual science, which has been my lifelong project…what I mean is that the experiment which should be the conclusion of my research and publication named "psychogenetics" is about to be made.

Well, what do you think? Is there any other academic experiment that is as interesting and exciting as this? Ahahaha…

Well. Probably not… First is the reason of psychiatry, the basis of this experiment, a new invention unique to me,…psychiatry, my specialty, cannot be conducted on birds, beasts, or human corpses, unlike ordinary medicine or anything else. Bird and beast, like psychotic patients, are unsuitable as research materials as they are animalistic from the start, and dead humans have no souls for experimental materials. For material, we must use a human being, alive and vigorous, a correct and healthy spirit. A fine spirit suddenly goes mad, then gradually recover… It's a difficult task to study and record changes before and after the madness. In particular, the material I chose as the subject of my research, to name it in the manner of today's scholars, a complicated mixture of hereditary, homicidal paranoia, premature dementia, and perverted sexuality, nothing short of troublesome.

The person chosen as the material for such an experiment is not an easy person to deal with. I was so worried that if I was careless, I might get myself killed, so from the very start, I was determined to get with this experiment, but at last the heat of the experiment, it finally drove me to suicide. I still have a lot of time before I kill myself, so I'll calm myself down enough to leisurely wield my fountain pen against the purple smoke and the amber liquid.

Please take your time and read it. How easy to say will or testament or whatever. It is not any *namanda*, or an amen, or some regrettable ceremony. It's like a sideshow to a crazy doctor's crazy experiments. The smoke that remains is the seed of comedy… The wild and monstrous experiment on perverted sexual desires of a rare, beautiful boy and a beautiful girl, the center of my research, governed by some kind of principles of science, how strained and heated, how it almost exploded to shatter my entire life as an experimenter. The reverse side of this spontaneous combustion is gradually becoming clear to me…

The story begins some time back.

On a certain day in October this year, a certain newspaper in Fukuoka published a series of articles in the academic section, in which I wrote that “The Brain is Not a Thinking Place,” and I must say that I was astounded by the public’s reaction. I had known that “human are animals that are hardened by conceit and superstition,” but never have I thought that it was absurd until that moment. The people with common sense have tried to destroy by any means possible my ramblings, including newspapers, magazines, careful letters, and even more careful visits to me in person. Even more galling, even the professors, who were stroking their chins and twisting their beards with elegant faces in this university, where freedom of research is the motto, rose to their feet at once and said, “Take out that insane, arrogant, unscrupulous, and insane scholar; If not, I will throw him to the red bricks!” They did this banging on the desks and pressing the president.

Hearing this, even I, who scaled a thousand mountains and travelled thousands of seas, felt my buttocks sailing in the air. I had thought that the university was the only safe zone for academic research, but I was surprised! Fortunately, the president of the university, a man with the government-like quietness, got us out of this mess, and to this day, I have been able to enjoy it to this day; regardless, it’s quite a ridiculous story when you think of it. A person becoming a doctor or professor at a university must be an honorary or a research fanatic at the highest level. I can’t help but feel a little sick in the stomach when they take me, an honorary and research lunatic of the highest caliber, and call me crazy, without even thinking the shame of it. My good friend, Dean Wakabayashi, knows how much it hurt my stomach at that time.

“I can’t present my psycho-anatomy, psychophysiology, psychogenetic mysteries in such a way. That theory that mentally ill people are surer of their minds than that of ordinary people. Hahahaha…”

“I agree. Many people are unaware that nothing is more insulting to science than science.”

“How strange that those proud to hear that “Humans descended from the apes” are so upset when they are told that…. All of them are crazy. They are ignorant of the fact that humans came from apes; humans evolved from apes and are insane. They think in the opposite way. Wa-ha-ha-ha-ha…”

We’ve laughed together so much….

And so I withheld the publication of “The Theory of the Brain” that I had ordered in order to make corrections and additions. And now, half a year has passed, and I have burned all the manuscripts of such writings.

Why? No reason. Just bored of it.

Human culture is too stupid and childish to accept my research. I have been making black smoke for twenty years on such a big fact, and only know am I realizing how stupid I am for continuing to make black smoke over such an extraordinary research. Or maybe perhaps it's my mental illness that is beginning to subside…ha ha… Among them the contents of my "Theory of the

However… I have decided to keep only the most delicious roast sirloin in this testament to the insane scholars who may come up with such research at the appropriate time. Among them, the contents of my "Theory of the Essence of the Brain", already ripped out by the newspapers, as you can see in the clippings inserted here. The details of my research on psychiatric anatomy and psychopathology are included in my thesis on "Dream of a Fetus" which I have submitted to the University as my graduation thesis twenty years ago. I would like to write on the relationship between the "psychogenetics" and the "Madman Liberation Therapy".

If you have read this along with the previous newspaper articles and the one on fetal dreams, you will clearly see that the aforementioned mysterious experiment using beautiful boys and girls… ended in both unprecedented success and abject failure on Taishō 15 (1926), the 19th of October, at noon. The activities of the scientific principles of spiritual science will be revealed in clear and unmistakable detail. At the same time, the best of modern culture, common sense and academic knowledge, will be reduced to dust, leaving nothing but empty skulls… such is the reason…

…Oh…by the way. I think I'll lose a little bit here and there and light my extinguished cigar….To tell the truth, I like it a lot. Even as I lived in poverty, I never missed out on this and alcohol…I've reached the point where I'm going to have several before I die, so please give me a break. Hahahaha…

Sorry to have kept you waiting…well…it seems that everyone who has seen my "Treatment Center for the Liberation of Madmen:, the direct cause of my going to paradise, thinks of it as nothing more than a place for lunatics to take a stroll. Some of them read the article and nodded in agreement, but soon afterward, they'd say, "How nice. This way, the lunatics won't get too excited." Or "Haha. A kind of light therapy." Interesting to note that not a single one of them has been able to discern the true nature of this experiment. No. The secret is that I have been working on this in the classroom. The secret have never been divulged to even the assistants or the assistants working in the classroom, and they only know that it seems to be a very noble experiment… but in fact, it's very simple… an interesting one, nonetheless. The name of "Liberation Therapy" is nothing more than a fancy name for the world's sake.

The experiment is nothing more than a field test of the paper of “Dream of a Fetus” which I wrote when I graduated from the Fukuoka Medical College, the predecessor of this University.

The examples I laid out in “Dream of a Fetus”, however, are some of the most common kinds of psychological heredity, such as the desire to eat, sleep, play, fight, and win, common to all humans, but what I am studying here are more in-depth, unique to each individual, something extreme and bizarre, so mysterious, so sharp, so grotesque, so bizarre, so poisonous, so evil… even the fashionable freaks and detectives can’t even come close, so I’s like to see it. Too easy for you. Let me show you…

Well, well, come one, come all! A specimen of causalities of living souls never seen anywhere in the world, a ghost in the daytime, monster in the midday, a thrrrrrobbing scientific experiment, this!... The fee is ten cents for adults, half price for small children, and free for the blind…A!... Don’t push too hard. The madmen will laugh at you. Be quiet now! Be quiet!...

…Ahem…

The following is a natural color, floating, and vocalization film on the Madman Liberation Therapy center established by Dr. Masaki, professor of the Department of Psychiatry, Faculty of Medicine, Kyūshū Imperial University, behind the main building of the Department of Psychiatry. The machine that will project the movie is made by Dr. Tanishi of the Department of Ophthalmology and Professor Kanatsubo of the Department of Otolaryngology in cooperation with Dr. Masaki at the Faculty of Medicine, Kyūshū Imperial University, for medicine research purposes. I hope you will find that there is not the slightest difference between the… screen and the real thing, nothing compared to a talkie.

First… it opens with a full view of the Kyūshū Imperial University and the Faculty of Medicine on the screen.

As you can see, the entire area inside and outside the campus of the University is covered in greenery and rows of pine groves, and the shabby blue-painted, two-story, Western-style building at the western end of the campus, seen below two chimneys, is the main building of the Department of Psychiatry, where the mad doctor, Dr. Masaki, resides… The plane carrying the camera and the operator will descend gradually and land on the south window ledge of the professor’s office on the upper floor of the main building of the psychiatry department. Looks like a dragonfly or some fly… anyways, let’s say it is 9 a.m. on Taishō 15 (1926), the 19th of October.

The red-brick walls surrounding the liberation therapy center are at least a foot and a half high. The square flat areas surrounded by this wall are made entirely of quartz sand, white and unique to the area, therefore, the cleanest of all. There are five paulownia trees have been standing in the middle of the square with yellow dead leaves all over them, and have become part of the courtyard of the main building, but

since the ground was leveled for the opening of the liberation therapy center, showing a marked decline in appearance. It is possible that the paulownia tree may have been enclosed in such an unexpected place, and this may have caused the mental illness, but we are still unable to make a diagnosis…Please visit for more information.

There is only one entrance to the treatment room on the east side near the hospital rooms, also serving as a passageway to the lavatory, and through a small, long, horizontal hole cut in the side of the entrance door, you can see a huge, dark-skinned man in a black uniform and cap peering into the room with cold eyes day and night; it's as if the place is a huge magic box set in a green wave.

The white sand at the bottom of this magic box is shining with the light of the blue sky, and black figures are standing or sitting on the white sand. One person… two people… three people… four people… five people… six people… for convenience, there are ten people.

These are the madmen governed by the principles of psychogenetics, a continuation of "fetal dreams" extracted from Dr. Masaki's "Theory on the Essence of the Brain"… Moreover, after three hours…, Taishō 15 (1926), the 19th of October, noon, a shot rang from Odaiba across the sea, and, serving as a signal, an unexpectedly wonderful psychogenetic tragedy occurred among these ten madmen. The phenomenon, a harbinger of such catastrophe is visible in this liberation therapy center. I hope you will stop and observe every move of these lunatics in detail.

For the convenience of detailed observation, I will show to you a close-up of each of the ten madmen.

One, I present this gray-haired old man working hard beside the brick wall on the west side of this place. As you can see, he is currently plowing two and a half rows of a long field parallel to the brick wall with a hoe on each hand. Notice that his arms and shins are white and smooth, and not so much as a wrinkle around his neck, as is typical of old workers. In fact, he does not seem to have any experience in this kind of peasant work. Oh, but observe also his palm! You can't see it clearly, but you can see black stains streaked all over the handle of the hoe. It's blood seeping from torn parts of this palm. And yet… the old man keeps on mowing, unyielding, showing how brutal and cruel Dr. Masaki's experiments were.

Two, the young man next to him watching the old man. As you can see, he is wearing a black cotton kimono and an old white cotton belt, hair brushed back in a dazzling fashion. He looks a bit old, but look closely, and you will see that he is at least around twenty years old. Perhaps as this is the first time he came out in a long time, his skin is white as a woman's, and he looks on at the old man wielding the how with a smile on his flushed cheeks. Looking at expression alone, you would think that this is a normal person, but make no mistake and take a closer look. The purity of the eyes and the light of the pupils…clear and serene as like a princess looking through deep windows. This is a characteristic certain psychopaths exhibit before they come to their

senses or shortly before a bout of seizures; it is particularly difficult to distinguish between true or false insanity, something which Dr. Masaki have been working on.

Three, move your lens closer to this girl seated in the back behind the old man and the young man. Ghostly pale, barren, freckled face and reddish-brown hair tied in a bun. She stands on the edge of the garden that the old man created, and with delicate hands she plants all kinds of things: paulownia leaves, dead pine branches, pieces of bamboo, roof tiles, and grass… heaven knows where she found these. The fields are made of smooth white sand, so if one were careless, the bamboo will fall, but we have taken great care to keep them upright. Oh, you may think that one should just shove them into the sand without going through all the trouble… that is, however amateurish thinking, if I may say do with due respect…This girl believes that a piece of roof tile or a piece of straw, or a stick of bamboo is still an ordinary flower or seedling, and so treats them gently. She covers the roots with sands as if it were so important… when the bamboo sticks she took care off fall over a couple of times, she throws a tantrum… and then goes back to her soft grassy seedlings. The actuality that bamboo sticks are a great more durable! How hard to imagine that a delicate, slender arm could produce such terrible, unimaginable strength! The truth is, most human beings, even the gentlest of ladies, are capable of such power…The implication that human beings are elegant and weak… in comparison to animal, most especially women, are built from the ancestors of the previous generations. When one has a mental breakdown or encounter a major crisis, like earthquake or fire, the suggestion is temporarily broken and we return to one's original strength, as this girl is currently proving. I humbly apologize for going into such a tangent, but this is an example that proves Dr. Masaki's "psychological heredity" in reverse, and so I ass here as a special mention.

Fourth is a small man with a chestnut head, wearing a torn morning coat, making a speech to the red-brick wall on the east side, directly opposite where the old man, the young man, and the girl was standing.

"…Daruma is said to be the ear of the bear of Shaolin after nine years on the wall. Therefore, I too have been working for nine years on my speech to break through the political system of paint and glue, and to bring all inequalities to a level…in the coming era of universal suffrage… that is to say… I…"

He raised his hand high and moves it from side to side as if trying to remember something.

Behind him, a strange-looking woman pass by. A middle-aged woman, with a vulgar and shabby face, mud smeared all over her face, what is supposed to be make-up. She, bear-footed, wears a kimono with a long, tattered sash, but who made it for her? Well, whoever it was placed a crown-shaped object made of cardboard, painted in red ink on the top of her head, and she stress back and forth and side to side while leaning

forward to prevent it from falling, and she acts as if she were a queen; a bizarre scene, indeed!

That bearded man kneeling down at the base of a paulownia tree as she passes by is the principal of a certain elementary school in Nagasaki. On admission to the hospital, she carved a sacred image on a piece of brick or a roof tile and had the patients in the same room worship it. Now he cries tears of joy and thirst believing that this madwoman posing as a queen is the return of the Virgin Mary.

The girl with drooping hair, jumping around the kneeling man, is a second-year student at an all-girls high school. Originally shy and melancholic, she developed something called premature dementia as she displays great talent in the arts. As a result of this disease, her personality completely changed. On admission to the hospital, when Dr. Masaki asked her name, she answered, "I am the dancing lunatic….Anna Pavlova." Observe as she dances around while singing her own composition!

When I look at the blue skies

White skies are high

And black clouds are low

We are in such good terms

I'll fly away in a cloudless sky

Fuurarafuurararuuuuuurara….

I'll fly alongside you

I'll walk alongside you

But I bumped into a red-red wall

Fuurarafuurararuuuuuurara….

Fuurarafuurararuuuuuurara….

Also observe the two men in their 40s, both craftsmen, walking back and forth in a direction perpendicular to the elderly woman in front of them, shoulder to shoulder in an intimate manner. The man on the right is on a tour of Tōkyō, the on the left is currently on an expedition toward the South Pole.

And we come to the fat old lady sitting by the entrance, looking as if she were from a respectable family, you can tell from the elegant pattern of her kimono, but she does not seem to don it, instead looking as if she were from the ghettos, trying hard to catch, squash, and pinch off the lice that aren't there…Then, suddenly, she undoes her *obi*, strips naked, and starts to flap her kimono, making loud noises, and in response to that, the orator, the two

craftsmen, and the schoolgirl stop their psychogenetic seizures and begin to point, stare, and hold their stomachs.

Now, I am sure you that have watched every move of these lunatics I projected… surely you are surprised by the sight of it.

"…Well, I'm not quite sure… that is. It's the common madman, isn't it? This is not limited to this liberation center. Such scenes can be seen in a mental asylum's walk-in hall. In something called a liberation center for the insane, I had expected hundreds or thousands of lunatics acting as crazy as possible, in the vastness of the place, but this is nothing like the sights I have seen. For one, I have no clue on psychogenetics."

…such are what will be said…for sure there will be disappointment, scorn, and so much, but please don't be in such a hurry. There used to be so many people in these experiments of Dr. Masaki, if one could explain the psychogenetic conditions of a few of these people are produced by psychogenetic means, all causes of all kinds of mental abnormalities in the world will be known… These ten psychotic patients are the most representative of the mental disorders out of the millions of lunatics on the face of the earth…based on Dr. Masaki's psychological genetic principles of the past twenty years of his research. They can be said to be world-class specimens that emerged to prove his principles, which he researched for twenty years.

I would like to introduce this grey-haired old man who is working in the fields in front of the brick wall from the very front.

The name of this old man is Hachimaki Gisaku. His ancestor five generations before him, that is, Gisaku's great-great-great-grandfather, was a famous wealthy farmer in the Torikai Village under the rule of Fukuoka, named Giju. Giju was born left-handed, but a man of great physical strength and vigor. A man of great ambition, in his lifetime, built a large family with a single how and given the surname Hachimaki and a sword belt by the feudal lord Kuroda.

If you were to ask why he was given such a strange surname as "Hachimaki", that was originally his nickname as a youth, as he wore a *hachimaki (a Japanese headband, usually of white and red cloth, usually featuring a kanji design)* around his forehead when he worked in the fields as he did not want to waste time wiping sweat. From dawn to dusk, he would rest only once… in the castle tower of Maizuru Castle in Fukuoka… at the stroke of noon, he'd hear the beating of the drums, and immediately following that he would throw away his hoe and go under the shade of a tree or under the eaves of a nearby bank or meadow with his *bento* ready. And then about half an hour has passed… maybe an hour. He was a man of great courage, for he would take a nap and then wake with a start and not at all rest until the sun had set and could no longer see his hand…Perhaps this man had a sort of paranoid nature. The white, horizontal traces of a scroll on his reddish-black forehead did not disappear even after he breathed his last. Appearing before the lord, he never took it off, and a panicked person at his side told him to take it off; the lord was quite happy, though, and gave him that surname, an honorable headband indeed.

Things have changed, however, and when Giuemon Hachimaki became the 5th generation Gisaku's grandfather, his honored *hachimaki* is lost as well as the left-handedness, and in his age, he has become nothing more than a craftsman at a famous Hakata (an old name for Fukuoka) brush shop. As a result, he suffered a mental breakdown and was taken into this university about a week ago. How pitiful!

Something strange occurred, however. Not long after he was admitted to be investigated for his insanity, that is, the content of his psychic heredity, he found something at the corner of the liberation therapy center. It was a hoe left behind by an errand boy who had just killed a snake, and immediately he began to imitate his ancestor. He does not wear the *hachimaki* but observe this; that he was not wiped off his sweat from the very beginning. As soon as he heard the gunshot that signaled the time of 12 o'clock, he threw down his hoe, went back to the hospital room, quickly ate his meal, and lay down in bed. Once asleep, he would be so tired that he would be on the night boat (idiom for deep sleep) until the next morning,, possibly due to fatigue. In his dreams, he is possibly becoming Giju, his great-great-grandfather, and he makes a big meal.

….This is the first example of psychogenetics…Raise your hands if you have any questions.

Next, I would like to introduce this small man in the torn morning gown, in front of the room, facing the brick wall making a speech. The right hand waving in the air, the left holding something in a supportive pose, and the words he uses in his speech are all useful references.

"…This is the greatest barrier that lies in the way forward for our Empire. If today's ideology of paint-by-numbers and politics of glue, the unity of the people will be like a mud wall without cut straw, doomed to crumble and fall in the future because of the wind and rain of foreign ideology…"

What do you think? As you have heard, the word "wall" or words related to that word appear in this speech of Doctor *Flock*. What I mean to say, this man's maternal grandfather was a plasterer for the Kuroda clan… I don't wish to jest. No, this is not a *rakugo* tale, but the story of a plasterer, the grandfather, working on the tower of Fukuoka Castle one day and slipped and fell to his death; his grandfather was proud of his lightness in all things, and when he was replastering the roof of the tower, even the lord saw his feats through some telescope. Even in normal days, he had a habit of working with very simple footholds, and even completing his work quickly, he was always miraculously able to save his life, even if many times he cheated death due to making a wrong foothold or got caught in the middle of a foothold.

When he was about as old as I was, climbing again to the top of the roof of the castle, under the lord's distant vision, he carelessly turned his behind towards him. The official, then, looking from below, in a loud voice, said, "Be mindful! You can be seen from the main palace!" He must have stiffened from the unnecessary warning, as suddenly, his foot slipped and he fell down several feet of stone wall, becoming fine dust. Since then, the job of plastering ceasing to become a family business; terrible thing is, the blood passed unto this man all the way to his daughter. Up to his junior high school days, this

man often had the habit of waking up in the middle of the night and screaming for help. When asked what's wrong, he would say, "I felt like I was falling from a high roof or a cloud… strange, isn't it?" What a strange example of psychological heredity, that even in wild fits of reoccupation, which are nothing in the eyes of ordinary people, that memory of a moment of terror through the eyes of the ancestor that they experienced is replayed… No, this is not limited to this man who gave that speech! It is no wonder that we sometimes feel as if we've fallen from a great height and woken up from our sleep. There is no doubt that those lurid and pathetic memories of "Uh Oh!" or "I'm gonna die" moments; we have all experienced at least once or twice, whether from our parents or grandparents, these are a psychogenetic reproduction that has been passed down to our descendants.

Any questions so far?...

Allow me to introduce once more the elderly woman with the cardboard crown on her head going back and forth. As you can see, from the degree of the crisscross on her crest that she is a daughter of a townsman, being sold to a *geisha*, but she was a good earner, and was soon able to redeem debts with a young banker. The banker's parents, however, old-fashioned and stubborn, did not allow her to become his legal wife on the grounds of "different social status". Disappointed, she, once at a banquet, dared to say to a new guest, "You dare point a cup of sake… to a concubine?!", then knocking away the sake cup from that person and broke the *shamisen*…finally, she was brought to this hospital room, this owner of such a painful romance. However unthinkable, in these times of new ideas, unlike in the past, especially as an adulterer, it may seem to be very narrow-minded to be upset over something as trivial as that, but such is the horror of psychogenetics; the terrible thing about "psychological heredity", and you can see from her attitude on becoming ill that the phrase "different social status" dealt a deeper blow to her than her pride. As you can observe, she is very discerning and very elegant, from the posture to eye contact to her gait resembling that of an upper-class noblewoman. Meaning, through her mental abnormalities, we have come to observe that her family lineage was the from the Nabeto court of Kyōto before the Meiji Restoration… Her family name is Kiyogawagen, not a typical name for a merchant. Meaning, before she was ill, she was like any normal townhouse girl, in tune with the customs of her environment, but on developing that disorder, she had forgotten all such customs developed in the last 12 generations and retain the spirit of the ancestral *Dōjō-gata* (people who shaped the Imperial Court in the early modern period).

…Alright… You have a question? Please do so….

…Ohh…Uh huh… I understand…Yes, very true…I understand very well… In other words, "psychogenetics" is just that… or that Dr. Masaki is merely making a fuss, with his life on the line… just for the sake of research.

…How grateful I am for that question! Knowing that such a question would probably come up, the editor of this film has taken the liberty of showing Dr. Masaki himself, the founder of psychogenetics, now on the screen in front of you, and at the same time, he shall give a lecture on the question you have just asked… When Dr. Masaki, more famous than Albert Einstein and Eugen

Steinach, known as the mad doctor of Kyūshū, appears on screen, I hope you will give him a thunderous applause. Dr. Masaki himself was a great applauder and had great pleasure in having students clap for him during lectures…What?...He can't hear you clapping from inside the screen?… Ahaha. That is quite reasonable… but how strange as he can hear it. Evidence over theory… look closely and you will know… spit on your brow and take a look, and the mechanism of origin will be seen… ahem ahem…

…Ummm…This is Dr. Masaki Keishi, a professor of psychiatry at the famous Kyūshū Imperial University, and a Doctor of Medicine. The background is a bold image of the auditorium of the main building of the Department of Psychiatry, and he is wearing a white medical uniform, the exact representation of the way he would appear in a normal lecture.

As you can see, he is a dark-colored small man of around 5'1'' tall, having a round sesame salt head trimmed so short that it shines, a large pair of shiny pince-nez on his nose, sharp eyes deeply sunken, a large mouth perfectly set horizontally with the pince-nez. He stands in front of the table with a skeleton-like expression on his face, looks around, and then smiles with dentures peeking out…

…Thank you thank you….oh, don't be so funny…Well…A question…what is it? Hahaa. Is the person explaining me and Dr. Masaki on the screen the same person or different…?

Ahahahahaha. What a failure… I'll leave immediately and the me in the screen… no. I will let Dr. Masaki explain. *[Explainer disappears]*

[Dr. Masaki on the projection screen, vocalizing according to his gestures]

…Ahem… Ohon...

…I am honored and most satisfied to see you, newcomers of the world, from the silver screen.

You are people of the common sense who yearns in the world of the insane. Nowadays, social conventions, superstitions on science, foreign imitations, and dead moral values are still frozen cold in every corner of the earth…where trains, steamships, automobiles, and airplanes are flying overhead. I'm tired of the so-called common sense of the modern society, full of change, vigorous and unrestrained, longing for the expression of the truth of life itself… In other words, with eyes shining with overflowing curiosity, on seeing my lifelong research project, the experiment of "psychogenetics", you will not understand a shred of it. You have no difficulty in confirming the fact that the average mentally ill person is a person under the control of whatever force that is doing what he is doing... Not only that, but your curiosity is not satisfied with that, and you keep asking questions… "Is that all there is to psychogenetics?" …you ask… My response is simply that your brains are as fast as my research of 20 years…no…more lucid than the speed of Dr. Masaki's head… no…thank you. Too early to applaud…in this regard, I express my deepest respect and gratitude.

…What is there to hide? My “psychogenetics” only appear in psychotic people in such a way, there is nothing to be surprised or worried about. The research I described may be eye-opening for those tadpole scientists out there, but to me, the mad doctor, it is a discovery that makes me feel like a beggar on a crawlspace.

The first reason why I advocate this horror of “psychogenetics” so loudly and quickly is because I can prove that this does not appear only on mentally ill people. Rather… it can appear on ordinary people, that is, you and me.

…What… A question… no. I know the question…. It is hard to tell the difference between the mentally ill and normal people. “An awful thing to say” …I say.

…From the standpoint of a genuine scientist, there is no other reply than “there is” to such a ridiculous story, which is troubling. Not as bad as the psychotic ones. In our… mental life…that of course includes you…we have amazing psychogenetics that is no different from the mentally ill…even more so, it is active day and night, without a minute or a second’s pause…it is troubling as it appears as a dream even while we sleep, vindictively controlling our minds. This is a problem as it is very often the case one’s own mind is not free to do as it pleases. This is the reason why we can’t avoid making a problem out of an endless supply of social articles in newspapers and magazines.

…This is a very mild example of psychogenetics, but quite a good example is a person who has the seven deadly sins, and the forty-eight vices is a good example of someone who, like a psychopath, can’t control one’s feelings; this I have discussed with a newspaper reporter. Moreover, even if others laugh at them, even they themselves feel the need to change their habits, and they cannot stop; this is due to the manifestation of psychogenetics which I’ve referred to….Crying when trying not to, getting angry, getting horny that one can’t help themselves. Cannot recover from the temporary mental bias, inherited from their ancestors… Personalities inherited, a sign of psychological heredity, already a problem.

In addition, there is no one who does not have some psychopathic tendencies, people in the hundreds or thousands, like obsessiveness, pessimism, horniness, moodiness, forgetfulness, nervousness, raving, madness, addiction, man-hunting, womanizing, and perverse psychology. There is no one who isn’t controlled by psychological heredity, which is why it is difficult.

This theory will become even clearer on reading my “Dream of a Fetus”, which I wrote many years ago; that which states that the human psyche or spirit is nothing more than an infinite collection of psychologies inherited from our animal and human ancestors. They then wrap these in human skin which dictates, “Do something and you’ll be laughed at” or “If you are caught, you’re in trouble”, and the top it with tapes of ethics, morality, laws and customs, and also decorate it with ribbons and labels of society, civility, status, and personality, and paint it with make-up and oil of “I am a gentlemen, therefore I am” “I am a lady, therefore I am” “Idiot! You are a human, therefore you are”, they who are so-called normal would say as they cut the wind with his shoulder walking on the road in broad daylight…such is the man of culture.

The packaging of these eye-catching cultural figures is always tense to prevent the contents of their low-grade, serious, and unrestrained psychological genetics from leaking. In their distress, they relax a little and make a face only with others, but sometimes, when they can no longer hold back, the wrapping breaks big. They throw tantrums, derailments, fights, killings, frauds, thievery, adultery, and other immoral acts; those who don't recover become psychopaths. Among the masses, riots, wars, evil thoughts, and decadent trends become the result of such psychogenetic exposure. Examples of these are probably shown to the point of disgust in the daily papers.

I dare say… you and I are living in the same psychological condition as the mentally ill. The inability to distinguish a normal person and a mentally ill person is the same as the inability to distinguish a person in prison and a person free. On the earth's surface is the "great liberation center for the lunatics", as has been since ancient times, and the one here in this University is a small model of it. Evidence of this, the patients in the treatment center are actively demonstrating their psychogenetics, convinced that "I am not crazy", like you and me…as such…

Hahahahaha…How are you getting on now? A little angry? Well…You didn't stand up….Well done well done. You're people of common sense. You are the representative of modern culture….huh?... What…? Not like that! Not listening from the beginning because I'm just a crazy doctor…?...Uha. You're afraid of this guy. You're no match for him if his common sense is that developed.

Very well. I am prepared to do so. The study of science is the realm of shamelessness, extreme rudeness. I will, by all means, poke out the red shame of you human beings and make you angry.

As anyone has experienced, when one's mind becomes a little foggy, various fantasies and hallucinations come to the surface one after another.

By the way, this fantasy of hallucination is nothing more than a ghost of psychogenetics. To explain it academically, perhaps the sympathetic reflex of the brain is fatigued and stiffened, and those who lost contact with reason, wisdom, and common sense, having no trace of various psychogenetics, start a selfish, self-indulgent, and pre-occupying activity in their sympathetic reflex of their whole body. ......At any rate, if you're a woman, you're sitting behind a screen, tugging at your laundry or something, thinking about the future, and before you know it, you're thinking about the most absurd things. ..... I shoplifted that ring from the department store and wondered if I had never found it. .....If my current husband died while he still had his fortune, I could have a very interesting life with such a nice man…. If I torture the hateful bastard to death like this…. Or dressed my mother in rodenticide, I'd feel quite better about myself… Having a heart-to-heart chat with such a cunning person… I might become a vampire…probably…. And the man, like a man, looks out the train window, stretching his legs for a long time…I wonder what it'd be like to slap his face… How wonderful it would be to set this town on fire from the wind. How painful it would be to stroke and slash that crowd. If you put a stick of dynamite in that china shop... if you break the shin of that policeman... if you throw the goldfish from that goldfish shop onto the train street...if I made such a young lady a concubine... if I put

that bank's safe in my pocket.... I'd be painting an outrageous scene right under the nose of that human being. And then, with a huff, they blush to themselves.

The brutality, fighting spirit, beastliness, and perverted psychology of our ancestors, which they have been patiently enduring without being able to resist the urge to do so, have been appearing in our consciousness in modern forms one after the other, and those who say that this is not true are either stone-deaf people with no introspection or, if they have, they have forgotten. The evidence for this can be seen in the fact that one of these dream walking psychoses was so agitated that it rose to the level of a mental aberration. Just as when one reads a rich scene in a novel and drools involuntarily as he or she describes such scenes in his or her consciousness, in the sick and tired sympathetic reflex function of a psychotic person, such a genetic mind is dream walking more intensely and seriously than the real feelings and emotions... and at the same time, since the other consciousness is almost completely canceled out, he or she becomes serious and carries out the dream walking consciousness as it is. Therefore, everything we do and everything we do will be in accordance with the feelings handed down to us from our ancestors. It is just like my own theory.

More than 3,000 years since then. The distance from here is 3,000 miles.

The Great Indian Bodhgaya, who entered nirvana, revealing the realities of the past, present, and future, told of “karma” under the bodhi tree. The karma of the parents is rewarded to the children…How nicee…. Ahahahahahahaha. Not written on the white bone. No need to throw money. This is the lecture on the latest and most cutting edge of modern science: psychology. It is the description of the horrific mental life experienced on a daily basis.

However, gentlemen. It’s too early to be surprised. The principles of psychology offer much more frightening, surprising, and astonishing facts.

I’m sure by now that you understood all that I have explained. The changing of human generations is like our going to sleep and waking up again. After a good night’s sleep, you would think that you will have forgotten the events of yesterday; but, when one gets up, almost unconsciously, the carpenter continues building the house he started yesterday, and the plasterer continues painting yesterday’s walls. Then again, I remembered yesterday, the events…I remember giving a ten-cent coin… or a pretty girl pass by here… as I did yesterday at that time, I look around and ponder.

The same for psychological heredity… the parent is the self of yesterday and the child is the self of tomorrow. The night is the time of the dark, and, unaware, an unmade-up form from which yesterday’s self emerges today’s self.

When people, men and women alike, are exposed to the so-called "suggestion" of a scene, an article, a time of year, or a weather condition that our ancestors once experienced such a mood or state of mind, they return to their old psychological state, just as carpenters and plasterers do today... Moreover, there are not one or two psychological states that have been inherited from our ancestors in such a way. Scenes, articles, and weather conditions that should serve as psychological suggestions are all over the place, and they continue to

stimulate our psychological genetics night and day, not stopping for a moment as long as our eyes can see or our ears can hear. The *konjin* (a kami associated with compass directions, changing position with the year, lunar month, and season) that ruled our lives is really the principles of “psychogenetics”. I will give you the proof…

Ahahahahaha. Don’t mistake this for Ōmoto’s divine pronouncement. It is an extremely mundane fact that we experience every day. Feelings are changing and changing from morning to night, and one is always in a frenzy...one is going to go out to see an activity, but on the way you suddenly got caught in a night stall at a fair...you run out of the house to prepare for a trip, but you get stuck in a library...I was a man who was getting ready for a trip, but I got stuck in a library... A comrade who likes you but hates you when you're about to get married... The reason why such a serious psychological change occurs so constantly, such as rejecting a job offer with a single postcard, which he found with his iron sandals, is because such a variety of suggestions, innumerable and limitless, are constantly dominating our psychogenetics, and the reason why we do not notice this to ourselves is that the constant change in the relationship between such suggestions and psychogenetics is so ephemeral, subtle, and unimaginable.

...By the way...what do you think, gentlemen? If we study the relationship between suggestion and psychogenetics more deeply and scientifically, don't you think it would be possible to play some interesting tricks? Just as in physics or chemistry experiments, don't you think it would be possible to make changes in other people's psyche as you wish?

A closer example, the human criminal mind is a very common case…. unexpectedly simulated by implications that seems trivial to the crime itself… for instance, upon staring at the tip of a pen with red ink, for no apparent reason comes the urge to stab it at the eyeballs of the photo of an actress next to you… staring at the blue sky or white wall, you feel brutality… hear a sound of the short wind, you feel like killing yourself with a dagger… on looking at the fog out the window, you want to reach for your pistol… a razor blade that cuts well, comparing it to your face in the mirror and smile…in a bedroom, “I could kill you.”, you say, and the woman smiles in bed and jokingly says, “You can kill me if you want”; you want to kill her… The chirping of a little bird in the parlor trigger adulterous feeling between the man and woman serious up until now… and so on. With such a change of mind, there seems to be no reason why, except that it must be a manifestation of psychological heredity; it goes without saying that each of these changes is the first seeds of an amazingly large criminal mindset.

Perhaps, reading old stories, essays, legends, and records, and on seeing the hanging scroll of a ghost that the ancestors told you not to look at, beginning to talk strangely; pulling out the family’s treasured sword, which was forbidden to draw, and looking at it, the blood began to change… the stories that come out are examples of the power of the terrifying psychogenetic suggestions, expressing in ways anyone can understand, so much examples which I have documented, researched, and recorded.

By the way, if such frightening effects of such suggestions could be academically studied and applied in practice, what would happen? It would be better possible to create illusionary magic than Inuyama Dōsetsu (a fictional character specializing in fire escape), Ishikawa Goemon (a sort of Japanese Robin Hood, who was boiled alive after attempting to assassinate Toyotomi Hideyoshi with his son), Tenjiku Tokubei (a Japanese adventurer and writer who travelled to Southeast and South Asia; he is depicted in Kabuki theater as a magician), or Jiraiya (a character who assumes the shape of a frog; also a phantom thief).

To a lesser extent, such a suggestion, used skillfully, can dive people mad at such an encounter. Like the atonal modern scientific application of assassins, they do not make noise or shed blood, so they are not suspicious even in broad daylight. Even if the greatest detectives of our time were to come racing to the scene, they would not be able to spot the crime committed… no, what if such crimes are being committed all over the world today?

Fufufufu… oh, don't sit so stiffly! I am a big believer of the science of the mind, but I haven't yet discovered a way to make a crowded room go insane by giving them a suggestion from within this screen. Granted, I think it would be interesting… if such a thing can be done… haahaahaa…

No, this is a joke, but criminal means have gone beyond the realm of fantasy and speculation and has become a matter of immediate concern. Facts precedes research… such a statement want to make you spit on your eyebrows.

Don't be surprised. In fact, in the draft of a book titled, "Crimes and Their Evidences Applied to Psychiatric Science" written by my friend Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the Kyūshū Imperial University, the introduction has a number of complaints. I have just received a letter from him asking me to review it, and took the liberty of reading it and found it to be intriguing…he says…

> ——From my research and investigation, I am convinced that crimes of this type have already been committed in the past. Among them are Enno Gyōja, Abe no Seimei, Kobo Daishi, and others who transmit esoteric Buddhism and Onmyōdō, practitioners of Shingon, Shugendō, prayer warriors, priestess, priestesses, and others who serve gods and Buddha-like beings, some of them, who serve some kind of religion, or some kind of Shintoism or Buddha-like religion, have transmitted by word of mouth or by heart a kind of spiritual-scientific suggestion method that they have acquired through years of experience, and have applied it to girls, children, and boys who are not fully developed in reason and intelligence, or who are ignorant or illiterate, and have caused some kind of change or injury to their mental functions or have arbitrarily obtained some benefits from them; that is to say, the practices similar to the ancient practices of "using foxes", "using secret Shingon spells", "possessing living and dead spirits", "applying divine and Buddhist punishments", and other spiritual experiences, divine work, and magical powers are not absolutely impossible from the standpoint of spiritual science, and even the more advanced ones, such as hypnotism, psychic art, and sorcery, have been

used in the background of civilized societies. When we see evidence of such techniques at work in the background of crimes that are often too mysterious to be caught, it is difficult to deny that all of this is a form of rational fraud.——

——It is difficult to say for certain that there are no victims of criminal acts among the criminally insane wandering the streets of our country today, or in mental hospitals and asylums everywhere, but it is almost impossible to rationally search for and arrest the criminals, which is why it is difficult to list any examples. If a person is killed or wounded mentally by such means, not a drop of blood, not a moment's sound, not even a wisp of smoke can be recognized, and the victim is disqualified from giving any testimony at once. Even if they recover, it will take a long time, and even if they do recover, it is highly doubtful whether or not they will retain any recollection of the time of their victimization or any memory of the means of their crime, and it is not difficult to predict that they will encounter great difficulties in the investigation.——

——I believe that modern culture is a so-called materialistic scientific culture. Therefore, it is natural that many of the types of crimes committed during the course of time are also those in which the principles of material science are applied. It is needless to say, however, that in the future, as the various theories of mental science become widespread as common knowledge, crimes in which these theories are applied will become very prevalent, and the fear and horror of such crimes will be comparable to those of the “materialistic crimes” of today. And so, how should I, as a forensic scientist, investigate crimes and study the lethal weapons in response to crimes such as these? In light of any basic knowledge, the course and means of the crime should be made clear. ——this I state——

…Well, ladies and gentlemen, how is it? My revered forensic scientist, Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, is researching on “crimes with psychiatric applications” that should spread like a pandemic worldwide, and is searching for examples of such crimes with his flea-like eyes in order to stop the pandemic before it happens. Despite the fact that the mentally ill and suicidal victims of these crimes are everywhere, the lack of materials and evidence to support this to their crimes has prevented real research to be published, and painstaking efforts continue. And so, he continues to suspect that every human body language, gesture, eye contact, hand contact, mouth contact, every work spoken, is a crime of psycho-technological application.

…That is so…

…Gentlemen, how about it?...

This is a great research material that has come to my attention… And the one to discover this, Mr. Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, is investigating what he believes to be an unprecedented “psychiatric crime application”; on the other hand, the value it has as reference material for my “psychogenetics” is massive. I was so afraid of this research material that even I had to buy a one-way ticket to a

hundred thousand million land and escape with nothing but my bare hands… Not to mention the identity of the supernatural suggestive material that is the motive for the insanity, the process of sleepwalking before and after, dominated by psychogenetics, was extremely bizarre and disgusting. Having my hands on a tremendous research record, complete with every detail of the psychogenetic content, how pleasant that my heart melted and flowed. Indeed, what other way to describe it but a national or world treasure… extremely scientific, thoroughly romantic, erotic, grotesque, and nonsense of over 120%... how unprecedented and special. Just shows the magnificence of the scale of the work and seriousness of the tale.

Aha-aha-aha. No, please, no. I get it, I get it… stop your clapping. Apologies for all the adjectives. Apparently, when one lacks alcohol, the sympathetic reflex function of the mind slows down. I ask the King of Kings to blow the trumpet. Havana indulged in one wheel… well, well… this is that. I am still in the podium, right? Then. Retiring from the screen, assumes the role of orator, projecting the contents of that mysterious incident just described. And so, in a stroke of one's common sense, you will turn it to fine dust…

…Well…I'm off the screen, but isn't it the same…?... Uwaa. He came again. It's bad enough that he's so smart… In a few moments, in fact, another me will appear on the silver screen and direct a live performance of a bizarre psychogenetic case experimented with the "liberation therapy". I, the only one in the room, must step out of the projector screen and play a role explaining the events. How different from a futuristic theater…

…Of course, it is naturally colored, floating, talkie, released only this time, titled "Madman's Liberation Therapy" of the K. C. MASARKEY Film Company; the actors who appear are all real people, all involved in the actual application of the film… a rare handsome boy and a peerless beautiful girl at the center; the blood, flesh, spirit of more than twenty men and women in the swirling of mystery and wonder, coming together in a confused mess, reaching a climax that may or may not call a gruesome, cruel, and unforeseeable end in the "madman's liberation treatment center:…with your full anticipation… ***【Fade Out】*** …

【Subtitle】 KURE ICHIRŌ (born November 20, *Meiji 40* [1907]), suspect in the mysterious strangulation murders of his mother, daughter-in-law, and two other women, photographed October 19, *Taishō 15 [1926]*, at the madman's liberation therapy center at the Department of Psychiatry, Kyūshū Imperial University——

【Description】 First, we must introduce the young protagonist of the case… the large front-facing portrait of a young man watching the old man's plowing among the mad people you saw at the beginning. As shown in the subtitle, his name is Kure Ichirō, and he is twenty years old, but as you can see, what a beautiful boy that even men would like to suckle him.

Before I get into the details of this case, it must be said that there is no reason to have been shown a large picture of the face of the protagonist. This is due to this person's phrenology having significance of the psychogenetics that govern the root of this case.

As you know, phrenology is not a pure science, but some parts of it have been found to be consistent with reality; and in this way, when Dr. Masaki saw the face of a new mental patient, he would examine the physiognomy of the patient in detail, and investigate the racial characteristics mixed in their blood. Meaning, all human psychogenetics express the characteristics of their ancestors, as well as the various ethnic groups that came to the world long ago in those barbaric and uncivilized era; the Japanese, in their physiognomy and character have the appearance and character of the Mongolians, the Indians, Malays, Jews, Latin, Ainu, Slavic, and other ethnic groups inseparably linked to each other to create the human traits… A person's physiognomy, in other words, is the epitome of their ancestral lineage…and since a person's character is the combination of their ancestral mental life, it is necessary to take this into consideration, not only to find their superficial character, but also their hidden character that they may not even realize, and compare it with their state of insanity… for instance, how a lover of dogs or horses can tell the face, coat, or skeleton of theirs on the market with a single glance, pointing to the stars on their pedigree, disposition, habits, even hidden tendencies; even if these principles are nothing unless applied to animals, it is highly recommended for future research by detectives and forensic scientists, and Dr. Masaki has long been convinced that it would be a lie if they did not go this far.

Now, on to the physique of the boy, based on the diagnostic notes of Dr. Masaki, and comparing them with the characteristics of the terrible case that will be exposed; first thing to notice is that the boy's complexion is too pale to be Japanese. The reddish tint on his cheeks is evidence that he is still a virgin, but the milky white color under the uniquely Japanese healthy color on his skin indicates that there is fair-skinned blood in his lineage... what's more… must have crossed the Tian Shan Mountains and entered the

Chinese region at least a thousand years ago, the blood of the Donghu People must have been added to the boy's bones and resurrected in the modern age… this can be inferred from the records of the boy's ancestry that will appear later.

Next, that which is only the genuine representation of the Mongolian lineage are the straight, black hairline and the internal shape of the nose. The boy's nostrils are slightly curved, and when one looks at it with an instrument, one can see a straight line to the back of the nostrils… oh, don't laugh! This is important, as had the nose been of Caucasian descent, they would be horribly crooked.

Well… on examining his bone structure, excluding Mongolian characteristics mentioned above, we find a mixture of a lot of different ethnic groups.

Firstly… the general shape of his face is that of an oval with Latin bulges, but the eyebrows and eyelashes are thick and long, as if drawn by a paintbrush, and the rim of the eyes appear a bit bluish. His nose seem to be of the pure Greek type, with a curved line from cheek to chin, and small, thin lips distinctively wavy; reminding one of the Aryan lineage that remains in the old Buddhist statues of our country… take a good look. His thin jaw has a sort of Nordic style…"if the concavity of the cheek is a ruby, the concavity of the jaw

is a diamond," an aesthetic that men do not need… but one can see it clearly when one shows a smile.

Examine the phrenology of each person and compare it to their characteristics, and you will see that they are in perfect harmony. It seems that the order that matches best are the proclivities, then hobbies, then talents… the boy is simultaneously Japanese in orderliness, Ainu in reverence, and Latin in intelligence… in a trance, he seems enveloped on the secluded and elegant atmosphere of the Nordic race, but it does not seem so on the surface… In short, the boy has a rather quiet personality keeping with his age.

However, when such a superficially calm character is defeated and overturned in a single morning by the suggestion of psychogenetics, the unimaginably persistent, serious, and ferocious blood of the continental race hidden and flowing inside suddenly leap to the surface and perform strange yet great activity; in other words, the truth of the unprecedented and mysterious incident about to be introduced is, in essence, the Mongolian psychogenesis hidden in the boy resurfacing.

Including this, there are still important things in his structure that should not be overlooked. He has a Latin-like chin that symbolize his extremely changeable, French-like personality, characterized by his optimistic and easy-going nature, but also seems to be moved by the slightest provocation, laughing, crying, and getting angry without any care. It seems that he is driven by an extremely lucid mind mentioned earlier, and his personality, amiable and smiling… That being said, it is a remarkable feature, when the boy came to the liberation center after the psychogenetic attack, or during his recovery… Dr. Masaki was looking forward to see the boy's chin, which must have shown a sentimental or passionate temperament.

…I believe you now have a better understanding of this young man, Kure Ichirō. When I think of how The Creator God could combine the characteristics of so many different racial lines in such a beautifully clear and pure way, it is really uncanny… we, given the authority of science and the advancement of human knowledge as our sole sign, can do nothing but bow our heads on awe when coming in contact with such a masterpiece of art.

Next, on to the progression of events centered on the boy's psychogenetics, a bizarre plot, bought to Dr. Masaki's eyes… well, it was different. It is time to explain how the two eyeball lenses and the microphone of the earlobes of the "dark box of natural color, floating vocal film machine", as he called his skill, were used to print the sequence of events on the film, rotating in the same order as the sequence… ***【Fade Out】***

【Subtitle】 KYŪSHŪ IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, Forensic Medicine Classroom, strange things in the Autopsy Room, *Taishō 15 [1926]*, April 26, Night, a Summary——

【Description】 As you can see, the film is so comprehensive that it is difficult to tell what is what and where is where. The scene is as dark as lacquer. Therefore, there is no other way to explain it but to take a closer look, if you will please. In the upper left corner of the screen, so black like satin, velvet, or some kind of raven pattern in the darkest of nights, one can

see a cluster of blue, firefly-like lights drifting irregularly in a ring shape… A glass dish emitting phosphorescent light to the stomach of a suicidal geisha who committed suicide with the recently popular rodenticide.

If you recognize this, I believe that you have fully understood that this is no longer an ordinary darkness… This dark scene is a view of a night in the autopsy room of the Kyūshū Imperial University, in the corner of the Forensic Medicine Department, through a crack in the board, located in the back of the ceiling from the storage room under the staircase right next to the room.

This peephole is often used by servants caught in a turtle's psychology or newspaper reporters driven by curiosity to take a peek at autopsies of corpses, though it seems to have been there for a long time; it has been scrapped open in a Y shape with a nail or knife, allowing one to see around the lower part of the room as if looking into every corner…not only that, but if one were to stretch their legs out on the shelf in the storage room, though a bit cramped, one can sleep more comfortably than on a third-class train, which is very useful…that unclean plate emitting this phosphorescence in question is placed on the desk in the corner on the other side, but looking down directly from above, the plate was placed above the film like that.

Obviously, the plate is not the only thing there. Moreover, the blackness of the room is due to the fact that the window shutters on all sides and the entrance door are tightly closed; nothing can be seen but the barely perceptible phosphorescence of the filth; in deadly silence, as if hot water is seeping somewhere, the film of "dark box of natural color, floating vocal film machine" shot by Dr. Masaki is just black as lacquer and flows as mysterious as the flow of time… 50 *shaku*… 100 *shaku*… 200 *shaku*… 500 *shaku*…

…What was the need for Dr. Masaki to carry his binocular, natural-color, floating, vocal film camera up to the ceiling of the autopsy room in the first place?... For what purpose did he gaze patiently at such a dull, pitch-black scene for hours on end?... no, he must have continued to photograph… what an abomination to be a professor and yet engage in a rat-like behavior… you may have your suspicions, but this will not be explained here, as you will understand later on.

… The time is April 26, *Taishō 15 [1926]*, around 10 in the evening… This scene occurs about 20 hours after the mysterious incident centering on Kure Ichirō's psychogenetic… the film is still back and seeping in secrecy… 500 *shaku*… 800 *shaku*… 1000 *shaku*… 1500 *shaku*… The stillness and darkness of the screen are the same as before, the phosphorescence of the filth becoming ever paler and clearer. Folded in the shadows, the sound of the clock strikes in the far-off lounge of the building that encompasses this room…one…two…three…booonnnn… booonnnnn…booonnnnn…boooonnnnn-booonnnnnn-boooonnnnnn…booooooooooonnnnnn….

…As the clock strikes 11, the sound, like a large, thick, wooden box being closed in the darkness in front of my eyes; a great light, suddenly shining brightly, dazzlingly brilliant and shining all over the place. Near the center of the room, the switches of the lightbulbs with 200 candlepower, twisted one after the other by human hands who seemed to have been in the room for some

time and apparently dying for breath… but look closely, and you will see that the lightbulbs are not as bright…

…Oo… the room, the scene, how gruesome!...

First, the optic nerve is drawn to the dissecting table, divided into an oval shape in the center of the room and emits a weird, white light. The dissecting table was originally of beautiful white marble, but the blood, fat, and grime of the dead, disposed countless times over the years, gradually soaked to the marble and turned it to such a dreary color. Near the black, concave wooden pillow thrown up on the dissecting table is a tall, cylindrical, nickel-plated, water heater, glistening dazzlingly against the left side of the film. The sight of thread-like vapor leaking from the windows of the cylindrical tower, appears to be a model of a huge temple or prison of the middle European century, is enough to make one reminisce of some out-of-world scene. Here's another one… at the beginning, will appear somewhat odd to your eyes, is a large rectangular box lying against the wall under a window on the right hand side. The white cloth the coffin must be for a dead person… Even if the coffin in the autopsy room is an inevitable combination, it is somehow eye-catching, perhaps due to the elegant glow of the expensive silk fabric… If I may digress, it is safe to say that such a magnificent coffin is rarely brought to the autopsy room of a forensic doctor. Most are made of pine or some rough wood and numbers are written out with chalk…

The dissecting table, the water boiler, the white coffin, and the light reflecting from these objects are surrounded by a vast procession of test tubes, retorts, beakers, flasks, large bottles, small bottles, knives, and other shadows…scattered are a variety of gold, silver, white, and black machines and equipment, dressed and poised in various ways…purple, brown, milky-white, colorless glass bowls and dark brown ceramic vases clamor from the floor to the edge of the desks and shelves. The grey color of human flesh, the cobalt of the bones, sepia of the blood…dazzling, radiating…cold…the piercing, slashing, gouging glare and the wrenching silence created by the symphony of the atypical projection…

Lo!...look!... near the center of the whole scene, between that coffin and the marble dissecting table, the rising black monstrous figure… head, face, and torso, all wrapped in grey-black rubber cloth; hands, wrapped in rubber and double-layered black silk gloves, also, huge rubber boots on his legs, like those worn by fishermen on the cold sea; his eyes are yellow-rimmed with transparent celluloid, the appearance of a demon taking the heart of the dead and devouring them… or the eeriness of the black butterfly lurking in a thicket, magnified tens of thousands of times… and also, how tall he was that he could twist the light switch on a high light bulb with ease… you must have guessed already when I told you this. This monster is none other than Dr. Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, the founder of the famous "blood-based parent-child identification method" as well as a leading figure in modern forensic medicine, and in the process of drafting the unprecedented book "Crimes and Their Evidences Applied to Psychiatric Science"

It has been about 20 hours since the crime of unprecedented scale in the world of psychiatry centering on the psychogenetics of the Kure Ichirō, as mentioned,

occurred, and at this late hour, Mr. Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, a renowned forensic scientist, sneaked into this autopsy room to do some kind of work, and with all these elaborate preparations in place, the clock ticked down to 11 o'clock… as you can see from this situation, I have been waiting for the time when the doctor-on-duty and the messenger-on-duty would go to bed…now, to turn on the light… what a surprise, gentlemen! Do you not notice this strange fact here?

Look, there is nothing inside that is not at all bizarre to the uninitiated. There is nothing eerie… you must have guessed that this is “Dr. Wakabayashi about to start some work at the dissecting table” or “the corpse that will be used as material for this work is probably stored in that coffin.”

However… if this is so, where is that person that is supposed to be Dr. Wakabayashi’s assistant? It is customary, in fact, a rule, for one or two persons to be present at the autopsy of a corpse… as you can see, however, Dr. Wakabayashi has not allowed any person to approach the room, and for some reason, he deemed it necessary to carry out this work in secret alone in the night…well… that might be the case, considering the fact that both the doors front and behind the dissecting table were left unlocked. It can be inferred that this work must involve some very secretive matters beyond just mere autopsies of the corpse… that much one can guess.

… After carefully washing his gloved hands, Dr. Wakabayashi bent down, removed the white covering from the coffin, opening the lid of the coffin, made of thick white wood and was rarely seen in such a room, and removed the body of a young girl dressed in a full kimono from inside.

If you will clearly remember the previous explanations, you will have a good idea of who this girl is.

This girl is Kure Moyoko, bride of Kure Ichirō, the protagonist in this case, who was about to hold a wedding ceremony. A beautiful girl of the highest caliber, seventeen years old. Kure Ichirō, her fiancée… K. C. MASARKEY’s work is super contemporary, with so much common sense, psycho-scientific film, “The Madman Liberation Therapy”, in which she play opposite an actor of peerless beauty, the heroine of the film; now presenting a corpse in a coffin for the time being.

The *uchikake* (women’s bridal robes with trailing skirts work over a kimono) are embossed with the new moon color popular this year, a dazzling spring haze, and an embroidered five-leaf pine. A purple background, a thousand cranes, three kimonos with a patterned hem, covered in *shitsuke* (to sew to arrange the seams and creases correctly), worn upside down, and gold and silver ground paper woven from a thread brocade, wrapped with a round belt that looks as if made in a whole sale, placed in a white wooden sleeping coffin… how bizarre and painstaking. Not only can we see the extraordinary details of this incident, but also imagine the thoughts of the people who placed the corpses in the coffins.

Dr. Wakabayashi, however, have seemed to reach a state of mind akin to an academic’s rightful owner, not showing any concern on such matters. As if having no use for garments, the *uchikake*, *obi*, and the *furisode* (the garments of an unmarried woman) are shoved into the coffin, revealing a face covered in

silk, pure arms bound at the wrists with white cotton, red-dyed under-kimono, scarlet dapple-patterned *obi*, flaming crimson loincloth, white ankles in white socks…the dissecting room is a place of ruthlessness and brutality, a kind of indescribable and luminous atmosphere, and in contrast to the imposing array of instruments and equipment, the black-robed arms of the man pull her out under the shining electric light. What is terrible and pitiful is the thick makeup and lipstick left on the face of the girl with long black hair pulled back in a watery mess, eyes closed. Then…oh… look over there.

Strangulation marks left in raw spots around the neck with collar makeup… cordage grooves folded in purple and red dandelions…

That black monster Dr. Wakabayashi laid it down the marble dissecting table, pulled off the white cotton bondage around her wrists, unraveled the scarlet *obi*, and pulled the chest undergarment with a jerk. Then, with skill and care that makes him look like an authority in the field, completed a thorough and exhaustive examination of her body, spotless like a translucent ball, then, as if relieved, breathed a sigh of relief into his shoulders, and, with arms folded, gazed at the corpse and stopped moving like a black iron statue.

… What is the black-robed Dr. Wakabayashi thinking, facing the corpse of a girl with beauty so rare in such a place at such a time, all alone?... Maybe you are painstakingly realizing the cruel and bizarre circumstances on the death of this girl to discover his unique penetrating and acute observation… or is it that this corpse, which is so cruelly beautiful and so gorgeous that it has never been found in this classroom before, has made the bachelor doctor, who has devoted his life to academia, so ecstatic that he is overcome with emotion?... well, well. Such an imagination are grounds for loss of respect for the normal personality of the doctor, strict, meticulous.

…Then… as if suddenly returning to himself, Dr. Wakabayashi looked around the room, which was supposed to be empty, with his hand in the right pocket of his black garment, as if searching for something, but then, as if remembering something, he approached the box of the coffin and pulled out a black, horn-shaped tube the size of a child's toy from under the beautifully piled kimono. It’s an old-fashioned stethoscope rarely used by doctors in this section, but more advantageous than the current rubber type, when trying to hear the most minute sounds in the human body. Dr. Wakabayashi placed one end of the smaller trumpet-shaped instrument under the left breast of the girl's corpse, and pressed the other end against his ear from under the mask, seemingly concentrating all his attention on listening to the sound.

Listening to the heartbeat of a corpse....Oh.... what a bizarre thing Dr. Wakabayashi has done. It is so strange that it makes those of us who are watching it feel even more horrified...

…But look. Dr. Wakabayashi, still with his earlobe pressed against the stethoscope, pulls out a large silver pocket watch from under his dissection gown with one hand and stares at it intently... He can certainly hear the sound of the heart beating. In other words, the body of the girl on the dissection table must still be alive… By the way, when Dr. Wakabayashi examined this girl's entire body, there was no sign of the pale blue death spots that must

appear somewhere as a characteristic of a corpse that has been dead for a considerable period of time… Also, as there was no evidence of ankyloses, it is likely that this girl has been in the coffin since she was… well. It is conceivable that she must not be dead before she was placed in that coffin. There is a clear cord groove around the neck——traces of strangulation...

…What a wondrous occurrence…

Dr. Wakabayashi does not seem exceptionally surprised. Then, he pulls the stethoscope away from his ear and shoves it to his vest pocket along with his watch, nodding two or three times in satisfaction as he look down at the girl again.

From this, it seems that Dr. Wakabayashi had detected that the girl, upon examination, was in a state of asphyxia, a rare condition in medical science. Of course, she must have gone through a thorough examination by a doctor or the police examiner who rushed by earlier; nevertheless, he confirmed that she was in a state of asphyxia. Of course, what was the pretext in which that corpse was stuffed into the coffin and brought to this room?... not only that, what was the reason and purpose for him to mess around the girl's temporary corpse by himself, in utmost secrecy? There is no way to ask him, but as he is the famous forensic scientist of his generation, Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, it is certain that he has thoroughly studied all the examples of temporary deaths from the past, the present, and the future. He has confirmed to himself that to keep the fact that the corpse of the girl is a temporary corpse an absolute secret for himself is necessary and unavoidable in the solution of this mysterious case.

It's not enough… Dr. Wakabayashi, like a black monster hiding in the darkness, opened the lid of the coffin, awakening this girl from a state of asphyxiation. It can be inferred that, without a doubt, he was using a stethoscope to listen to her heartbeat from time to time while administering some kind of stimulation method unique to the doctor… Just now, his black figure heard the chiming of the clock at eleven o' clock and before he could turn out the light, he made a snapping noise, perhaps it was the coffin lid closing, perhaps misplacing the stethoscope with the kimono in the process…Though trivial, extremely trivial, the fact that Dr. Wakabayashi, a calm and careful man, would leave such an important tool of his business, is extremely odd, he is in an unusual state of mind tonight. At the very least, this alone does not give us a good idea of how engrossed the doctor was and how hard he was working in the darkness to bring this girl to life.

We are, however, only at the beginning of the story, we are sure to learn more on Dr. Wakabayashi's outstanding and terrifying skills for years to come.

When Dr. Wakabayashi realized that the girl on the table was awakening from her asphyxiation from time to time, he took off both gloves in an extremely nervous manner, as you can see. He puts his hands in the pockets of his Western-style hakama, bulging under his dissecting gown, and taking out various items, arranging them one-by-one on the wooden table beside him. A medicine bottle of gray hair dye and a bamboo tooth brush. Thirty-four new brushes. A small inkwell. A compact containing lipstick. Fragrant oil. Creams. Various kinds of white powder... and so on. How not suitable for such a room… He then opened a

brown paper package hidden behind a shelf near the entrance, and inside was a white cotton and white flannel kimono with tight sleeves, a cheap Hakata-ori *obi*, a Tōkyō loincloth, white nurse uniforms and hats, sets of bands, slippers, nurse caps, hairpins, all looking new, and lined them up at the wooden table. All these items were prepared during the day, and I suspect they were intended to be worn by the girl, but for now, we have yet to find out why they were done.

Then, he took out the stethoscope once more and listened to her heartbeat. Then, he picked up a small brown bottle from the medicine cabinet and with a cotton wool dabbed a clear, colorless liquid to it, while turning his face slightly. He is holding the cotton close to the girl's nose, still having some white powder on it, while quietly taking her pulse with his left hand. Needless to say, as this is an anesthetic sniffing… the girl, it seems, may not be quickly awakened. What was the purpose of having anesthetized her?... For now, we cannot find out, and Dr. Wakabayashi's actions keep on getting even more bizarre…

…On making her snort the anesthetic, Dr. Wakabayashi rubbed her girl's bare chest, then approached the medicine cabinet and pulled out a Mino-type, Japanese-style ledger book, tucked in the corner of the cabinet. The front cover, "CORPSE LEDGER…KYŪSHŪ UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE", written in large block letters, and on each page, "Corpse Number", "Date Received", "Name and Address of Recipient", and "Date Delivered" are written in a row on the front page. On reading it, Dr. Wakabayashi, almost halfway to the page with the remaining entries on… pressed his finger on the second-to-last page with the body number "414", container 7, and threw the book on the desk beside him, and with a long gesture of his hand, turned off all four of the two hundred candlelight switches above his head.

The room returned to the state of darkness.

Moreover, the blackness of this film will be replaced by the dark blackness of the other room as it is; well, what kind of darkness awaits the future of the film?... ***【Fade Out】***

…A film of blackness continues to move before your eyes… 10 *shaku*… 15 *shaku*… 30 *shaku*… 50 *shaku*… At the core of the blackness solidifying before your eyes, a small, yellow, dirty lightbulb lights up. Well, a gloomy interior scene seen through a keyhole appears.

…Well, ladies and gentlemen…have you ever seen a room like this?

The dark, muddy staircase on the right is perhaps indication that this is a basement, a dozen or so large, white-painted drawers in front of it all containers for corpses. This room is a refrigerated room for corpses under the responsibility of the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of Kyūshū University; even in the middle of the summer that the skin of the corpse seems milky. Especially late at night, the creepy quietness of the room makes one wonder if one can hear the breathing of the dead.

The black monster, played by Dr. Wakabayashi, the medical director in charge, appears, apparently overcome by cold air, and for a while he coughed bitterly, almost to the point of exhaustion. Then, as if to calm down, he took a duplicate kay from his pocket and removed the padlock attached to the body container, with the number “7” stamped on it. Then, he pulled the sturdy container, set on a wheel, out onto a matching table, and without pausing for breath, he leaned over and slid a girl’s corpse, wrapped with bandages like stick, onto the floor. The strong and straight corpse has a dark, ugly face that has no resemblance to that temporarily dead girl before, but the age, height, fleshiness, and hairline seem to be similar.

Dr. Wakabayashi had his eye on the corpse for some time, and without examining it closely nor showing the slightest hesitation, he returned the container to its original position, hooked the padlock, carried the corpse as if it were a piece of lumber, and, step by step, ascended the concrete stairs, and turned off the light in the basement with one hand by flipping a switch on the wall.
【Fade Out】

Here again another dark scene, but… have a listen. The sounds of numerous dogs…

The strange sight of Dr. Wakabayashi carrying that corpse along the dark pine grove behind the forensic science room and the current corpse refrigeration room, avoiding human eyes, was spotted by a pack of dogs barking from the experimental animal cages set up near the grove. The frustrated screams of the monkeys who go mad… even the lazy sheep and chickens are awake, howling at the top of their lungs. The noise in such darkness… how amazing… But as these animals make a racket almost every night, no one was suspicious. Who would have thought that the dean of the medical school of a prestigious university steals corpses, his responsibility… who would have thought, such an unprecedented mysterious fact. The darkness of a spring night envelopes the Kyūshū Imperial University campus, and the screams and shrieks of the animals only make the night seem more silent and still.

The voice gradually fade away, quieting down to a whisper, four hundred candle lights flashed on again, and we return to the forensic dissecting table.

The body of girl No. 414 is lying on the concrete floor, while Dr. Wakabayashi, finished locking the entrance door as before, stands in front of the dissecting table, black mask still on his face, perspiring and gasping for breath.

15th year of *Taishō* (1926), April 27, night, the bodies of two young girls were laid out in the autopsy room of the Kyūshū University Faculty of Law and Medicine. A girl on the verge of a beautiful revival, a girl ugly and stiff… the body of the girl stretched out in red yuzen on the dissecting table had remarkably regained her complexion, and in such a short time, and was even beginning to breathe even under anesthesia, her plump chest visibly moving up and down. The unusual peacefulness, the coquettishness… perhaps it is the contrast with that ugly girl’s face under the table that makes the beauty seem more beautiful, how eerie.

Dr. Wakabayashi took her pulse and began to examine the effects of the anesthesia, checking it against the seconds on his watch. The black and white figure of the doctor, head slightly tilted back, motionless like a stone statue, the emptiness of the room filled with an indescribable silence, like it were a tomb a thousand feet below the ground.

Dr. Wakabayashi then threw the girl's hand that he had been taking her pulse, put the watch in his pocket, picked her up, and laid it on the lid of the coffin by the corner of the room. He lifted Girl No. 414 onto the dissection table, placed an old concave wooden pillow over her head, then took some large silver shears then cut the bandages over her body, cutting them open one after the after… do take a look… scars from her skin, blue and black, from her back to her chest, and from her chest to the nether regions, in all directions… blows, brandings, abrasions can be seen… brown, black, and dark purple straight lines and curves, conspicuous dead spots on her lower backs, illuminated under white light , becomes snakes, lizards, and toads of the same color and shape, as if it'd start crawling on her skin at any time…

You may be aware, but such corpses are often bought for research at universities and vocational schools throughout Japan. In particular, those taken to the University were those abducted and abused in coal mines, spinning mills, and other factories around the region, as well as those who committed suicide or were ill; it is not unusual for some to be left unclaimed, but Kyūshū University would use all of them as research material, cut them to pieces, burn them in the crematorium attached to the university, and hand the ashes to the bereaved family with a 5-yen incense offering. Also, it is customary to bury these unclaimed corpses in a communal cemetery and hold a memorial service annually.

At the time of saying all this, Dr. Wakabayashi, finished examining the corpse, feeling relieved, sighing as if panting, pressing the sweat from his face through the mask, approached the washbasin in the corner of the room, drank water directly from the faucet, choking a little bit. For him, who had been suffering from a lung disease for years and declining rapidly, this must have been laborious for him and his bones.

However, his work, more than halfway done, is not yet in progress.

Then, Dr. Wakabayashi returned from the basin and then placed a bowl near the corpse's feet. He then inserted a hose from the faucet and began to discharge water from the corpse's legs to the back on the table. Then, with a sponge and soap, he carefully cleaned the butchered corpse on the autopsy table from top to bottom in a bowl of hot water, then wiped her dry with a gauze and a cotton ball. He then took one of the scalpels lined up in a row beside him, and not even looking, poked the corpse between the eyes… and gradually cuts open the skin of the head in a straight line all the way to the back of the head.

Perhaps those of you with knowledge in this area might think "Well!" Dr. Wakabayashi's approach ignores the usual process in the sequence of the chest, abdomen, head, and the back; instead, he begins with the head…

What was the purpose of Dr. Wakabayashi, this famous forensic scientist, wielding a scalpel in such a selfish order?... before one could wander, the

scalp of Girl No. 414 was turned inside out, and was pulled down under her eyes like a sock with her hair. Then, Dr. Wakabayashi sawed off the white shaved head emerged from beneath the head into a headband shape with a saw, then removed the brain marrow that had emerged from the head onto a glass plate with a dexterous pair of scissors, where it was left to be either examined or kept as a specimen… well, one would think that were the case, but as if handling a beefsteak or an omelette, he turned the brain from the plate, put it back to the old cavity, crowned it with the skull, covered it with skin and hair, and sewed it together roughly with needle and thread

…Now, this is surprising. This is the sort of deed that should be seen as a sort of violence. Why would Dr. Wakabayashi, a man of stern integrity, attempt such an insincere dissection of a corpse tonight?... while looking on in disbelief, the corpse was then… turned over to her side… the muscles on either side of the spine, the center of the spine full of scars, were cut open with a scalpel. Then, he cut the spine in half lengthwise, and, without examining it, placed it back in its original position, and sewed it back together with a thick needle. That rushed carelessness is still the same as before…

Then, Dr. Wakabayashi again turned the corpse on her side, thoroughly washing and cleaning dirty areas, then, while pressing down the thickness of the abdominal skin… with a new scalpel he picked up, in a single thrust, thrusts it at the pharynx… then proceeding to cut from between the breasts to the dove-tail abdomen, then made a half-turn to the left at the navel, cutting down to the pubic bone… all in a single breath, separated the cartilage of the chest and removed the sternum. In a single stroke, the abdominal wall and peritoneum were cut open at the same time, and there wasn’t as much as a scratch on the internal organs… The arrangement of the five senses and the six internal organs, all shining and wet with a pale light, is a sight that can be described as weird and fascinating… The black contamination of the lungs indicate that she was engaged in coal mine labor, and the ruptured liver and internal bleeding, believed to be the direct cause of her death, are the abuse inflicted on this girl or how violent the persecution was, but Dr. Wakabayashi does not pay attention to such things. After a few formal cuts on the stomach, the intestines, and bladder, as well as other tests, he again took a large needle and linen thread and sewed them up from the lower abdomen to the pharynx, not even taking a part of each organ as in a normal autopsy…. his scalpel was used in such a bold, brutal, and painful manner… the needle and thread with surprising dexterity and swiftness… and the irresistible, bitter sigh satisfaction that comes over his gestures and mannerisms… to such an extent that one may suspect that this is the expression of a mentally ill person who is satisfying a deep and painful desire through such work…

Those of you who have been following this in detail may have clearly noticed this. Dr. Wakabayashi’s calm and solemn demeanor is completely gone; he’s different, almost brutal and violent, with a kind of bizarre interest and vigorous energy…

This was by no means a suspicious phenomenon, however. For a long time, going back ages, many examples have been seen where people were absorbed in their work, being called masters or geniuses of their craft, and in their abnormal excitement from exhaustion and delusions produced by their almost supernatural

nervous acuteness, have a psychological state different from ordinary people; taking very serious interest in seemingly insane things or performs bizarre or perverse feats with a sort of impunity… a person with special constitution and a brain like Dr. Wakabayashi is involved in some sort of unprecedented project… after this mysterious task of reviving this temporary corpse of a beautiful girl in the dark, now he is now in the most extraordinary task of slaughtering this body of a young girl; oh how unusual and terrible! It is impossible for ordinary people to imagine the extent that his nerves have been roused and the trajectory of his psychology transformed.

Dr. Wakabayashi, wrapped in some mysterious mind… this black monster now finished suturing the girl's chest and abdomen up to the pharynx, and then picked up a small, sharp scalpel and faced towards the face of Girl No. 414. First, he thrust the scalpel to the edge of the right eye, as if trying to test some kind of toxin, a unique technique of his. He then gouged them both out, but like previously, he did not even examine the fundus of the eye and immediately pushed it back. Next, he cut the bridge of the nose, right in the middle of it, and one could see the mucous membrane at the back. Then, he slit the ends of his lips all the way to the ears and pulled the lower jaw until the pharynx was exposed.

The face of the corpse was deformed; was it still even human? Oh, of course, that black-robed giant sewed it back together again, like before. Before he could even take some breath of relief, he took up a gauze and sponge, soaked them in alcohol, and carefully wiped up every dirty spot. The results: he had created a strange-looking corpse completely different from appearances before; one couldn't even tell who this was anymore.

Now the black-robed doctor took a short rest here, repeatedly comparing the bodies of the two girls lying in the dissecting table. Then, he took off his gloves, then dissolved this hard white powder on the table beside him in his palm, and then, being careful not to drop the powder, began to apply make-up on the face, the shoulders, arms, and everything from the waist down of Girl No. 414.

…Now, try to kiss each other, please. Now, how about it? The way one works one's finger so delicately, being careful not to get the white powder stuck in the coarse stitches or at the hairline, you must be used to handling this kind of cosmetic product.

How about it? Maybe it is due to the fact that this doctor experiences some of his own transformation. Or maybe it is the doctor's insatiable perversity hobby and his hobby of forensic research stemming from his secretive nature that developed into some bizarre hobby, akin to the "mummy make-up", around for thousands of years, now seemingly exposed on such an occasion. Well, in any case, the skill that had covered up the bluish-blackish or brownish scarring from the abuse and fatalities with *tonoko* (some sort of clayish powder), and applying white powder to the wrinkles on the skin and traces of bandages is just astonishing; perhaps this was learned from the technique the brothel women used to cover up the diseases of the prostitutes… at last, this dark, scarred skin of the girl was painted so beautifully that it's almost the same color as a skin of a white girl. Then, taking up the lipstick, cheek rouge, black

powder, white powder, and such, he began to dye every part of the body, big and small, in the exact color of the model, even dying the hair on every part of the body with such skills that even a barber could not tell the difference with the girl in the floor, and then he perfumed her with fragrant oil.

…He then opened a drawer in a desk and took out some, red, blue, purple, and other aniline dyes for specimens on a plum-bowl-shaped palette, mixing it with a new brush, and began to dye the strangulation marks around the neck in colors and shapes that were exactly the same as the real thing, with the result being so skillful and exquisite that the emerging miasma and the snake-like blood spots surrounded the neck as one can observe.

The business of this black monster still seems to be continuing, however.

The black monster hurriedly put on a pair of gloves and took out a bandage from under the desk. Then, he rolled it around the face and head of the make-up corpse until it was all white, then the whole body was rolled up in the following order: neck, shoulders, upper arm, chest, abdomen, legs, feet; as you can see, the result is either a mummy or a child's naked body. He then stripped the beautiful girl lying on the lid of the coffin of her fancy underwear, put on her some white monk clothes, and wrapped a scarlet *shibori* belt around her… the black monster facing the body and looking down on it is still a strange things that stands out…

There are still, however, two hands, with high knots, crusty and rough, protruding from the corpse of the *teru teru bōuzu* (a sort of paper doll which children pray to for fine weather; quite common in anime shows) How could he make it look realistic; well, he is the dark monster of the age. Without much difficulty… he bent the elbow joint of both arms and made it join hands, then tied them tightly with white cotton. Well, as much as possible. Thinking this, the feet, covered with bruises, left undisguised with fissures, were forcibly pushed into the beautiful girl's small *tabi* socks, causing a sort of hissing sound. Then, after the body was finally straightened up, he picked her up and placed her in the coffin, placing her upside-down in a three-piece *furisode* and *uchikake*, and then wrapping her in a sash of brocade; then, he washed and purified the surface of the anatomical table with a sponge, hot water, soap, and alcohol. The naked body of the beautiful girl, on the verge of regaining consciousness, was lifted up, and the lid was placed underneath it and placed over the *teru teru bōuzu*, and a white silk cover placed over it.

The black monster's business was still taking place, however. This time, however, it has become a real monster project that reveals the darkest of the skills of the black monster.

The black-robed giant, standing between the coffin and the dissecting table, shook his shoulders in relief, took off his gloves in a great hurry, and, while parting the long, tufty hair of the girl on the table, snipped off a pinch of her hair from the center of her head. He wrapped it in a half-sheet of paper taken from the desk drawer and placed it next to the body ledger, along with a printout of the post-mortem report and a few stationery items, then, taking up a new brush, dipped it in ink, and wrote "Dead Hair" and "Kure Moyoko-*dono*".

Then he seemed to have made up his mind to put the post-mortem report off for later, and so pushed it to the side and unfolded the corpse ledger, carefully tearing out the sheet with “No. 414…7” written near the center of it, along with other entries. Then, dissolving the ink on another plate, making various ink colors, he wrote the names, dates, numbers, etc. of more than a dozen corpses in a handwriting similar to the torn page… but… sipped “No. 414…7” and filled the next “No. 423…4” and stamped Dr. Wakabayashi’s seal of approval one by one…. The entry on the disguised corpse of the girl just placed in the coffin was completely erased from the corpse ledger.

…Dr. Wakabayashi’s painful deeds up until now… I hope you understand very clearly.

Obviously, the body in the coffin, a substitute for the beautiful girl, Kure Moyoko, is the butchered corpse of a girl without relatives or conductor, no one who would retrieve her remains.

On the other hand, the relatives of those that have had autopsies performed at the University are usually notified to come back the following day to receive the remains; after the autopsy, the crematorium staff from the crematorium by the pine groves would cremate the body without any witnesses and would only hand the ashen bones and preserved hair to the receivers… such a system different from an ordinary cremation, only based on a single point of trust, and so, there wasn’t a need to worry about the body being switched. However, one cannot be certain that there wouldn’t be distraught parents who would come before the cremation and demand to see the corpse’s face again; even if such a case would occur, no one in the immediate family who would look at the corpse a second time if they saw a smashed-up face.

The concern, now, is one regarding the officials or doctors concerned may come to inspect it once again to make certain; now how could one possibly detect such a clever and elaborate arrangement, even double or triple checked? Well, in any case, Dr. Wakabayashi, a great scholar of personality and reputation, completed this work with much care and attention, using his authority as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Kyūshū University; there is little room for doubt. What could be possibly left out?… The corpse vanishing at the corpse cold room at the University left the other doctor-on-duty, Dr. Wakabayashi, tilting his head in disbelief; by the time the case of the missing corpse was buried to the darkness of obscurity, the slaughtered corpse of the girl that was missing was buried under a magnificent grave as a piece of white bone, with flowers and incense sent.

At the same time, the girl on the anatomy table now recovering her breath… the girl Kure Moyoko, became a living corpse, erased from the family register, in the hands of the pale and tall Dr. Wakabayashi, but what was the reason for making her a living corpse?... Such is something that I would like to explain it later… but Dr. Masaki, peeking through the ceiling, hadn’t an idea of what to expect… I’m sure you are all like me very much…but…

…At the same time, the contents of the case that Dr. Wakabayashi, praised as a labyrinth-breaker in the newspapers, an excellent mind, takes on the challenge with such tragic efforts and supernatural tricks… or how the mind of the suspect so bizarre and incomprehensible… for that, I believe that you have more

than enough expectations. It will not be long, however, before the astonishing details of the case and the specifics of the process will unfold before your eyes in the order you expect them…

In other words, you can see, the case already fell to the hands of Dr. Wakabayashi, that black monster in the autopsy of the Kyūshū University Faculty of Law and Medicine. Now, concentrating his intellect and energy, he is preparing for battle against the mysterious person who caused the mysterious incident…

Now… Dr. Wakabayashi finished rewriting the corpse ledger, carelessly throwing the ledger on his desk along with the blank post-mortem form. He got up, exhausted, and then picked up every piece of gauze, sponge, and cotton ball scattered around the room, wrapping it in a new bleach cloth with the stationery and cosmetics, and then tied it up tightly with a bandage. Perhaps he was planning to dump it somewhere unnoticed, and keep this nightly work as secret as possible. Perhaps it may have been the reason for not taking any specimen from Corpse No. 414.

Completing these tasks, Dr. Wakabayashi took another careful look around. He picked up a new nurse's uniform and a white cotton kimono from the desk behind him and went to the dissection table to put them on the girl, still under anesthesia… Dr. Wakabayashi stopped in his tracks. He almost stumbled, dropping what he was holding.

The beauty of her whole body that can dazzle eyes… no, the pure light of life that was completely different from when she was a temporary corpse filled with radiance with each breath… her cheeks… the lips… like fragrant petals… like sweet jelly, revived to the color of warm blood. Her lovely breasts, rosy and vibrant, like the flesh of a large shellfish from some mysterious land, a dreamy heart under a brilliant light.

…Cold… the anesthetized figure of the beautiful girl that will never be seen again on the marble table of the autopsy room of Kyūshū University Faculty of Law and Medicine… the plump breath surging to her pure chest would make anyone prostate before her…

As if intoxicated by the fragrance of her breath, Dr. Wakabayashi stood up with a huff. Then, as if to answer her breathing, a weak gasp went over his dark shoulders, and he leaned forward, lifting the black covering of her face to her forehead with his fingertips without hesitation.

…Oh…the amazingness of the look…

The long, broad face, appearing under incandescent light, is, in contrast to the girl on the dissection table, tired and flaccid like a dead person, soaked in perspiration and crumpled. His eyes was shining with blood, as if suffering from a feverish disease. The scarlet color of his lips, not seen by ordinary people, is morbidly dry. Such an expression, black hair sticking in his forehead, temples twitching and wavy, looking down from behind his black clothes…

He remained motionless for a while. One could not figure out what he was thinking…or what he intends to do…

One continues to look at him, then, suddenly, deep wrinkles appeared under his right eye, and he began to convulse… then, the convulsions spread all over his face. Was he crying or smiling… his face was as pale as a sheet of paper, and his red eyes began to open and close one after the other. As if pleased with something… his dry, scarlet lips gaped open like a wolf's, and his whitish tongue hung lazily. As if mocking someone… a face different from the dignified and gentlemanly Dr. Wakabayashi in his normal state could not imagine even in their dreams… the face of a demon that appears when he is alone…

In the midst of it, he slowly raised his head. He pushed up the messy hair on his forehead, dry for some time, with both hands, and raised his eyes to stare at the four light bulbs shining above his head.

His breathing began to wheeze higher and higher. A strange reddish tinge began to appear on his cheeks. As if talking to someone in the air, the eyes narrowed, a low, ghastly sound came from the bits of the stomach,

"…Aha…Aha…Aha-aha…"

He smiled, bit his lip and looked down at the sleeping face of the beautiful girl, and, lifting a trembling finger, turned off the light switches above him in sequence one… two… three… and finally four.

The room did not return to the darkness, however. The colors of the dawn streaming in through the cracks in the blinds of the closed windows, making everything in the room as lush and clear as the ocean floor.

Staring at the glow of the light, stunned, he writhed his hands and pressed them tightly against his face. He stumbled backwards and ended up against a wall. He sat down on the floor, dropping his hands to the floor, threw out his legs, and sagged down.

At that moment, the lips of the girl at the dissecting girl began to move slightly. A faint… dreamy voice leaked out.

"…*Onii-sama*…. Where is he?..."… ***【Fade Out】***

【Subtitle】 Dr. Masaki and Dr. Wakabayashi's meeting

【Explanation】 The next image we can see is now Dr. Masaki sleeping in his professor's office on the floor of the main psychiatry building at Kyūshū Imperial University. The time: *Taishō 15 [1926]*, May 2… exactly a week after the body-swapping of Dr. Wakabayashi, captured on film by Dr. Masaki's natural color, floating, and vocalized film camera. The three windows on the three sides of the professor's office are filled with green pine trees, rippling in the strong sunlight, even the chirping of the cicadas can be heard; the wind blowing beneath the sky brings the sound of the work of the liberation therapy center, currently under construction.

Dr. Masaki is sitting on a huge swivel armchair between a large table in front of him and a large fireplace. He is wearing a white examination gown with an extinguished cigar between the fingers of his right, and today's newspaper on his left, and is dozing off with his nose glasses on. He's going to appear at some foreign cartoon as a farting doctor…anyways, at the back of the newspaper is a large reproduction of the title, "Entering the Labyrinth of the Bride Killer" in the first three pages of the first issue. The hands of the electric clock above the fireplace indicate 3:03 o'clock; a 40-year old man dressed in a university uniform with a parted head came in with a business card and reverently presented it to Dr. Masaki.

Dr. Masaki was awakened by the sound of the closing door, and on receiving the business card and taking a quick look at it, both eyes sunk in a rather grumpy manner.

"Weeellll! I've told you this before. You are too polite to be an idiot. From here on out, don't bring these things, just tell me to come in without telling me."

He put the business card on the big table, while apologizing profusely. What a dignified man… he closed his eyes again and dozed off again.

Dr. Wakabayashi, carrying a blue mousseline de laine *furoshiki* with care, came in noiselessly, with a long frock, and sat down a small swivel chair opposite Dr. Masaki. The sight of little Dr. Masaki hunched over the big chair, and the giant Dr. Wakabayashi reverently awaiting in his small chair; what perfect comic material!... And Dr. Wakabayashi, as usual, began to have his chronic coughing fits and began to suffer with a white handkerchief over his mouth.

Dr. Masaki seemed to have finally awakened by this commotion, and lifted his newspaper and cigar to the air while letting out a huge, uncontrollable yawn that it seemed not to engulf only Dr. Wakabayashi, but also this room, the entire University, and even Dr. Masaki himself.

This first meeting between the doctors since the incident opened with a huge yawn. There does not seem to be any animosity, on the surface at least. However, there is this kind of bitter irony with other, sparks flying to threaten the other as seriously as possible… if you have noticed this, it will be enough to guess how big and deep the undercurrent behind the incident are…

"Yawwwwnnnnn…. Mmmmhggghhh. Well! You've come, huh? Hahahahahaha! I thought it might be time for you to come."

"Haa…well, it seems you already know the details of the incident…"

"I know nothing of it…Is this it… 'Entering the Labyrinth of the Bride Killer'… yes, that's what's it's called… so many things in this article, probably inaccurate, but…"

"That's right… how did you know I was involved in this case?"

"…Well… the other day, I called you as I had something to do, and you said you had cancelled your afternoon lecture and flew off somewhere in your car, so I knew something was amiss… and as I thought of that, the evening papers had a

special issue on the strangling of a bride on their wedding night, so I am more or less caught up in this incident… well, that was my guess…”

“I see… however, how did you know that I would come here today…?”

“Hmm... well, I didn’t actually know if it was today or what, but I knew you’d definitely come. I mean, from the start I knew this was… you know… a case involving psychogenetics. To tell the truth, I was waiting for you to go and check it out and bring the case to me. Hahahahaha!"

“Excuse me. As you can guess… I’ve been involved with this for the past two years…”

“Ee-. Two years…”

“That’s right…”

“…Hmmmmmm. Such a case occurs two years ago.”

“Yes, from the same boy who strangled his mother to death…”

“…Hmm. Same person, same method…and with his mother… hmm…”

“I was involved in this and I insisted… there is another culprit, not that boy. That boy… I insisted that he did not kill, but I couldn’t find the culprit after that.”

“Using your keen eye.”

“…I am ashamed to say this is the first time I have seen such a case that is difficult… how can I explain that there is no sign of a culprit… even though a crime is evident?”

“… Hmm. Interesting…”

“… I wasn’t even at ease after the boy was acquitted of his mother’s strangulation; I wanted to find the culprit. I had asked them, them being the victim’s sister and the boy’s aunt Yayoko, even the police, that if the boy’s movements or circumstances change that they would let me know immediately. Now, he strangled Yayoko’s daughter, Kure Moyoko, so the murder of his mother two years ago must have been committed by the same boy in the same psychotic fit… Now, my words two years ago… that he was innocent… is completely discredited…”

“Ahahahahaha, how exhilarating, how exhilarating! It’s no fun if it does not come that way. It is a case that should test your skills.”

“I don’t like it one bit… I don’t have the time to test my skills… I too believe that this case has lots of good materials that can be used for the research on psychiatric crimes which I have been studying under your guidance for a long time; I have investigated this case from three or four different aspects and documented it thoroughly…it is inside this *furoshiki*.”

“…Uwa…that’s a lot, isn’t it?... And this much paperwork, only a week after the case began?....”

“No, included in this document is the case investigation from two years ago… for this incident, I’ve been working tirelessly so that I’d not worry had I fallen into a serious condition anytime… because of that, my chronic asthma worsened, my life expectancy, without geometry, I feel has become even less.”

“Hmmm. You seem to have lost a little shade recently. You have to be careful. I couldn’t believe the mummies became the ghosts of psychiatry in the mummification style. Ahahahaha, I say no thanks to that… by the way, what is that square box that is stuck on the top of that package?...”

“Oh! This is a picture scroll that was used to hint at this psychogenetic incident, and this box was made by me at a cabinet shop… I believe that the young man, Kure Ichirō, must have suffered a psychotic break as a result of being shown this picture scroll by someone else, but as I said, the authorities and I have different views; they believe Mr. Kure’s mental illness is wither spontaneous or masquerading as insane, they laughed it off when I have presented this to them as reference material. Well, this valuable reference seems to have conveniently found its way to our hands…”

“Ahahahaha. That is great. If you were to hold up this scroll to the police or in the court of law and declare, “This is unprecedented and new in scientific theory of psychogenetics, related to Dr. Masaki’s research”… saying such things would take them aback. They’d think you’re some perfumer, Ahahahahahaha!”

“Hahahahaha. No, actually, I only showed it for formalities’ sake, so they may not think that it’s some cover-up, but really I was eager to make it ours…”

“No matter what… you’re a man who doesn’t miss anything…”

“No, please… please…”

“… By the way, did you come here today to force me to deal with the documents and the case?”

“Yes. There is that, but I would also like to make a request… a psychiatric evaluation of the boy, Kure Ichirō, currently held in an asylum in Dotemachi, Fukuoka, as the suspected murderer of the bride…”

“Yeah. That boy? I know his state of mind more or less from newspaper articles. He has something called post-epileptic amnesia. A mental disturbance caused by the suggestion from the picture scroll or something else, and the result is that of a man who goes on sleepwalk and kills his bride, and when he tried to stop himself and abort this sleepwalking, he went on a rampage. Of course, stemming from the extreme fatigue of the nerve cells that came from such excitement, the past memories dating from before the seizure were knocked out and rendered inactive. I had a pretty good idea stemming from that newspaper article… stating that he had ‘retrograde amnesia’. He’s a common man, and I think that it would be enough if you explained it to him without having to invite me to do so.”

“Yeah. That’s just it… my credibility has been shattered by this case, and the court in a weak position as my opinions is no longer sufficient for this case… the boy now is a homicidal maniac… that seems to be what they are saying now…”

“Hmmm. That’s suspicious. Though an amateur, that judicial officer seems to have a certain amount of ignorance. Firstly, they seem to be making fun of people as they think homicidal madness is a mental illness in this world. Calling someone a homicidal maniac just because they killed someone is worse than combining manslaughter, and pre-meditated murder.”

“Exactly…”

“Yeah… as you are probably aware by now, you are in grave trouble as none of today’s scholars know that a person before and after the onset of a psychotic episode is as useful as the behavior of a criminal before and after a crime in a criminal prosecution. Mentally ill, no matter how crazy, are never recklessly violent in any way. The path of the disease is clear, a clear path and various digressions, depending on the stimulus that triggered it, the content of the psychological genetics, the depth of the insanity, etc.; there are no trifling descriptions in this process; it’s much more rational and orderly than the trail of the crimes of ordinary people. Especially when it comes to the crime of killing people, the circumstances before and after the murder must be seen as a more powerful reference than ordinary crimes.”

“You’re quite right… that’s the first time I heard this from you.”

“Because they don’t know this logic, when they kill someone, they are immediately branded a ‘homicidal maniac’, and killing two would make them more certain of it… Well, from the results, that may be the case, but what if that ‘homicidal maniac’ cuts open a human head instead of a thermometer? Hahahahahaha! I’d like to see the scholar who could still call that a homicidal maniac… From the psychotic’s point of view, all other beings other than them, humans, animals, landscapes, and the entire universe, may be nothing more than a shadowy figure or a moving picture. For instance, if the psychotic wants red paint, smashing a person’s head open and smashing a thermometer filled with red alcohol are the same. If it turns out that their objective was to obtain red liquid and paint pictures of red flowers, could they still be considered a homicidal maniac? These, therefore, from my point of view, would have another purpose, this boy’s crime. That is to say, it all depends on the psychogenetic content of that govern the boy.”

“You are right there… to tell the truth, I thought it might be something along those lines, so I brought all the relevant documents for your reference, as I know this is not my field, this is your domain… also, I have one more question regarding this case… the last which is rightfully mine, and I have come here today for your particular assistance with this regard…”

“Hmm. Somehow that made me nervous. Now, what is this last point?...”

“Okay… it’s with regards to the person who used this picture scroll to give Kure Ichirō a suggestion…”

“Oh!... I see. If there is such a person, they are a criminal of the most wonderful new style. That’s it, your assignment. You’re looking for them…”

“That’s right… this point is currently unknown, and because of that, the entire case is deeply shrouded in a cloud of mystery from every angle…”

“That much is obvious. It has been a practice that incidents dominated by psychogenetics are usually shrouded in mystery and closed without understanding. How many such cases, I don’t know, even if it’s just this person in the newspaper.”

“However… when I think of it, there seems to be possibility that this shroud can be unveiled… as far as this case is concern. This last question is definitely at the bottom of the boy’s memory…”

“Oh!... I see, I see! I understand that he is in a state of shock… probably, when he recovers his mental state, he will remember the face and figure of the person who showed the picture scroll to him… that is the reason for the psychiatric evaluation, to search for those memories.

“That’s right… I would like to say that this alone is beyond my power…”

“No. I understand, I understand. I get this heavy load. As expected of a great forensic scientist. You noticed this good point… I guess. Hahahaha. I accept it. I most certainly accept.”

“Thanks… truly…”

“Yeah, yeah. I understand, I understand. I understand everything. Now, take this incident out of your mind and take your vitamins in peace and comfort… no, instead of vitamins, how about we go to Yoshizuka for some eel now? It’s been a while since I’ve drank… but I’m the only one who drinks… oh, who cares? This will be your consolation for this incident…”

“I’ll take you up on that… however, when can I expect you to come for the psychiatric evaluation? I will be notifying the court…”

“Oh, anytime you want. It’s nothing complicated. Just one glance at the boy’s face tells me that he is neither a homicidal maniac nor a pseudo-maniac. However, since it is necessary to hospitalized him for further detailed evaluation, I plan to bring him to this psychiatry department, so all is well. Dr. Wakabayashi’s reputation may be in ruins, but Dr. Masaki is still going strong… Hahahahahaha.”

“Sorry to trouble you… but what of the document?”

“…Ah… I’ll have to take care of this, right? What to do?... Hmm. I know! Give it to me… I’ll throw it to this stove and cover it like this. I’m not going to build a fire until this winter. *The Buddha notices this… and comes to me…*”

“Haa,,, What kind of voice is that?”

“It’s not a tone. It’s a *Yōkyoku* (noh song, usually sung in chorus, and usually consists of references to classical texts or Buddhist sutras, composed in groups of five and seven syllables) from the *Kanjinchō* (a Japanese kabuki play by Namiki Gohei III, based on the Noh play Ataka). You are a forensic scientist, and yet you don’t know of it. Aha…” —— ***【Fade Out】*** ——

Well, well, well… What is this?... The natural color floating vocal moving photos have now become nothing but conversation. Like a bad radio or phonograph. It's not so easy to make a live speech. It takes time and effort to add "*gozaimasu*" to each sentence. I got tired with "*gozaimasu*" which ended up with this… I'm a little tired of this, so I'll show you a movie called "No Explanations Necessary" without "*gozaimasu*". No… it is beyond "No Explanations Necessary". "No Screen", "No Projector", "No Film"… in short, it can be called "A Film That Doesn't Need Anything Or Anyone"… This is not a story that an outdated German-made film without subtitles can follow… The research is nothing if I reveal the secret. In other words, I read the report of the case that Dr. Wakabayashi handed over to me then threw it to the empty stove later; each page of the so-called excerpts, with my own opinion, is read one by one in order and viewed as a movie… it may sound like work, but it is in fact, nothing… However, with the trouble of just inserting the original of the excerpt here with this part of will… ahem… you can understand the meaning by reading it… a trick movie that I recently invented. I think this type of film will become very popular in the near future, and I would be happy to give you the patent if you like. If there are any of you who agree with me… right now… please wait a moment.

As a matter of fact, I intended to insert this excerpt with my "Psychogenetic Theory", and thought I had completely destroyed the manuscript of such a paper, I have left this part in particular. By what I have explained so far, you are now a great detective who is also going be a psychiatrist, so if you read this record with such a power, you will be able to thoroughly understand this case and be amazed.

…What kind of psychogenetic explosion that caused this incident? Who or what intentionally detonated the psychogenetics? And if so, where? And what implications do the attitudes of Wakabayashi and myself towards this case have for the resolution of this case?... such is the air. However, you have to be very tense and tighten your loincloth… I threaten you with a mystery, and in the meantime, I'm going to sip a Scotch and smoke a Havana… *puff puff*…

◆Appendix of Psychogenetics◆……*VARIOUS EXAMPLES*

PART I: The Seizures of Kure Ichirō

——**From Dr. W's Notes** ——

The First Seizure

◆**First Reference:** Kure Ichirō's Discourse

▼**Date of hearing:** Around 12:30 in the afternoon, April 2, *Taishō 13 (1923)*. After the Buddhist memorial service for the victim Chiyoko (age 36), mother of victim and owner of woman's cram school undermentioned——

▼**Location:** Kure Ichirō's study room and bedroom on the second floor of the Tsukushi Women's School, 2[redacted]-2, Hiyoshi-chō, Nōgata-chō, Kurate-gun, Fukuoka Prefecture——

▼**Person's present:** Kure Ichirō (age 18), biological son of the victim Chiyoko, aunt Yayoko (age 36), residing at 1586, Meinohama-cho, Sawara-gun, Fukuoka Prefecture; farmer —— other (Mr. W) —— the above three persons ——

——Thank you very much. Until the doctor asked me "What were you dreaming of?" I couldn't remember it at all. Thanks to you, Doctor (Dr. W), I didn't have to become a murderer of my parents.

——If I know that I didn't kill my mother, that much is enough for me. I have nothing more to say. However, if you can help us find the culprit, please feel free to ask me anything. My mother passed away without telling you anything from long ago, so I only know what happened after I grew up, but I don't think there's anything wrong with talking about it.

——I was born in the Komazawa village near Tōkyō, at the end of *Meiji* 14 (1907). I don't know anything on my father. (According to the note… Kure Ichirō's birthplace is different from fact. But as it does not affect my research, I have not corrected it here.)

——From the time my mother was born, she lived with her aunt in Meinohama, but left when she was seventeen to study painting and embroidery. I heard that I was born while she was looking for various places in Tōkyō while looking for my father. My mother used to say, "The greater a man is, the more he lies," though I think she probably said that as she held a grudge against my father. (*blush*) When I asked her on my father, however, she would immediately look like she was about to cry, so I did not ask her on that topic as I grew up.

——Even I could tell that my mother was working very hard to find my father. When I was maybe four or five years old, my mother and I took a train from a

big depot somewhere in Tōkyō for a long ride, then we took a horse-drawn carriage to go to this wide road along the rice fields, among the mountains, going anywhere and everywhere. I remember that we were still in the carriage when I woke up. We arrived at an inn in a town when it was dark in the evening. Then, my mother would carry me on her back and visit houses day after day, but every direction we look had nothing but mountains; it seems she was scolded while crying every day, telling her to go home. After returning home to Tōkyō by carriage and train, I recall that I was given a trumpet that sounded like the ones the coachman used to play in the mountains.

——Much later, I realized that this must have been my mother visiting my father's home town. I asked her, "Where was the train station at that time?"; with tears from her eyes, she said, "That would not matter. Mama, you know, has been there three times before, but she's given up now, and so you will give up and be done with the matter. If Mama is alive and well when you leave for college, I'll tell everything of your father." I didn't ask anymore. The shapes of the mountains or how the town looks are now vague; the only thing that remains is the sound of the trumpet of the rickety carriage. Later, I bought various maps and measured the length of the time of the train and carriage trip, and upon investigation, it must have been around the mountains of Chiba or Tochigi Prefecture. Yeah. I am sure that I saw any ocean near the tracks. But to be fair, I was only looking at one side of the train window, so I don't even know.

——Where in Tōkyō? Oh, so many places. Let's see, I recall we moved to Komazawa, Kanasugi (the former name of a neighborhood in Tōkyō, known for being a fishing village during the Edō period), those cherry blossoms, Sanbongi, then finally Kougai-chō, Azabu, where I was last. The two of us would always rent a room on the second floor, in a storehouse, or some detached room, where my mother would make various embroidered handicrafts; she would carry me on her back to a house called Ōmiya in Nihonbashitenmachō. Then, the owner of the house, beautifully dressed, gave me sweet. I can still remember the house and the owner's face.

——What kind of craftwork my mother makes? I wonder. I can't remember exactly, but there were various things, like god's banners, collars for an under kimono, *fukusa* (a Japanese textile used for gift-wrapping or purifying equipment during tea ceremonies), or the sewing seals on the *haori* (formal coat). How much money?... I don't know, I was young at the time… though I clearly remember that there is a pattern of a small *fukusa* that my mother gave to the owner of Ōmiya when she came to Nōgata from Tōkyō. She embroidered chrysanthemums of various colors and shapes on a thin, transparent silk surface, it was very beautiful; and on taking the finished product and giving it to the owner of that house, they were so surprised that the owner called everyone in the house in a loud voice, and all looked at her with rounded eyes in admiration. Later I was told that that was genuine "sewing", and embroidery of days long past that none would know how to make. The owner seems to give my mother some money, but she returned it with a bow and left after receiving only sweets. I felt troubled as I saw mother and the owner were standing by the door and crying.

——The reason why we came to Nōgata from Tōkyō has something to do with my mother and fortunetelling. I guess it was that person, as she told me “That master of the *tanuki* hole is good at what they do.” The fortune teller said, “You and your son will always be unlucky when you are in Tōkyō. For sure, you are cursed by something and you should return to your hometown to rid yourselves of that evil. This year’s departure seems better in the west. The previous was *Sanpekimokusei* (one of nine stars with the element of a tree. Something to do with eastern divination; I guess this is Jupiter), the same star sign as Sugawara Michizane (a scholar, poet, and politician of the Heian period) and Ichikawa Sandanji (a kabuki actor), so the time between thirty-four and forty is the most calamitous and important time. The wanted one is *Shichisekikinsei* (Venus it seems), in opposition to *Sanpekimokusei*, so one will be in trouble if one does not give up. The belongings of both parties are close to each other that they will try to hurt each other of placed near each other; this is the most terrible of all conflicts, and so, don’t place your partner’s belongings near each other, even if you forget about them. And then, when you pass the age of forty, you will have good luck, and at forty-five, you will have an extraordinary good luck.” From this I heard that I came here when I was eight years old. Mother would tell the students many times, laughing, “Yeah, I have the same star sign as *tenjin* or something, so I must like literature and art,” such a phrase I have memorized… she seemed to have only talk of *Shichisekikinsei* to me, even though she was told to not tell of it to anyone…

——After my mother arrived in here, she rented this house and opened a cram school. There were always 20 students, divided into two groups, night and day, and they were taught from eight tatami mats on the lower floor; which delighted her mother to see them in such a nice place. My mother, however, was quick-tempered and often scolded her students. There were also people who looked like ruffians or delinquents who often came to make fun of the students, and threatened my mother to extort money, but mother scolded and drove them away… The only men who would come to the house was the old man who is the landlord, Kamachi-*sensei*, who was in charge of me when I was in junior high school, and an electric light engineer. Mother never received any letters, nor was any letters sent from here. She did not write to the owner of Ōmiya, such a close relationship, and she seemed afraid people would know her whereabouts. She didn’t tell me why, but I suspect that she took that diviner’s words to heart, and thought someone was after her. Mother was not a superstitious person, but she seriously believed in the master of the *tanuki* hole…

——To tell the truth, I hated this place. Maybe it was because I felt sick on the way from Tōkyō to here; I got sick of the train and I hated the smell of coal smoke. I think there were lots of coal mines, and it smelt like that all day and all night. But, my mother was happy with the place, so I put up with it without much of a choice. I got used to it and didn’t get sick on the train after a while, but the bad air and the smell of coal were the only things I didn’t like. When I entered the school, I was troubled as the students’ words were so different that I couldn’t understand them. I guess it was because there are children here from all over the country…

——I don’t have that many friends, as I have moved from place to place since I was a small child. On coming here, I never made any school friends; in my

fourth year of junior high school, however, I did my best and entered high school in Ropponmatsu, Fukuoka. The air was so clean and the view so beautiful that I couldn't help but be excited…yes… I took the exam early as I didn't like Nōgata; to tell the truth, I wanted to graduate from college as soon as possible. I couldn't help but feel that I wanted to hear my father's story as soon as possible, as I had promised my mother… I didn't tell her that… but I did as I entered junior high school. No reason why, but I did so… barely into my second year on a Liberal Arts degree. (blush, silent tears)

——Strangely enough, mother didn't look very happy though I had passed the test. This has been true for a long time, but my mother does not say anything on my studying or my getting good grades, but she hates it if my grades or my name were published in newspapers or magazines. I didn't really like that either, so when school rules required me to submit my grades, my mother took the trouble of taking me to the office of the teacher to say, "Put him in some corner when he can't be seen." Teacher praised her, saying "What a very modest person," but she was not only modest, she really hated it. Entering high school, she seemed to be worried that my name would appear in some Fukuoka newspaper, so I then told her, "If this is the case, I'll go to some private vocational school in Tōhoku or somewhere far away. Well, why not move there with me? Perhaps my name will not in the papers," and on saying this, after some thought, she said "I really need you to go to university, and it would be a shame to abandon so many students," and finally I applied in Fukuoka. Even then, "Fukuoka has delinquent boys and girls, so don't leave the dormitory unless necessary" or "Don't talk to strangers". In retrospect, maybe what that *tanuki* diviner said was right on the dot. My mother had a feeling that people were after her, and, as much as possible, was trying to hide her whereabouts, and was worried on various things.

——At school, I crawled into the dormitory, but I'd return to Nōgata from Saturday night to Sunday. I stayed home on the vacations, getting a little early every morning or something, and would return to bed around nine to ten o'clock at night. Mother was a very strong-willed woman, and though she lived in the unpopular area of Nōgata, she would sleep in this room by herself when I wasn't around. She often said, "Students come around 8:30 in the morning, and would go without rest until 11 in the night, so I don't feel lonely at all. When you're busy with your studies, you don't have to force yourself to come home."

——As recently, nothing had changed. Last summer, my mother brought me an American newspaper that had been used as a wrapper for her embroidery materials and asked me "Who is this person?"; I read the article and saw that it was a clown character played by the actor Lon Chaney; mother went "Oh. I see," and went downstairs. At the time, I thought that my father had a face like that, in a foreign nation; I remembered the picture down to the minute detail. I went downstairs to my mother's mirror in the six *tatami* mat room and looked at my own face; it didn't look like her, no resemblance at all (blush).

——Nothing unusual at night. I went to bed at around 9 as usual, but I don't remember if my mother went to bed. Normally, she would have gone to bed at 11.

——I didn't mention this to the police, but that night I woke up. I neglected to mention this as this was a rare occurrence for me and would cause suspicion if I told it… anyways, I heard a loud thumping sound, and woke up with a start. It was too dark; I turned on the lights from the left near my bedside table, looked at the watch under the book I was reading; five minutes had passed… As I got up to go to the bathroom, I took a look at my mother's sleeping face: mouth slightly open, cheeks bright red, forehead white and clear like porcelain, and looked strangely young. I looked like a big student coming to my house. After that, I went downstairs to relieve myself; turning on the nights to the *tatami* room; nothing changed. At first, I thought I didn't know what that thump sound was, I thought I was mistaken; I went upstairs again and looked at my mother's face again. She was by then looking away and hiding under the *futon*, and all I could see was the head of the comb roll. I turned off the tight and went to bed; I never saw her face again.

——Then, as I have told the Doctor (Dr. W) at the police station, I kept having these strange dreams. Rarely do I dream, but for that night it was really strange. No. I didn't seem to dream of killing people; what I did dream was on a train coming off the tracks, roaring after me. A huge black cow staring at me with its long, purple tongue sticking out, the sun spewing black sooty smoke in the middle of the blue sky and rolling around. The peak of Mt. Fuji split in two, and a flood of bright red blood came toward me in a huge wave. I was scared, I couldn't move my legs, and no matter how hard I tried to run away, I couldn't. In the midst of that, I thought I heard the crowing of chickens a few times from the landlord's poultry farm; even still, I couldn't wake from my nightmare, which came to me one after the other. With all my might, I struggled, but I was able to open my eyes.

——Light was coming through the window lattice; I was relieved, but my head suddenly hurt as I got up. My mouth started to smell funny, my chest started to become queasy. I thought I had gotten sick, and so I went back to bed. I thought it was a short dream, though this time I was drenched in sweat and fell asleep.

——Suddenly, someone I don't know, pulled me up by the right hand firmly, as if to take me somewhere. Half-asleep, I thought it was still all a dream, so I shook my right hand and tried to get away, but another person grabbed my left hand and pulled me down the staircase. I finally noticed and turned around to see a man in a suit and an officer carrying a saber around, sitting down by my mother's bedside, as if on investigation.

——I thought my mother contracted cholera or something. I was suffering from the same disease, so I thought how strange my physical condition was; I was dragged by these two men, and I still remember the pain from that time. I felt like my bones were about to fall out, and every step, my eyes would go dark, and my head would shake and ache like water. When I tried to stop and resist, someone pulled my hand from below, and I rolled down the steps, catching sight of my mother's folded sash hanging in a loop from the railing above my head, by the steps.

——At the time, I didn't know why it was done in this fashion, but I was pushed again by another man, so I went straight through the kitchen door, putting on

the red strap sandals my mother used to wear, and went to the next side street. I wondered if my mother had died, so I stopped and looked both directions to see the one who was holding my hands; the detectives and constable of the Nōgata Police Station, faces I knew well, glared at me with frightened faces. I couldn't ask a thing, as my hands were dragged along.

——The sun was shining brightly on the street; a crowd had gathered in front of the house, all were looking at me. People nearby ran away; seeing their bright yellow faces, my eyes spun and I almost collapsed. I felt pain in my head, I wanted to throw up. I wanted to hold my forehead, but I couldn't do anything as my hands were being held. Mother wasn't sick. I thought I was being suspected as I might have killed or something, and so I went along and allowed myself to be pulled in a mild and gentle manner.

——I must have been out of my head all this time. I was neither sad nor afraid. I was still sweating, however, wearing only a white yukata nightgown, soaked around my back and waist; I was thrilled. With that, the sun shining above my head gave me a strange, yellowish, suffocating feeling; I felt faint. My mouth smelled fishing I felt like throwing up. And so sometimes opened my eyes, looking at the shining ground while spitting and walking. We turned towards the police station instead of the doctor's office; that made my heart pound, but was we walked the steps to the station entrance, I felt at ease. I felt like I was dreaming, as if I was reading a detective novel on myself. As I was staring at the dirty floor boards, I heard a loud voice behind me; to my surprise, it was that detective who had brought me here, scolding the many people who had followed me to the police station. I think I recognized some to them, but who they were I couldn't remember.

——In a small room at the back, I was made to sit in a wooden *banko* (from the Kyūshū dialect, meaning chair) and was asked various questions by the chief sergeant and the detective. My head was in such pain that I had forgotten what I said in reply. I was told multiple times "You're lying, aren't you?" to which I would insist, "It's not a lie, I am not lying."…

——Then, the Inspector named Tani, nicknamed, "Inspector Crocodile", well-known throughout the town of Nōgata, came in, telling us abruptly "Your mother was murdered." My heart was filled with tears, and no matter how hard I resisted, I wanted to cry out loud; Inspector Tani, silent for some time, said, "You can't be ignorant of this," and threw something onto the dirty wooden desk in front of me. It was an *obijime* (decorative string to hold kimono sash in place) that mother always left in her bed, with an iron eggplant attached to the purple cord. It's a very old one, used by my mother since we left our hometown. I didn't understand what was wrong with it, so I bowed my head down, as Inspector Tani boomed in a thunderous voice, "You killed her with this, didn't you?!" I was so furious I stood up and glared at Inspector Tani, but that pain in my head that made me want to throw up came back, so I put my hands in the desk and shook my body to hold myself up. I couldn't stop the tears from falling down my face.

——Inspector Tani continued to accuse me of many things. I had heard that this Inspector was afraid of the rogues in the mines around here, calling them "demon" or "crocodiles", but I felt nothing, so I kept quiet and continued to

listen to him… around 8:30 in the morning, two or three students came as usual, and, on finding that the front and back doors were unusually closed, they informed the landlord. The old man, who was the landlord, called out loudly through the kitchen door; no one would wake up. He saw two white legs hanging down at the top of the stairs coming to the kitchen door; he turned pale and rushed to the police station. When the police came by, first thing they found was that the back door stick had fallen. Going upstairs, mother was found in one of her nightgowns with a thin sash tied to the handrail at the top of the stairs and her arms and legs hanging down; her neck was on it, you were half off the floor and sleeping in a sprawled position, not knowing any of this. When the corpse was examined, however, the wound around her neck didn't match the sash, and her bed was in disarray; it was as if it was made to hide the act of strangulation. No signs of anything being stolen inside the house, no signs of a break-in, no one more suspicious than you…

——There is still more. Your mother seemed to have suffered a lot from being strangle to death in her bed, the marks are so severe; there is no way that you, lying next to her, didn't wake up. Firstly, why did you sleep for three extra hours in the morning, unlike the usual? I think she was strangled to death and slept with the intention of making a fool of himself, but he must have overslept. You must have a woman who likes you. Or one of the students had a daughter you like and you had a fight with her mother about it. Did you beg her for money? What is your monthly allowance? Was that your real mother? Trying to make a lover look like a parent? Confess clearly!... such crazy things will not fly. As I listened to such things, I felt my head gone numb, I didn't know if human beings kill people without their knowing. I wonder if I killed my mother in my dream and just forgot about it… I bowed my head down and was told to "stay here and think about it"; I was put in a jail cell.

——I slept and woke up, not eating anything that day and night, leaving the next morning's meal untouched due to my headache; by lunchtime, I was so hungry that I had eaten it, and it tasted so good that my headache is completely gone. In the evening, a woman who looked like my mother came to visit me; I was surprised. It was my aunt, it was the first time I met her. This aunt said the same thing as Doctor (Dr. W). "I'm sure that you weren't dreaming about something," she said… But I couldn't remember at the time, and so I didn't know anything about it… I had no idea that I was being sniffed for anesthetics…

——The following days, the Doctor (Dr. W) would visit us, as well as my teacher at junior high school, Kamochi-*sensei*. The following day, someone from court came and asked me kindly on various things, feeling that I would be pardoned. I couldn't wait to see how mother was doing, but returning home the day before yesterday, I was disappointed to find her remains cremated. I haven't a single picture of my mother in the house, so I can never see her face anymore. My aunt will be taking me to my niece's house tomorrow in Yokohama, where my cousin Moyoko were, so I don't think I will be so lonely.

——What I like most is languages, but what I find most interesting are reading foreign novels, especially Poe, Stevenson, and Hawthorne. Everyone calls me old-fashioned… I'm thinking of studying mental illness when I enter college. I had hoped to enter a liberal arts department to study various languages of various countries, and go with mother to search for my father's whereabouts,

only to be disappointed to learn that she died having only speaking very little about my father. Outside that, I have no desire to become anything at this time. Not that I dislike Japanese or Chinese literature, but I didn't bother to study them after leaving junior high school. Next to that, my favorites were history and natural history; what I found boring were geography, physics, and mathematics. I can't do my best at music classes, though I enjoy listening to it. When I listen to a good western music record, it's as if I am looking at a masterpiece. When my mother was in a good mood, she would often sing folk songs with her students, and I would listen to them, thinking how nice they were (blush).

——I have never been sick. Mother never seems to sleep either.

——Now, I am going to thank Kamochi-*sensei* for visiting me at the police station.

◆**Second Reference**: Kure Ichirō's Aunt Yayoko's Discourse

▼Same place, same time, as Kure Ichirō went out——

——It still feels like a dream. Ichirō must be my sister's son. The eyes and nose of her mother, and the voice of the father.

——I don't know much about the old days, but my family has been farming at Meinohama for generations. My sisters and I separated early by my mother, and father died on New Year's Day, on my nineteenth year, leaving me and my younger sister (looking back at the memorial tablet) Chiyoko behind as the remaining members of our lineage. After that, my sister left the house, leaving a letter saying that, "I will go to Tōkyō to practice painting and embroidery, and live as a bachelor for the rest of my life." That was around New Year, *Meiji 40* (1907); soon after, there were people who claimed to have seen my sister in Fukuoka, but I couldn't say for certain. As I thought, it was due to her love of painting and embroidery. As Ichirō says, she was exceptionally determined; in her seventeenth year, she was first in the graduation from a prefectural girl's school. Once she started becoming obsessed with it, she would stay up at night reading novels or drawing pictures. She had been fond of embroidery since elementary school; after dark in the evening, she would go to the porch and copy the pictures of the sliding doors of temples on drawing paper and sew them with cotton thread scraps. Looking back, that was the time she said goodbye for the rest of her life. She hated rough work, so she often sat at home, but my house was in the middle of the street from the gate, with many people coming and going, so I don't think she did anything that would cast suspicion around her.

——The only news I had received from her was a message from a village office informing me of a boy named Ichirō was born in Komazawa Village near Tōkyō at the end of *Meiji 40* (1907). At that time, I immediately asked the police to look for the place, but the house at the registered address had been rented for a long time; in addition, the letter I sent was returned, I lost my strength. I

had not heard from Ichirō at all, not knowing why I had taken his family register documents when he entering elementary school. As soon as I left my husband on the New Year's Day on the year I turned 23, I gave birth to a daughter, Moyoko, still with us today, and together we lived alone.

——Seeing the news in the newspaper made me excited that I came here to visit you. I have received a number of inquiries, and now I have provided my response.

——Seeing Ichirō for the first time, I couldn't help but cry. At that time, the reason why I had asked on dreams was that a young man had read on sleepwalking in his activities. It is a Western concept we don't understand, but if you did something while sleepwalking, then it isn't a crime, so let's imitate sleepwalking and do something bad from now on… the young man said and smiled. And I thought it might be possible, so I asked on it. I know it is presumptuous for a woman, but I wanted to help him (blush). Thanks to you, he is now clean again, and my sister hasn't misbehaved for a long time, as you found out on examining the corpse…Therefore, I would like to conduct a memorial service in a dignified manner here and stand up to greet all those who have taken care of her in a worldly manner.

——Yesterday, I received this letter (abbr.) from the owner of Ōmiya in Tōkyō, along with incense. "Asked by an official of the Ministry of the Imperial Household to have a costume repaired, and I was looking for my sister's go-betweens when someone from the police arrived, I was surprised to hear it for the first time," from the letter, the wife to whom my sister told me many times has already pass away. Had my sister lived a little longer, she might have a better fate… I don't know what kind of grudge someone had against her, but if this perpetrator of this horrible crime is caught, I would like to tear them to pieces (falling tears).

——As I only have distant relatives in my family at the moment, my daughter and I are the only two people close to me. Ichirō will be my child from now on, and I will do anything in my power to raise him to become a fine being… When I think of living on the basis of a fatherless child, as well as child of the deceased… (weeping)

◆Third Reference: Lady Matsumura Matsuko's (Roadside Teahouse in the Suburbs of Fukuoka, Proprietress of *Suishisho* [Green Thread Woman's] Cram School) Discourse

> **▼4th Day of the same month of the same year** Genyō [Dark Ocean] Newspaper Morning Paper clipping reprint

——It was two years ago, around the time of the Russo-Japanese War, when I was in my thirties, when the young lady so good at embroidery attended the school. Yes, she went to school. She was maybe 17 or 18 at the time. She looked unremarkable, but petite and sharp-looking pretty girl; her name was Nijino Migiwa. Yes, there is no mistake there. I remember it well as it is an unusual name. I've never seen anyone other than Nijino-*san* who can do such "embroidery" as mentioned.

——None of her works are left. At the time, I did not understand the value of such luxuries, so it was a waste of time and effort. Only once, I exhibited a small *fukusa*, about 5 centimeters square, which took two months to make, at the school, but it was priced at 20 yen, so it did not sell. It would be difficult if it were here now. I wish I had learned of it. Coupled with good technique, Nijino-*san* wrote Ono Gadō (a calligrapher from the Meiji and Taishō era)'s characters more beautifully than the original, so I often asked her to write characters for my apprentice's embroideries. She was also good at drawing, and copied most of the good drafts at my place. After about half a year, I lost sight of it. What… did I see any pattern of pregnancy at that time?... no, she was petite, I couldn't have been able to tell immediately… the man of color abandoned Nijino-*san* and ran away? I'm not sure how that could be possible. Yeah…

——This the house? Yeah, if you know… the students who were there at the time are now nearly forty, you know. Heheheheehe. Well, I heard the man killed Nijino-*san*… How scary! Such a pity to see such a beautiful woman… thinking of it, something comes to mind. I don't want to tell anyone on this, though. She was a big man-eater, and among the students, there were two or three men who had their hearts broken. Granted, it is only a rumor. No one knew where she lived at the time. She came from the east, the west, and went back the same way; no one knew where. I did not allow anyone with bad conduct to enter the school, but I never stopped anyone due to bad behavior, and as they were so serious and good at their work, who could I? No, no photos at all. Isn't it a little too old for grudges these days? Hoho…

——Oh, isn't that Kure-*san* of that famous labyrinth case, isn't it?...Well, what should I do? How did you know that Nijino-*san* is Kure-*san*? Heee, I was telling the owner of a sackcloth shop in Tōkyō on what happened to me. Only, I did not know the man's name… hmmm, I see. Keep this to yourself, please. I'm sorry.

▲*SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE:* The gist of the incident on Kure Ichirō's First Seizure are recorded in the above three fragments, so details are omitted. The third reference, however, "Lady Matsumura's Fragment," although completely unnecessary as a reference for "Kure Ichirō's First Seizure", is included to respect the claims of Dr. W, who made this record, and also as evidence that the investigation policy of the judicial authorities and the articles in various newspapers at the time were implicitly influenced by his opinion on the case.

◆Summary of Dr. W's Opinion on Aforementioned Case

When I (Dr. W) first found reports of this incident in the newspapers, I initially thought that it might not be a good example of sleepwalking, which is extremely rare, and so went to the Nōgata area, originally located in the

center of the Chikuhō coalfield, on one of the most famous murder and injury case in Japan. The search policy of the police was simple and careless; evidences at the scene was so thoroughly disturbed the day after the incident occurred, that a thorough investigation cannot be conducted; however, as a result of the investigation based on the situation on the scene, the above-mentioned stories, the recollection of the police, the rumors of the neighborhood, the following characteristics were found.

1. In the women's school, there are no fingerprints or footprints from the perpetrators, and it is not known whether they had wiped the area, except for evidence of Kure Ichirō's mother, the son, and the students, and a bamboo pole, a diameter of about an *sun* (About 3.03 cm), and the length of 4.1 *shaku*, the only part of the kitchen door that has fallen off for unknown reasons. It can be presumed that the pole as a right support rod is in a position where it can be removed by inserting a finger if the door is pushed hard from the outside. The part of the edge of the door coming in contact with support bars has been covered by a new zinc plate to prevent being worn out and to ensure that the bars work properly.
2. The victim, Chiyoko, was strangle to death from behind with a silk *obi* strap between 2 to 3 in the morning, kicking off her bed clothes, rolling around the *tatami* mats, and scratching her skin, leaving marks of extreme agony; then she was brought to the stairs, hung by a thin belt from the handrail, and placed in front of the stairs' landing, making it look like a death by hanging. Furthermore, the fact that the hanged body had been doubled or triple hanged marks on his neck, clearly visible at the time of the crime, yet faked as a suicide, may at first glance appear to be a shallow means of concealment, when it is not. When compared to the actions of the killer who had erased other fingerprints, one must consider that this was extremely clever way to misidentify the killer through an illusion created through contradictions.

   Nothing was found in the victim's hands or anywhere else. It is suspected that the victim may not have been lightly anesthetized. Furthermore, the belt fastener used for the crime at the time was later passed around several police officers; no evidence of the culprit could be found.
3. One can infer that Kure Ichirō was anesthetized, based on prognostic signs appearing on his accounts.
4. Around forty hours after death, the corpse was dissected at the backyard of the school in the presence of Dr. Funaki, a medical doctor, and under my (Dr. W) supervision. It is confirmed that there was no evidence of recent sexual intercourse, and the uterus showed no sign of have ever carried a child.

It is near impossible to make a presumption as to who committed the act or the motive behind it based on the facts described above. We can, however, infer that the perpetrator is someone of considerable learning, familiar with the use of anesthetics, thoughtful, and not strong-armed, and does not like the crime to reach Kure Ichirō. [*OMISSION*]. The search policy was initially proceeded based on the above presumption, and although Kure Ichirō was released, the policy was abandoned again and returned to a purely speculative search, and in

the end nothing was found, and so the case was closed in a so-called labyrinth. [*REMAINING TEXT OMITTED*]

▼Psychological Observations on Aforementioned Case

Since the writer (*Masaki*) did not investigate the case directly himself, I feel some inconvenience in discussing and explaining this prom a psychiatrist's professional viewpoint. However, on observing the various characteristics of the case, that Dr. W investigated and recorded from his unique forensic viewpoint, I have no doubt that the truth of the case is that of a "psychogenetic attack," which cannot be determined or explained by the scope of the development of modern scientific knowledge and the accompanying common sense. This may be the most striking example of wat the author calls "a crime without a perpetrator." In other words, it may be possible to show that Dr. W's initial intuition was correct, and that every event pointed to something. I must express my deep respect to Dr. W for his careful preparations to record the valuable conversations above, even after the incident, without giving up his doubts on these points.

The following is a list of observations made by Dr. W and the three statements above, which should be used to determine the truth behind this incident.

1. **Kure Ichirō's Personality and Sexual Life**

   At the time of the incident, he was 16 years and 4 months. He was sexually fulfilled at this time, typical of a boy of full development coming from a family in which motherly love is the primary concern, and has the opportunity to come into contact with young women, but purified by the purity of maternal loved and the clarity of his mind, and has no psychological defect that would allow him to manifest this physically; therefore, it is considered that he remained an innocent virgin. The fact that he blushes when confessing to songs of the opposite sex is characteristics of a boy of his age with such a personality, and the frankness that can be found everywhere in his conversations, and his awareness of the undeniable reason that he should be singled out as the culprit, but having no fear for his position, suggests that he was led the life of a pure virgin, without the slightest hint of any shadow in his mind. The estimation of his age and sexual life is an important basis for the conclusion that will affect all psychiatric observations on the case, which is the reason for its inclusion at the beginning of this section.

2. **Suggestion of Inducing a Sleepwalking State**

   Kure Ichirō's confession was that he awoke around one in the morning on the night of the incident and saw his mother's sleeping face and felt an unusual beauty. This confirms the validity of the above observation and at the same time explains his paychogenetic attack that night, namely. The suggestion of him being in a sleepwalking state. Meaning, the fact of his awakening in the middle of the night

has a serious relationship with the surge of his sexual urges, it should be clear from the confession above that Kure Ichirō's mental state at the time was on the verge of a crisis. The crisis should have been greatly alleviated when he went downstairs to use the toilet and come back upstairs. The sight of Chiyoko, the mother, the cause of his excitement, her back-facing figure, disillusioned him to the point of him returning to his normal state of buried wisdom and sleep. However, the sexual impulses temporarily suppressed in this way, as soon as he fell to sound sleep, triggered a certain fearful psychological gene latent in his unconscious mind, inducing a state of preoccupied amusement (see section on seizures on second article below); in light of such reasons in the following paragraphs, it must be understood that this might have caused him to commit such an atrocious act.

3. The Relationship between Kure Ichirō's First Awakening and Sleepwalking

Kure Ichirō stated that his waking up in the middle of the night during the same night was an unusual occurrence that never occurred to him before, and there is reason to believe that this could be an indication of the existence of a sleepwalking state. However, before we can reveal the reason for this, one thing that must be taken into consideration is that the sound of the kitchen door pole falling seems to have been the cause of Kure Ichirō's first awakening. Although Kure Ichirō believes on this fact, I have no hesitation on believing that it is a very rash judgement based on a misconception that the sensory actions during sleep are the same as perceptual actions on waking. There have been numerous cases of such a person where they hear a sound during sleep and believes that they are awakened immediately, but on examining the sound using accurate judgement after awakening, find out that several minutes or even an hour or two of sleep passed since. Another case is the so-called "morning sleeper" trying to be awakened, and, answering the call numerous times, they fall to sleep again, and, perhaps, after waking up after three days, rising to his feet, claims that they awoke with one call that day. This alone should be enough to prove how great the illusion of elapsed time is between the sound felt during sleep and the awakening stimulated by it. There are also cases, however, on people so preoccupied that they perceive a clear noise that awakens them, only to discover, on calm examination, nothing has happened. Looking at the case in this light, it is dangerous to find an inevitable causal relationship between the pole and his awakening, and instead, it would be natural to observe this case as if the two phenomena are completely unrelated. Furthermore, to like this to his abnormal feelings on awakening, and to conclude that someone from outside came in and performed this murderous act while administering an anesthetic, is very adventurous and irrational, and it is not an exaggeration to say that.

Therefore, although there are important research materials that could be published separately regarding the true nature of the sound of preoccupation being the pole, it would require extensive examples and extremely detailed psychological explanation, and so is omitted here,

and due to this, I will only refer to a few examples of “cases in which one feels an non-existent sound in preoccupation” are so striking as to break one’s sleep.

(a) When the progress of a preoccupied vision that is being felt suddenly causes a dead end… for instance, an emotion (joy, anger, sorrow, pleasure, etc.) reach a certain rapid climax, and at the same time you visualized an explosion, scattering, or the falling of an object.. etc…
(b) When the progression of the dream suddenly plunges into a void of some infinite depth… for instance, a moment when one steps off the edge of the world or crashes into a valley of darkness… etc…
(c) When two psychological phenomena going on in one’s mind suddenly intersect or collide… for instance, the moment a secret job carried out in fear of a certain person is discovered by that certain person, or a steamship or automobile of something, worried on colliding, suddenly veers course, and collides before one’s eyes… etc…
(d) When an event going on in one’s dreams suddenly changes to become the opposite and unexpected of a psychological object… for instance, discovering a close friend is a thug, or a companion becomes a frightening person, or a comfortable indoor objects or a pleasant flower garden turns to an object of greatest fear and loathing… etc…

When observed in accordance to the aforementioned, there is nothing else but the true nature of the unrealistic sounds perceived in dreams. In other words, shock, fear, delight, and other sudden changes to one’s state of mind, one forced to receive in the course of the dream, and sudden changes to the state of mind when struck by a sudden loud noise when waking up, are similar as they can be perceived as a single sound.

When considering this incident in light of above case, it is possible that Kure Ichirō’s first awakening was not an acoustic illusion, but rather a momentary fearful state of mind that collided irresistibly with the appearance of a phantom symbolizing a conscientious impulse triggered and aroused by the dream; sexual impulses surging in his mind. As Kure Ichirō wakes up from the crisis of his sexual impulses, he sees his mother’s face, he feels an unusual sense of beauty, a natural psychological process; a pure, unfeigned confession of a secret, an emotional experience that is common among young virgins, especially in the spring time. At the same time, the fact that the same impulse could have triggered a preoccupation during a deep sleep afterwards is a strong confirmation.

Moreover, the fact that the pole had fallen is not a means of concealing the fact that he committed the act through the unconscious invoking of his rational mind during the preoccupation. It is not uncommon to see such cases of acts committed by those who dare to commit crimes or other wrongdoings. Though most of them are shallow

and laughable, as in this case, one should know that this question is not unnatural. Alternatively, it is not a coincidence, when someone came from the outside, accidentally dropping the pole, and looking at the situation, Kure Ichirō came and then the perpetrator fled. However, due to a lack of investigation on the matter, we must reserve it as a questions for the time being.

4. Initial Behavior of the Sleepwalking Attack...Strangulation

When considering the fact that the motive of the murder, the fundamental explanation of the incident, has remained completely out of the scope of speculation to this day, including Dr. W's investigations, including the fact that "there is no evidence of anyone besides the mother, the child, and the female students," one can most easily agree that the truth of the incident was a fit of infatuation with Kure Ichirō's mother; it is also possible to explain without hesitation that any inferences on the culprit are some kind of illusion that is caused by an attempt to confuse the third party. In other words, Kure Ichirō wakes up in this state of sleepwalking due to the seizure of psychogenetics induced by this stimulus on sleeping soundly whilst being enveloped with the aforementioned sexual impulses in his mind, and from his consciousness appear a dreamy vision (the content unknown at the moment); he then picked up the victim's *obi* that came before his eyes and began to kill the woman, the object of his dream vision… it really was his mother… then, it is presumed that having completed his deeds, he went back to bed, and, as will be mentioned later, continued some bizarre sleepwalking regarded as a rarity of science. The aforementioned action is, therefore, a reflex sympathetic action between the cells of the whole body takes the place of the cerebral spinal cord (mainly the internal organs communicating with the sympathetic and vagus nerves, with the muscles, connective tissue, fat, blood, etc. also participating, resulting in a state of fatigue afterwards – see the book "*Psychopathology*"), and is in contact with the five senses which is used to see, hear, judge, and do; and does not retain any memory of the action. And this is the reason why one would blindly believe that actions that require judgement can only be performed by the egoistic consciousness (conscious actions at the time of awakening), leading to errors in reasoning, as in the case of the hypothetical criminal; it is truly unavoidable given the level of the development of scientific knowledge in the modern age.

The second seizure (below), the main point of the case, is the only seizure with any direct relation to the contents of the psychogenetics studied here; this…strangulation… is more of a digression. The true nature of his sleepwalking is a rarity in the academe, with great research value in the field of psychiatry, and as I have not been able to find another case that comes close to this, even if it is a bit off topic, it will be included here to clarify the truth of the incident with consistent with Kure Ichirō's sleepwalking.

5. **Second Stage of Sleepwalking Following the Hanging… Toying with the Corpse…**

Despite the obvious signs of strangulation and traces of agonizing rolling on the floor; and the pretense that the victim was strangled is a shallow act of criminal concealment, but in fact, it is not… the fact that the perpetrator is suspected of having extraordinary wisdom of a hypothetical third party is reasoned judgement, but I have no hesitation in believing that this is an unnatural observation that is too harsh. The aforementioned event also happens to be a tale of strange behavior peculiar to the state of sleepwalking occurring at the same place that night, and the author calls it… corpse playing… this action performed by Kure Ichirō that night, not only unnatural, but also surprising, and the explanation of such events is not only simple, but also unquestionably true.

There are, however, almost no clear records of this phenomenon of corpse playing on a sleepwalking state since ancient times. They are only found in records passed down among Latin people who have a deep interest on such an ultra-materialistic scientific phenomena, and legends that survived among the superstitious Oriental people; only here can we find such phenomena. Therefore, these records cannot be called a record on actual observation. These articles are nothing more than essays described what some priests, doctors, and others with unique psyches have heard from others or have been able to find out. In these articles, the dead were used to threaten people, attempting to move the dead through electricity, performing evil deeds by posing as the dead, or things misidentified or misrepresented such as obtaining organs through superstitious drugs, robbing burial goods, and necrophilia.

No doubt, however, that corpse toying has existed since ancient times. That is to say that in China, India, Japan, etc., when examining the content of these ghost stories called *shikigami* (a *kami* represented as a small ghost), *oni*, or *kasha* (fire chariots that sends the souls to Hell), this kind of sleepwalking act… inferring from various fields, such as natural science and spiritual science, corpse toying is often misrepresented.

The details on these will be compiled on the “Yōkai” chapter, which will be researched and demonstrated; but to give a brief summary, it was originally believed that the phenomenon called *shikigami*, *oni*, or *kasha* are the work of some fox or cat tribe, or perhaps some crows or owls. This is not the facts of the aforementioned. Based on these records, one can observe the situation of corpse playing, at the very beginning, there is the description of a corpse lying in a coffin or on the floor and suddenly rising and running to the void. With eyes closed and hair and hands dangling down helplessly, the deceased may stand still, slanted, turn, stand still, walk, roll like a log, walk in long strides, hang mid-air, fishing upside down, drilling, rolling the belt, turn the opposite direction, fall over like a Buddha statue, turn back, or jump up; as if being manipulated. Representing all kinds of strange shapes and movements. As if the innocent child were toying with dolls, creatures, or objects resembling figures, performing all

sorts of cruel postures and movements, all for merriment. The child is oblivious to the playing of the doll, and is under the illusion that the doll itself is the one changing and moving as it pleases, intuitively sensing its own will, and satisfying a kind of brutality. The psychology of toying with living or pseudo-living creatures is a high level of playing with the prey, as our ancestors did as they captured and captured their play or enemies in their barbaric Enlightenment, or, when they died, the habit of tossing or flinging the head of the enemy was inherited from ancestors; in their savage Enlightenment, they conquered, captured, and killed their prey with a sense of triumph and satisfaction. Moreover, comparing this with the fact that this habit tends to appear mainly in the masculine sex (see section on the variant inheritance on *Psychogenetics*), one should have no doubt that such psychological inheritance can induce such an preoccupation of corpse toying.

Next, the explanation of the above considerations in concrete terms in light of the facts. Firstly, a person attending a dying sick person until the end, or the person who took care of the corpse falls to a deeper than usual sound sleep… on that sleep, a serious suggestion received from the corpse induces dreamlike visions of a brutal nature as described above, and the person may take out and play with an unburied or buried corpse. Naturally, they should not remember the fact that they themselves did such work. Some people, half-dazed and conscious, did not think they had done anything to the corpse, but rather they think of it as some nightmare, tossing the corpse away, or returned it in a coffin, and went back to bed and went to sleep. Waking up, imagine their astonishment to discover the displacement or loss of the corpse, and interprets it as the work of a demon, thereby creating this legend. In other words, almost all of these legends are based on the misfortunes of a poor family, none close to the corpse, or a single person near the corpse, but the main character is the corpse or some demon; the custom of wakes to have a number of people, still practice to this day, has proven to be most effective in preventing such evil, based on the experiences of such people, known and unknown, since ancient times. That custom of placing a blade on the head of the corpse's pillow is not because of the light edge of the blade or its shape, but also due to the visual stimulus it provides to break the hallucination of this kind of sleepwalker. In any case, when observed in this way, there is no doubt on the existence of the corpse-toying dreamscape, and it should be obvious that such a dreamscape was realized by the large number of people close to the corpse, especially before the custom of wakes and cremations became vogue.

In the following, I will compare the above research and the discussion on the case, and find that Kure Ichirō's state on strangling a woman on that night was almost the same as described above, but with clear signs of a perverted sexuality in this state. That is to say, Kure Ichirō, in his peculiar, unique, and perverted sexual "psychogenetic" sleepwalking seizure (see second seizure below), handed down in his bloodline, first obtained the first satisfaction by strangling the

opposite sex, his dream partner… then, by the suggestion of the corpse, moved to the dream-playing state described above… traces of the corpse's extreme agony and tossing and turning, among other things, may be confused with traces of tossing and turning, or a very small part of the victim's anguish, difficult to determine. At the same time, this toying of the corpse has a special seriousness in seeking a kind of perverse sexual comfort; this can be seen in the fact that the toying is endless, never dulling, and finally reaches highest level of perversion (see next section).

6. Third Stage of Sleepwalking State Following the Corpse Toying… The Illusion of Self-Slaughter and of One's Own Corpse…

The perversion of the mind called "hallucination of self-slaughter" and "hallucination of one's own corpse" belongs to the most peculiar of cases, even in those cases of ordinary on non-obsessive behavior, and it is not an easy task to describe the psychological process that led to such perversions. To summarize for the present reference, sexual desire or love originally refers to the psychology of falling in love with the opposite sex with one's own, but tracing it back to its origin, no matter how much it is an expression of selfless love or sexual desire, it is nothing but an expression of the instinctive principle or egoistic psychology sparing one's own living body and soul. The sexual desire or love, therefore, influenced by the constitution, character, circumstances, etc., cannot be satiated constantly… perhaps they did not know how to get bored of it… if desire or love is so acute that it cannot be satisfied by normal means, and at the extreme deviates to the boundary of perverse sexual desire and is still unsatisfied, then at the most extreme of extremes, the mind is so far from satisfaction that it is unable to satisfy itself. Inevitably, the extreme of extremes will reverse to the origin of psychology, and fall to the psychology attachment and self-loathing.

First, a progressive example. When insatiable heterosexual caressing and list become extremely hot, they grow tired to the normal sexual intercourse, and become heterosexual abuse, pleasure-loving slaughter (sadism), love of corpses (necrophilia), then direct stimulation stemming from the opposite sex in the order of looking at the body of the opposite sex, love of the shape of the opposite sex (vicarious), and admiration of the accessories of the opposite sex (fetishism), and son on and forth, gradually; seeking something more heretical and bizarre, they will be attracted to the natural instinct of self-loathing and fall to self-love.

From the conservative side, when that insatiable desire for caress satisfaction rises at a supernatural rate, it becomes a desire for abuse (masochism), then becomes a love for the opposite sex's filth (coprology), when turns into a desire to be scorned, ridiculed, and abhorred by the opposite sex (exhibitionism, etc.), and eventually

leads to the same end as the former, which is the natural course. The so-called NARCISSISM (self-love) can be seen as a manifestation of the author's so-called progressive and conservative perverted love that crosses over and returns.

Even within this "self-love", there is a perversion that combines both progressive and conservative extremes. Meaning, extreme caresses and window dressing of the self leads to self-abuse, partial self-exposure, or perversions such as voyeurism, which leads to a feeling of self-disregard, cold treatment, ridicule, abhorrence, or fear of the self. In fact, examples of this kind of psychology are widespread and universal; the psychology of *seppuku*, dream-like "self-deprecation", righteous death, wrathful death, etc, in the past, or in the suicide notes of the ordinary suicide; perhaps, behind the psychology of "narcissism" containing sweet tears, it is unavoidable, I have to admit, to some extent, in this psychology of heartbroken suicides, the perverted desire is the last and highest satisfaction, but cannot be recognized. Other specific manifestations of such mentality include the destruction of one's own name, likeness etc… the destruction of mirrors without reason… the volunteering of playing the part of the wounded or dead, etc. in mock battles, plays, etc… the brutal artistic depictions by the author of people resembling them… suicides without a suicide note… suicide in public… suicides that embellishes the self and the environment… suicide of sympathies… the existence of suicide clubs... and so on; almost impossible to ignore. In addition, there are also other instances of such a perverted psychology in one's daily lives as one lies down or chats, while maintaining an inseparable relationship with one's self-love, not knowing or saying a word. Therefore, even if an extremely perverted mind is of high research value, such cases in which it is revealed are not rare nor unusual, but rather have a sort of universal tendency than other intermediate desires. It only remains to be proven that such a person with considerable self-examination should be able to discover such a perverted psychology in their own psychological life.

Based on the above facts, it is not that difficult to infer that Kure Ichirō recognized that the victim's appearance resembled his own image before and after the hanging, the first stage on his pre-occupied state on this case. At the same time, the serious and painful urge for sexual desire, the true source of his state, could not be released through dreamy means, and must have recognized that the corpse looked like himself several times in the course of his endless tossing and turning. Due to this, he was of course lured by this illusion of self-murder, and therefore it would not be amiss to assume that he thought that the corpse was his own and hanged it several times. In the end, the corpse was suspended from the handrail of the upper floor, and as he looked at it from the opposite staircase, he was amused by the vision of his own corpse, and when observed in this manner, the most important features of the case, like the victim being hanged multiple times and then assumed to have been strangled to death, can be explained naturally and clearly. Because of this, fingerprints,

footprints, and other evidence on this case tends to be largely overlooked. Therefore, it is with regret that we are unable to speculate on the details of the bizarre behavior peculiar to such an unusual state.

In this connection, there is reason to suppose that the sexual urge's climax that supported Kure Ichirō's fits is released by the vision of his own corpse. His behavior after that was the aftermath of his somnambulism, something the author called a state of slumber. However, it can be inferred that the dream-walking that took place on such a state also produces the important questionable characteristics that appear on the surface, and should therefore be described in a different section.

7. Characteristics of Kure Ichirō's Nightmares, Halitosis, and Other Features of His Sleepwalking

The fact that Kure Ichirō had nightmares and felt headache, vertigo, chills, halitosis, nausea, etc. after awakening, all of which, combined, make him suspect the use on an anesthetic. When observed, however, from a psychological point, it is truly an unavoidable error in light of modern scientific knowledge development. In other words, the aforementioned is the result of this very limited understanding of the nature of dreams and somnambulism, and when judged from the following two explanations, it is possible to recognize that the aforementioned phenomena are not cause my the use of anesthetics, but rather show the most striking characteristics of the accompanying symptoms of somnambulism.

1. **Halitosis, others, and the *rokukurobi* (a Japanese ghost with an elongated neck** As mentioned, Kure Ichirō's symptoms after awakening: headache, nausea, fatigue, etc. are all the common side effects of sleepwalking, but what I want to share in particular which is of interest… the observation that he smelt an unpleasant odor stemming from his mouth… such is his statement. Halitosis and other symptoms of sleepwalking will be discussed in detail on another article on "Yōkai Discourse", but here are some ideas; there are not much cases on a somnambulist driven by internal impulses, the origin of their somnambulism, and, not only unaware of any fatigue but are able to continue with some vigor and endurance, beyond the imagination of ordinary people until a certain stroke is completed. At the height of this attack, however, or after the climax, the patient will then feel some abnormal fatigue with a relaxation of the mind, and will then experience a severe thirst, the natural consequence of physiology. (This much is true on awakening after a nightmares, etc. accompanied by agony, groaning, and other light sleepwalking activities) Basing on this theory, the best reference material to compare and study with this case is the

ghost story of the “*rokurokubi*”, the one with the loose neck, passed down through the streets of Japan.

The fact that the ghost stories and paintings of the *rokurokubi* symbolize the psychology of human dreams and sleepwalking with pleasure should be emphasized. There is also the fact that these *rokurokubi*, with their habit of licking oil, sewage, or some other unclean water, causing a foul odor in their mouths the following morning, have been explained by these ghost stories, paintings, etc., but this is by no means a wild and ridiculous theory. In other words, in this tale, only the head escapes while winding around, and it is inferred that it licks something, and, in fact, it is nothing more than the result of the person themselves, driven by natural physiological desires, looking for a kind of liquid while on a binge, and then eating it. Moreover, the aforementioned is always the desire that occurs after the climax of the attack; in a state that one is barely able to continue the sleepwalking due to the intense thirst, the clarity of consciousness would be greatly diminished, and the ability to search and explore would be extremely weakened. Therefore, it is not reasonable to immediately swallow something resembling water, or recognize that it is a liquid of some kind, without even asking what it is. On sleepwalking, the person swallows something like oil or sewage from a sewage ditch without knowing, and the next morning has a strange halitosis, complains of headache, nausea, etc. due to the indigestion, and becomes the suspicion of the family members; or, as a result of combining facts as the decrease in oil in the lantern with imagination, of course, in the past, which human knowledge has yet to reach any civility, there would be suspicions that a person’s head escaped. In addition, the *rokurokubi*’s neck, the heroine of the sleepwalk, is a beautiful woman of great age, repressing the activation of all instinctive egoistic psychology in life; the three-eyed monster symbolizing the STEGOCEPHALIA of the lower animals, the ancestors of mankind; the animal-like behavior of sticking out their long tongues to lick liquids are also associated with this, a good reference for psychogenetics to study the genetic manifestations of animal psychology, but not much details shall be put here. Based on this, Kure Ichirō’s halitosis on awakening is not caused by some olfactory nerve disorder as a result of some anesthetic used for inhalation or injection or the re-secretion of used drugs on the mucous membrane of the mouth. The fact that he consumed some kind of non-aqueous liquid (presume, lotion, or cleaning oil) during the same night is evidence of most of the other morbid phenomena are also the result of this liquid. The fact, however, that various investigations on this point have been neglected completely, though unavoidable, is of big regret to everyone.

2. **Bad Dream** The nightmare Kure Ichirō believes he has continuously on awakening around 1:05 a.m. on the night of the incident and then going back to sleep, is actually a memory of a nightmare he had a short time before the second awakening; like ordinary dreams, this was no direct relationship with the content of his sleepwalking. The above explanation should make it clear that words uttered during the sleepwalking must have been influence by someone.

8. The Time in Which the Activities took Place, etc.

For reasons stated above, when considering this case, we can assume that Kure Ichirō's attack that night occurred between the first and second awakenings. And if the victim died between 2 to 3 in the morning, one can assume that Kure Ichirō feel into the deepest possible sleep 30 minutes to an hour after the second sleep, when he could have been in such a sleepwalking state. The second awakening at dawn can be seen as a manifestation of the subconscious habitual in an ordinary waking life, and in the following sleep, he was able to detect, through his perspiring phenomenon, that for the first time he had left the nightmares triggered by the aftermath of his binge drinking of the food swallowed after binge drinking, and entered a true sound sleep and rest.

9. Post-Awakening Awareness of Sleepwalking and Dual Personality

Next, as Kure Ichirō was interrogated by the police on suspicions of murdering of his mother after the awakening, stunned, said, "If that is the case, then maybe I did kill her and forgot about it," as if he had been forgetting on it; and at first glance, you may think that this is proof that said person can retain some of his own sleepwalking activities in his memories. In other words, as explained in Part 4, the fact of his sleepwalking that night should not exist in the conscious, but something in the unconscious memory created by cells other than the spinal cord… for instance, that feeling of extreme fatigue at that time may have been brought to his consciousness by the suggestive power of the questioning of the inspector. However, from another aspect, it is difficult to maintain that it is not an illusion peculiar to this kind of brain, which is the result of being in such a situation as a person with a very clear mid and a love for novels, reflecting the purity of his temperament and the clarity of his conscience. The question of this issue, therefore, does not precisely prove the existence of Kure Ichirō's sleepwalking. It is included as only a supplementary reference.

In addition, we must understand the reason why people have long thought that the infatuated patient has a kind of dual personality. The personality of a single person, the unity of the innumerable amount of memories inherited from ancestors and the innumerable performances of each race, family, individuality, etc. included in the bloodline, is part of the so-called dual personality, which manifested

separately during waking hours, and the same with somnambulism, manifested during sleep. Therefore, the responsibility for crimes committed by the somnambulist during their somnambulism should not be blamed on the somnambulist, but rather their ancestors and the society of their time.

10.The Riddle of the Kure Family Bloodline

The first four articles of the discussion, there are not much places other than the above mentioned that imply that something in Kure Ichirō's mind that is genetically predisposed to such a state with pleasure. The following is a brief description.

=During Kure Ichirō's Discourse= Although her mother, Chiyoko, is described of having a clear mind and strong character, unusual for a woman, and also defending herself as not being superstitious, the fact that she adheres to superstition, mundane and stupid, regarding the destiny of both mother and son, leads one to suspect the some kind of constant kind of irresistible anguish and anxiety in her psyche.

=The Same= When the diviner, that "*tanuki hole diviner*" said that she was under danger, the diviner referred to the fact that that same diviner, conversing with the mother, inferred certain facts contained in her words.

=During Aunt Yayoko's Discourse= On meeting him for the first time at the Nōgata Police State, she asked him if he had been dreaming, the reply being that he had heard of sleepwalking before. It is a wonder that Yayoko, by the traditions of the time being uneducated, the housewife of a farming family, could even consider the existence of a extraordinary advanced mental scientific phenomenon in an emergency case like this. Furthermore, she tried to apply this to the actual situation to immediately get to the gist of the case. How unnatural that this lady is capable of making such an astute and bold judgements; truly an astonishing fact. However, if said lady always kept such issues in mind under the pressure of some painful circumstances and was paying keen attention to the rumors or explanations concerning such facts, it is not unnatural for her to ask such questions at such a time.

=The Same= She told me of her niece's family on the beach with a few close relatives, and many wealthy families in the countryside isolated from the rest of the family by blood. The cause of this isolation is a traditional bad reputation associated with the family or its lineage, or a certain abominable genetic trait, making people unwilling to form relationships with them; the Kure Family is suspected of such.

=The Same= She repeatedly explains that her younger sister Chiyoko ran away with the purpose of training in embroidery and painting, but, comparing this with the above-mentioned suspicions, it must have a sort of another meaning. Meaning, Chiyoko ran away under an agreement with her elder sister in order to keep the lineage alive in another place; perhaps she foresaw that marriage

is impossible if she remained. It is not difficult to imagine such a tacit agreement between the two sisters, given both of their temperamental personality, rare among women.

=During Lady Matsumura Matsuko's Discourse= Combining the above-mentioned suspicions, and the rumor of "Chiyoko being a well-known man-eater," one should be able to get a glimpse of subsequent behavior of the woman, who left the home under such circumstances.

Through the above points, it can be seen that the existence of something traditional and frightening in the Kure Family of Meinohama, and the sisters Yayoko and Chiyoko, the last of the lineage, are well aware of this fact, already been fully implied from the beginning of the incident.

11. What Remains is the Question, "What Kind Of Psychological Heredity, To What Degree, Was the Seizure of Kure Ichirō's State in this Case Caused by the Outburst of Such Heredity?"

In the first seizure, the tangible suggestion that directly triggered the state was only "the beauty of the woman's sleeping face," and the stimulus was given by a mother with the least heterosexual seductive power, so the degree of suggestion to the amazing psychogenetics unique to the Kure Family must be so shallow. The only thing matching the content of that sleepwalking with the content of psychogenetics unique to the same family (see later) is "hanging". Therefore, one can assume that the corpse and its appearance has given us a sort of derailed sleepwalk, and failed to reveal any further psychogenetic content that can be of use.

The solution and explanation to all fundamental questions concerning the aforementioned items should be thoroughly clarified by the various circumstances that will appear in the second seizure described next, happening approximately two years after the Nōgata incident.

The Second Seizure

◆**First Reference:** Togura Sengorō's Discourse

▼**Date of hearing:** Around 1 in the afternoon, April 26, *Taishō 15 (1926)*. The day of the so-called Menohama Bride Killing Incident——

▼**Location:** His home at 2427, Meinohama-cho, Hayara-gun, Fukuoka Prefecture——

▼**Person present:** Togura Sengorō (Permanent farmer for Kure Yayoko, at the time, 55)——Wives and children in the same house——other (Mr. W)——that's all——

[NOTE] As this is a very extreme dialect, it is described as close to the standard language.

——Yes, I am afraid that I have committed a terrible thing. I fell from the top of a ladder and hit my back. It was so sore that I had to crawl to the bathroom. I nearly lost my life. Since this morning, however, with sake, I have been eating black-grilled eggplant, and applying crushed crucian carps, which seemed to have eased the pain.

——It has been said that Kure-*san*'s family have over a thousand sacks of rice, and is one of the best and most famous farmers in the area. The current owner, Yayoko-*san*, plays with the abacus all by herself, from sericulture to poultry farming… I don't know how many hundreds or thousands or millions, but it's a very large sum of money. If the school was built by her, the temple his ancestors, then the heir, Young Master (Kure Ichirō) is very lucky, but many unexpected things happened…

——Young Master was gentle, a man of very few words. On coming back from Nōgata, he was always studying in the back room. He had a good reputation among his employers and neighbors, as he did not take authority over them. Until now, the Kure family only had two members, the youngest of the family, Lady Yayoko-*san*, and her seventeen-year old daughter, Lady Moyo-*san*; the house was somewhat gloomy. Since the spring this year, Young Master graduated from a high school in Fukuoka with the best grades and entered a university in Fukuoka as well; with this congratulatory message from Young Master and Lady Moyo-*san*, the house of the Kure was in a state of prosperity…yeah…

——It happened yesterday (April 25). There was a sort of English speech by high-school students in a large Western-style building, "Memorial Hall" in Inaba-chō, Fukuoka; as Young Master was the first in his class, he was in charge of the speech, but Yayoko-*san* tried to make him wear university clothes instead of high school clothes. At the time, Young Master laughed bitterly and insisted on not wearing it. He tried to run away, saying it was way too soon, but she still forced him to wear it; even now, I can still see her demeanor, wiping her tears away as she saw him off. Looking back, that was probably the last time Young Master wore his college uniform.

——The following day, today, was a special day for Young Master and Lady Moyo-*san*, their wedding, so we have been staying overnight to help out since the day before yesterday. Lady Moyo-*san* was tied up in a traditional hair style, working in a grass-colored kimono with a red *tasuki*, and is known by reputation as a woman whose appearance was as beautiful as her ancestor Mutsumi-*sama*, and a temperament so gentle her babysitter used to sing to her, "*kiryō senryō, katagi ga senryō, ato no senryō wa muko shidai. (pretty a thousand, spirits a thousand, the last thousand will be on the son-in-law).*" Young Master was only twenty-years old, but with a good sense of judgement and manner, a man of thirty years couldn't keep up with him; so well behaved that a high-ranking noble would not have any of it. No such couple with this caliber is said to exist in Hakata. Young Master was tired of spending money on preparations, and so he built a beautiful detached house on a farm on the edge of the land; his kimono was tailored in the best drapery store, *Kyoya*. The food was from the

best caterer, *Uokichi*, creating a fuss; the enthusiasm of the widow was impressive.

——Young Master's role at the speech yesterday was short, and he left the room saying that, no matter how late, he would be back by 2 in the afternoon without fail; but three o'clock came and went, and as I paced back and forth, he had not returned. By nature, Young Master was never one to make mistakes; and on mentioning this, the senior staff would only say, "Most likely the start of the speech has been delayed," and paid no attention to it. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before, so I was worried. As I went ahead with my busy schedule, the sky became overcast and the spring day became dark as evening all of a sudden. The mother, Yayoko-*san*, wiping her wet hands, called me to the shadows and told me, "It's no mistake that he is twenty years old, but he doesn't seem to be back yet, so would you mind going over there to see him?" As I was thinking this, I had finished the streamer basket, smoked a cigarette, and went out in my sandals at 4:00 p.m. I took the railway to Nishi-Shinmachi, stopping by my brother's shop at the Imagawa Bridge. On asking if he had seen Young Master, he replied, "Oh… Young Master passed by here two hours ago, going west by foot, not on track. It's the first time I've seen him in university clothes. And the two of us (me and the wife) saw him off for a while."

——Young Master always hated the smell of smoke from this track, even walking along the rice paddies of Meinohama every day when he went to high school, as he thought that would be good exercise. Even so, from Imagawa Bridge to Meinohama was only a mile or so, and should not take two hours, but I was still worried… and was about to leave at around thirty minutes past 4. Coming back along the national highway, I found a quarry at the foot of a mountain on the seashore side, not far from Meinohama. It's called the Meinohama stone, a soft black stone, and as you will see on returning home, it is a place the one pass through where one is coming or going from Fukuoka… The stones of the quarry stood out like a folding screen. In the dim light of the western sun, I thought I saw a glimpse of a figure wearing a square hat in the back of a building.

——I have bad eyesight, but on approaching, as expected, it was Young Master. Sitting on the shadows of the high rocks, he is looking at something that looks like a scroll. I climbed over the cut stones piled up and came out above the head of Young Master, so I stretched my neck and had a look. He was somewhere in the middle of a very long school, but, it had nothing but white paper, and it seemed that nothing was written on it. Young Master's eyes, however, seemed to see something, looking at the white area with single-minded focus.

——I had heard rumors of a haunting picture scroll in Master Kure's house. But that was a long time ago, and there is no such thing today. I had thought it was only a story, but never would I have thought that it was real, and it was that scroll. I thought it was my bad eyesight, so I move my face as close as possible in a way to not alert the Young Master, but it was still white paper, and no matter how hard I rubbed my eyes, there wasn't a single pattern that I could see.

——Now, I no longer wander. I decided to ask Young Master what he was looking at and hurried down at the rocky corner. He did not notice my approaching; he was still holding the half-opened scroll with both hands, looking at the red

sky in the west and seemingly thinking vaguely. I cleared my throat and called out, “Ummm, Young Master?”; that seemed to startle him, and look at me with a surprised look. He finally said, “Oh, it’s you Sengorō. Why did you come here?” he smiled as if realizing for the first time, and, holding the scroll face down, rolled it up with a string. I thought Young Master was thinking of something important. Without realizing it, I told him of Yayoko-*san*’s worries, then asked, “What is that? You have a scroll?” pointing at the scroll in his hand. Young Master, looking back at the mountain and thinking of something, looked at me again and compared my face with the scroll. “This? I must finish this scroll, and once it’s done, I’ll give it as a gift to the Heavenly Prince. I can’t show it to anyone.” This he said as he put it in a pocket under his cloak.

——I finally began to understand, but as I asked, “But, what was written there?...” Young Master turned red and, with a wry smile, said, “You’ll see. It’s an interesting story, with a terrifying picture. You must all see it before the ceremony…you’ll see… you’ll see…” I had a strange feeling as if understanding something, but I realized that the way Young Master was very different from what I was used to. So, though insistent, I repeated it again to make absolutely sure. “Alright. Who gave you such a thing?” Young Master, staring at my face for a time, rolled his eyes, and blinked a couple of times, as if realizing something. Tearful, he said, “The person who gave this… an acquaintance of my dead mother. They came to return to me this scroll that Mother secretly entrusted to me. I’m sure we’ll meet in a few days. I asked the name at the time, but… that person disappeared somewhere, but I know who they were… But they haven’t told me a thing yet. You must not tell this to anyone. Well then… let’s go, let’s go.” This he said very anxiously. He came to the street, jumping over stones, walking ahead of me. How fast he walked!… as if possessed by something, so different from usual. Well, in hindsight, there have been strange things happening at that time…

——When Young Master came home, he immediately said to Yayoko-*san*, “I’m home… sorry I’m late.” When she asked him, “Have you seen Sengorō?” Young Master replied, “Yes. I met him at the quarry. He should be coming back now.” I then entered from behind and quickly went to the house. She seemed relieved, not asking me anything, but instead thanking me for my hard work. She was wiping bowls on a wooden board beside her, and motioned me with her eyes. She then stood up with embarrassment, carrying an iron kettle behind Young Master, and went towards the house.

——One other thing, I found later, as the sun came down, something strange happened… At that time, I laid down a mat by the gardenia tree by the back door, and while smoking a pipe, was mending the repairs of the steam basket repaired earlier. From here, one can see the inside of the *tatami* room through the branches of the bamboo tree. Young Master had changed into a *kimono* in front of the desk of the room and seemed to be asking Omoyo-*san* something while drinking the tea she made for him… I couldn’t hear him through the glass shutters, but he was unusually pale and his eyebrows were twitching, as if scolding, but on looking closely, it wasn’t so. Omoyo-*san* was folding clothes, laughing and smiling, red-faced, shaking her head and saying “No, no.” What a strange sight.

——When Young Master saw this, he turned pale and walked up to Omoyo-*san*. One hand was in her shoulder, shaking her a few times, the other was pointing toward the direction of three rows of storehouses; whether he was happy or sad, I couldn't tell. Then, she lifted her head and looked at the storehouse Young Master was pointing at. She blushed like fire to the neck, shook her lively head a little and hunched over … like watching a school play… yeah…

——Young Master, seeing this, went on his knees, his hand on Omoyo-*san*'s shoulders and look around through the glass shutters, and, looking at the evening sky over the eaves, he smiled with white teeth as if he had remembered. He stuck out his red tongue and seemed to be licking; I couldn't help but be horrified at how pale and creepy his smile was…yeah…I never could have conceived that it was an omen for such a thing to happen. I did not know learned people can make such strange gestures like that… I've been so busy that I have forgotten about it.

——That time, last night, as everyone has gone to bed, maybe around 2 in the morning. The wife of the groom, Omoyo-*san* and the mother Yayoko-*san* went to the back room of the main house… Young Master and I, who had become an attendant in the parent's place, took a floor in the detached house and slept there. I went to the bath a little after twelve, and, closing the door of the house, took to the floor of the room next to the Young Master, a tea room, and then went to sleep. In the morning, I woke as it was still quite dark and went to the bathroom, and through going towards there and, using the dim light from the two-sided glass shutters as a guide, came to the porch in front of Young Master's room and saw the new *shoji* screen slid open and the glass shutter in front of it also open. I looked in, and Young Master was not in his bed… How strange, I thought… I got my *geta* (a sort of footwear that has a flat wooden base or 'teeth' that elevates the foot) from the kitchen doorway and walked along the stepping stones toward the main house, and there I found the back *tatami* room open, and through the dim light, saw the remains of a *geta* with bits of sand on them. Thinking for only a moment, I took off my *geta* and walked down the hallway and peeked through the glass sliding door of the back room, finding myself in a dark electric light, and through the light, saw Yayoko-*san* sleeping, one arm outstretched, and Omoyo-*san*'s bed beside her a husk, her nightgown folded up at the hem, the high pillow made of scarlet silk placed in the middle of the floor.

——I finally remembered that I saw it at the end of the day… well, I didn't know such was the case. I was relieved to see that I did not have to worry about it… But… thinking back, it is a little suspicious for Young Master to be doing something like that, and I felt uneasy. I guess the insects knew (Japanese phrase for foreboding)… in any case, I didn't let it be my fault. I woke Yayoko-*san* before everyone… I pointed to Omoyo-*san*'s bed and said, "Here," and Yayoko-*san*, rubbing her eyes, sat up and asked a strange question, "Have you seen Ichirō carrying something like a scroll these days?"… I had no idea what was going on at that time, so I said, "… I… I met him yesterday at the quarry, and he seemed to be reading from a long scroll of white paper, and I don't know what it was…" I can still remember Yayoko-*san*'s face going pale at the time… "He came out again?" she said in a hoarse voice, and biting her lip,

clasped her hands together and trembled, her eyes turned upside down, and looked as if she felt troubled. I felt upset that I couldn't understand what was going on. I fell on my behind and watched. She eventually regained her composure, wiped away her tears with her hands, and with a tearful smile on her face, said, "No, I don't want it. I could be wrong. You could be wrong. Anyways, find him," she said, standing up. At that time, with the same atmosphere as any other day, standing first, she went down the porch, looking well-dressed, and on reaching the front door on her hands and knees, I followed suit, putting on my *geta* and crouched down.

——The light rain had stopped by that point…the area in front of the outhouse, the third storehouse on the far right, which you can see from here, can notice that the north-facing copper door was left open and so I stopped Yayoko-*san* from going ahead and pointed at it. Thinking back, that storehouse was usually empty until harvest time, when tools are put in, and since there was traffic of people coming and going, the young people would often get careless and leave the windows open. I know I shouldn't be surprised, as it was around that time of the season, but as I remembered what occurred during the day, I had to stop… Yayoko-*san* nodded her head and went towards the front of the storehouse door. The door didn't even budge a bit, as if being blocked from the inside. She then got a one and a half *ken* (a ken is approximately 6 shaku) ladder that was hooked on the wooden plank of the main house, placing it under the window of the storehouse, then motioned me to climb up. From the window, there is what appears to be a flickering light.

——I am a coward, as you may know. I did not feel at all comfortable, but Yayoko-*san*'s face was uneasy, and so, I took off my *geta*, folded my hips, then climbed up the ladder, putting my hands on the edge of the window, and peeked inside. As I looked… my legs became weak and was unable to climb down. My hands lost strength, which had been holding unto the window, and I fell, hitting my lower back, making me unable to stand or run.

——Yes. I can never forget what I saw at the window, even if I even try to forget it for as long as I live. Empty straw bags were piled up in a corner of the storehouse's second floor. A square bed made in the middle of the wooden floor, and spread out and covered there was Omoyo-*san*'s fancy nightgown and red *yumoji* (Japanese undergarment). On top was Omoyo-*san*'s corpse, her hair wet and tied in a *Takashimada* style (the hair style of traditional women; hair usually worn up and arched back), naked on her back. In front was an old sutra desk from the *tatami* room of the main house. On the left was a brass candlestick for the Buddha statue, and a 100 *monme* (375 grams) candle burning. To the right, I think were school supplies like paint and what looked like brushes lined up. I can't remember the details well. And in the middle of it all, the Young Master. In front of him, the scroll I saw at the quarry yesterday, spread out, long, and well-mannered…yes… no doubt about it. I recognize the gold brocade pattern on the edge and color of the core (shaft). Nothing was written on it, just plain paper… yes… Young Master was sitting up straight in front of the scroll, wearing a white *kasuri* (a fabric with fibers dyed specifically to create patterns and images) nightgown. When I peeked in, he looked at me quietly, and smiling, waved his hands side-to-side as if to say, "Don't look". I know I am

telling you this, but this is something I remembered later. At the time, I was shocked and absorbed by his voice that I didn't know what it sounded like.

——Yayoko-*san* asked me something as she was holding me up. I don't remember if I answered her question. I think she was pointing at the window of the storehouse and saying something… Yayoko-*san* then seem to agree on something, then put back the ladder that had fallen down and climbed up by herself. I tried to stop her, but I couldn't stand on my back, my teeth weren't in contact with each other, and I couldn't speak. I looked up at her with my hands behind my back on the cold ground. She quickly climbed up the ladder, her forelegs hanging down, put her hands on the edge of the window, and peeked in as quickly as I had done… yet… I still cower when I think back to Yayoko-*san*'s anger at the time.

——"What are you doing over there?", she asked in a quiet voice as she looked around from the window. I then heard Young Master's voice, his usual matter-of-fact voice, replying, "Mother…Wait a moment, please. In a while, it will begin to rot…" The surrounding areas were silent… Yayoko-*san* seemed to think for a moment, then said, "Well, it's not going to rot any time soon. It's almost dawn, so how about you come down and have some breakfast?" I heard a "Yes" from inside. Young Master got up, the reflection of the fire in the window suddenly darkened… but… how could a mother say that with her daughter's corpse in front of her… Yayoko-*san* went down the latter, then said to me, "Doctor, doctor," then ran to the front door of the storehouse… I'm ashamed to admit that I have no idea what she even on about at the time, and even if I knew, I was too cowardly to go there. I was so frightened and I couldn't stand nor stay still. I was trembling.

——When the storehouse door opened, Young Master came out, holding a key on one hand, wearing his garden *geta*. He was smiling at up, but those eyes were different than usual. From where I was, I saw that she took the key from his hand, put her mouth to his ear, said a few words, and then pulled Young Master by the hand to the house to sleep.

——Yayoko-*san* turned around and went upstairs to the storehouse's second floor; she seemed to be doing something stealthy. Alone, I crawled to the back of the wooden door behind the storehouse, clinging to the redwood tree there, stretching my back to stand up. I heard the copper red door of the storehouse window slam shut, and I turned around, startled. I turned again, hearing the storehouse lock with a crack. I then saw Yayoko-*san*, running barefoot, scroll firmly grasped in her left hand, her hair in disarray as she ran back toward the house. Through the brightly lit glass door, I saw Young Master, who had gone to bed, rushing up to the muddy porch, in muddy feet, holding a scroll to his face, horrified, and began to speak a few words.

——Young Master pointed towards the quarry, shaking his head and making strange gestures, as if trying very hard to speak. Didn't really hear it well, so much complicated words, but I did hear things like, "for the Sons of Heaven" and "for the people" coming up over and over again. Yayoko-*san* seemed to be listening, eyes wide and nodding; Young Master stopped talking. The scroll she was holding was suddenly snatched away by Young Master and then pushed it deep

in his pocket. Yayoko-*san* forcibly snatched it back. In hindsight, it was a bad idea… Young Master took the scroll away from her, as if losing his temper, looking at her, with mouth open, the look on his face was weird… Yayoko-*san* was so frightened, then backed away, trying to leave. Young Master quickly grabbed her sleeve and put her down on the *tatami* mat. Looking at her face, he smiled with narrowed eyes, as if happy.

——Seeing his face, I felt involuntarily horrified as if doused by water. Yayoko-*san* seemed horrified as well and tried to force himself to shake him off. Young Master, however, stood up then grabbed her hair from behind as she went down the porch, dragging her onto the garden on her back. Smiling, he picked the *geta* that was there and with it struck her head in a pleasant manner. Yayoko-*san* became pale on the earth; her hair a mess, blood dripping all over her face, crying as if dying as she crawled on the dirt… Seeing this, I lost all hope in life. Knees and hips firmly clasped, I returned home, and wrapped in my nightgown in horror, said to my wife, “Doctor, doctor!” The doctor, Munechika-*don* came to the house, puzzled. I sent him, saying, “In Kure-*san*’s place. In Kure-*san*’s place.”

——That is all I saw… yes… it is all genuine and of little value. I heard later that maybe two or three men, hearing Yayoko-*san*’s shouts went to the source, seized Young Master, and tied him up with a thin string. Young Master’s strength was by no means the strength of three or five men, but the strings were snapped off twice. Finally they made him immobile, tying him to the root of the floor pillar of the outhouse; he seem to get tired and fell to a deep sleep. Young Master’s demeanor was strange, very different. When the police interrogated him, he just sat there looking around, not saying a thing… I heard that someone in Nōgata also had a similar case, but a university professor found that he had been given paralyzing drugs. Yayoko-*san* said that he had brought him in since not much happened, but these bloodlines are terrifying, and looking what happened, that scroll seems to be the cause of it.

——It has been a long time since anything was heard on the curse of the scroll; no one even knows what it is… nothing to be seen but the roof of the scroll… It has been said that it was placed in the belly of the principal image of a temple called *Nyogetsu*. It has been said that if you were born a male of the Kure bloodline, you will go insane and kill your parents, siblings, or strangers, if they were women. It is said that there is a written record of that origin in that temple… Yes… the current chief monk of that temple was named Hōran-*sama*, said to be as famous as the one at Shōfuku Temple in Hakata, and so I am sure he is aware of this kind of fate… Yes… he is a very old man, body as thin as a crane, his eyebrows and beard hanging down, white as snow. If you would like, come and see him and listen to what he has to see. I will be happy to show you around…

——Right now, Yayoko-*san* was now lying on the bed with a sprained leg, seemingly half-crazy. The head injury wasn’t anything serious, but what she may say may not make sense, so no way to for sure. She is currently sick, and so she cannot be visited at the moment…

——Some have said that because I did not run to Munechika (the doctor's surname), it seems as if everything was too late. Examining my back, he said that Omoyo-*san* was strangled to death around 3 to 4 in the morning. Apparently he based it on how much the candle was still burning…Yes… the rest is as I said. Had Yayoko-*san* had done it right, everything would have been known. As I said, if you think anything said I sounds like a grudge against Young Master… well, pull yourself together. You are a reliable person… seems like a dream, so I couldn't believe it.

——Not a single police officer has come to inquire on the events… The only one who noticed the commotion first was a young man, staying at the house, after hearing Yayoko-*san*'s screams. The police investigated the story in detail and went away… I had taken the necessary precautions. I didn't want to be suspected, so I asked Dr. Munechika to keep quiet, but in the midst of the commotion, he asked who invited him. I had no idea who invited him, so I was surprised to hear his unexpected inquiries. Yes. I have nothing to hide. But please, I ask that you help me to avoid being called by the police. As you can tell, I am a coward, at even the mere mention of the word "police" terrifies me… yes…

◆**Second Reference:** Nyōgetsu Temple, Mt. Seitai (Origin)

(Notes of the monk Ichigyō Shōnin, founder of a temple on the hill-top)

——**NOTE——**The temple is at 24 Meinohama. Built by the 49th generation of the Kure family, by the ancestor Kōtei——

The snow that like gold glittered in the morning become nothing more than muddy water in the evening and flowed to the river and sea. Flowers of splendor, shining like silver candles in the evening, will become dust by dawn and left on the muddy soil. The three worlds are crests on the waves, life is a rainbow in the sky. In the end, bad karma is not removed. In life, they are corrupted by the changes of hell, manifesting themselves as screaming animals, and in death, it passes evil enlightenment to their offspring, tormented by eternal karma. What is that fear, that suffering, and what do they want to make them do?

In this manner, we will be able to see the true nature of causality, grasping the true essence of Our Master (in this case, I'll be referring the Buddha to this), and attesting to their origin, have an enlightened mind and raise a temple to offer the wisdom of Our Master, turning it to a place of purification where people can pray to Master's name and respect the heaven and earth. There was a legend on a tea store called *Midoriya* in the Yamashiro Province, near Gion Shrine in Kyōtō, during the Keian era, where people of all ranks, high and low, lived. Every year, they select an inscription from Uji, presenting it to the clouds, and the festival "*Gyokuro*", spread throughout the nation. The head of the family, Tsuboemon, had a son and three daughters. The boy, named

Tsubotarō, though loved, had no interest for the path of business. From his youth, he had been the student of Zen Master Ingen of the Uji Ōbaku, and his academic ability surpassed other people. He has mastered the Yagyū swordsmanship, adopted the Tosa School of painting, and the Shōfū of haiku poetry, creating his distinct style. Growing older, he took the name of Kuhei. He was a great admirer of both land and sea, and had no desire to succeed to the family. However, as he grew older, not only was he forced to marry as the family had no offspring, but he has not reached his academic potential, and they are not free from conflict. Finally, at the request of his father Tsuboemon, he received an admonition from Master Ingen, and then his mind changed.

twenty five years old

cannot hear it to this day

the lesser cuckoo

(NOTE ON POEM: the lesser cuckoo, known as the hototogisu, is commonly used in Japanese poetry, symbolizing the season, as their call usually signifies the coming of summer. It is also known to be an elusive bird, flying from branch to branch)

Leaving this poem on the door, he left his home and became a Buddhist priest, and spent a year in the west, visiting scenic spots and historic sites, because arriving in Karatsu, Hizen Prefecture, Nagasaki. He was 26, at the end of April in the spring of the 2nd year of the Enpō Era.

There is no one thing to do but appreciate the scenery of the sky and earth. He changed his name to Kotei after Niji-no-Matsubara (confusing, but both use almost the same kanji), and, selecting eight views, exhibited them on calligraphy, made them to prints, and distributed them public. Staying for half a day, he was lured by the peaceful moon of late autumn, leaving his lodgings and went up to Niji-no-Matsubara. Those famous pine trees of a thousand years, lined with silver waves and sands, were completely enveloped in clear light, and the wind is like the heavenly sound of a master craftsman's ink techniques. One *ri* (around 2.44 miles), past the fishing village of Hamasaki, his excitement was endless. A further half mile, reaching the cape, leaning against a rock and looking far over the bay, he caught the glimpses of the shadows of the geese as the night went on.

Then appeared a woman. She was maybe not more than 28, but her gorgeous sleeves fluttered, her small white feet aching as she crosses the rocky shore and came near the rainbow shore. She looked to the west, and clasped her hands together as if praying for the world's salvation. She then wiped away her tears, clasped his sleeves together, and seemed ready to throw herself to the sea. Kotei ran towards her and held her in his arms. He then guided her to the nearby pine grove where the sand was clear, and asked her the details on what had happened.

A samurai fell in love with the only daughter of the Kure family; her name was Mutsumijo. The family had been the head of the place for generations, rich and prosperous, but lacking in knowledge. I say that this is cause for great horror in this world. Since long ago, there has been no end to the veins of turbulent minds in the family. Sadly, at the moment, she is the only one left alive.

To begin, a scroll handed down the family from her ancestors. The artist painted the nude figure of a beautiful woman in the center of it. From what one can learn, the ancestor of the Kure family, Nigashi, was deeply saddened by the death of his beloved wife, and so began to paint a picture of her corpse with all his heart, hoping to make it a memento for the world to see through morning dew and lightning. Somehow, the corpse was so disintegrated that not even half of the picture had been painted, turning to nothing more than white bone. The deceased wife's younger sister Kuregashi, tried to help him in various ways. She was unable to, and went down the same path as his wife. Kuregashi was, at the time, pregnant with the illegitimate child of a madman, and was close to the time of child-bearing. Grieved by the same lamentations, she was about to end her life, but she was forced to forget it.

In the meantime, there was a *kyakusō* (a priest travelling as part of his training) named Shōkū, sent down from the Kyōtō temple to perform Buddhist rites at the Kanzeon Temple in Dazaifu, Fukuoka. Returning home after the training, he went around here on the way to the shrine, but hearing the details on her life, felt pity for her. He put his staff on her house and the scroll was shown to him. He gave a sutra reading and offering before the Master. He then cut down a large Indian sandalwood tree in the backyard then selected its reddish flesh, carved in the image of a seated Maitreya Bodhisattva, placing the picture scroll in its womb, and enshrined it as the principal object of the Buddhist alter in the house. He strictly forbids male members of the family from approaching the altar and then left.

Later, the illegitimate son of that madman, a boy chubby like a ball, was born to this world without incident, and on aging, took a wife and succeeded the family name. In accordance with the monk's command, he too did not allow anyone else near that Buddhist altar. He has his wife and daughter-in-law perform offerings of holy water and incense, praying for the peace of the world and the good of future lives. Even then, it may be that he had the blood of the madman in him. After having several children in his prime, he was disturbed by the untimely death of his wife and children and ultimately took his life. From generation to generation, one or two boys occasionally became insane from many troubles. It's a condition not normal. Some tried to kill women, plowing and hoeing their graves. And if people tried to interfere, they will be shot or maimed, then they would bite their tongues or hang themselves; such a terrifying thing that happens from every generation.

If such is the case, people who have seen or heard of what they do will be fearful and apprehensive. Some say it is from the possession of a boy who looked into the picture scroll, or the impure woman who dare approach the statue of Our Master; they detest the idea of their blood relations being passed on from one generation to the next, distant and near, and it has been said that the bloodline will die out. Future generations made fortunes in gold and silver, or sought people in far-off lands, managing to make a name for

themselves, but in recent times, they have lost their reputations, the beggars of the lowest rank, that even to say that one is affiliated with that family shudders one body. All blood relatives have died, only one remains, the mistress, the concubine. In particular, the two elder brothers of the mistress have been in a state of turmoil, the eldest left a graveyard around the area, the second attempting to stone the mistress. As rumors began to grow ever more serious, most in the household left, and those who once served her only sighed when they saw her. None to say a word, and the situation is quite sad and miserable.

At this time, a man named Kumoi Nagashi, chief retainer of the Karatsu domain, heard of this, and told that his third son, Kisaburo, was to be given to the mistress as a son-in-law to carry the lineage. Men and women summoned to the house were all in uproar and joy; delighted that they were even now exchanging words for the past. Only the nanny. Nurturing the mistress was so depressed, a face so displeased, that she sighed when asked on the details. Kisaburo is, from what I heard from the mistress's husband who is serving at the residence, one of the sons of Master Kumoi's concubines, was a master of swordsmanship, the most famous in the domain. From his youth, his conduct had been erratic, accompanied by the Nagasaki governor to Nagasaki, carried away by the playful women of Maruyama, involved with unscrupulous people, breaking into a dōjō, and he was desperate to return to his domain even without a place to stay. No one in the family, however, honored the wishes of the son-in-law, fearing him as much as snakes and worms, and were informed of the family's situation. His true ulterior motive was that on settling the matter, he would be able to seize the possessions of the Kure family, including the storehouse, taking advantage of the retainer's prestige. Call it good fortune, call it a lack of strength, but thinking of the pain at the end of one's life and the soul fading, one cannot help but cry. Puzzled as to what to do, without a way to help a poor body, worried and wretched, after things of autumn completed, to be able to relax a little for the evening. Kisaburo Kumoi, not accompanied by attendant, nor did he wear a hakama.

All ran to the inner room to see what was going on. The mistress, too, changed her make-up, coming to the seat. And looking at his body, one half of his face was burnt to a crisp, looked like dirt, on the other side, his eyebrows were shredded, the corner of the eye was white, his lips slanted. He tried to sober up, attending the meal, as if summoned to the service, the horror of it all made all tremble. He was so patient that he stood to pour the *sake*, but before many cups were drank, he took the hand of the mistress. She, unexpectedly withdrawing her hand, spilling the contents of her cup unto her knees, and she is overcome by a fit of drunkenness. She escaped, and came here at last, but without any way to escape the family's continuing misfortune or her own, she was going to die, but she was stopped. She can only be a nun now. It is a pilgrimage, after all. Where she was from Kotei did not know, but in her mercy, she will be taught; he was bowing to the sand, voice still silent.

After listening, Kotei helped the maiden to her feet and said that he would go to the shrine. He knew what must be done. He told her not to grieve. He wanted to see the scroll that was the causality of his death, but as he was about to leave, a half-faced samurai with a devilish look appeared from behind the pine tree, and without a word, attacked Kotei. Kotei, with the courage of a Zen

master, turned around and cut the void and gave a loud shout. The samurai went several feet in the air with his white blade and went off the edge of a cliff, plunging to the sea in a cloud of moonlight and disappearing with a cloud of smoke.

He arrived at the Kure residence of Mutsumijo, and took in the corpse of the mother. He recited the sutras and strictly forbade anyone to say anything else. He then went to the altar room and took out the scroll from the body of the Maitreya Buddha, the beautiful woman's body was in disarray, seemingly oozing with pus, and cold hair growing all over her body. He then sat in front of the Master, his soul in peace, entered *Samadhi* in a period of ten days, then at the dawn of the last day of November, the second year of Enpō Era, and said,

There is no way to clear the delusions of ordinary people with the nembutsu

Namuamida namuamidabutsu namuamida namuamidabutsu

This he repeated three times in a loud voice, then threw the picture scroll in the nearby furnace, turning it to a wisp of smoke.

He then implored the family members to listen to his speech, "With the power of the *dharma*, I have been able to break the evil karma of the Kure family. I will put the ashes into a Buddha statue and offer it to the spirit of the three worlds, and I shall become a mundane man, and become the son-in-law of this family, so that the fruits of my victory may be bequeathed to the generations to come. If this is what the members of the family think, then I will not leave it to them." Not one came forward, and besides, they were afraid of the blame of the Kumoi family. He then sealed up the house and rice granary, then wrote on a wooden plaque, "Return to the imperial court. Kure Tsubotarō" He made gold, silver, and calligraphy and paintings, made them expensive, and had a staunch man take the gate, and with the Maitreya Buddha on his body and the Kure family genealogy in his pocket, the following day, with Mutsumijo, left Hamasaki and headed east. The snow on the first day of December, the second year of Enpō Era, named for the six beauties. The view of splendor stretching the winding beaches of 5 *ri* (a *ri* is equivalent to approximately 3.927 kilometers), becoming the silver screen of a general's couplet. Kotei's pseudo-fever seem to stem from some fixation.

A short distance later, as the eastern sky was beginning to turn red, a great number of people were heard approaching. Kotei looked to see what was going on, and among the two or three dozen or so officers, was Kumoi Kisaburo, the half-faced demon who fell to the sea, somehow alive. He was ordered by the feudal lord to investigate Kotei's background and deeds, and found that not only was he a painter, but also a traitor, travelling around the country under the guise of a legal persona, snatching the goods and money of well-to-do families, deceiving them; a fearless and irresistible devil luring children to their deaths, lurking in the air and the earth, inescapable, the one committing these unlawful acts. That cowardly, unskilled, and treacherous monk that kidnaps women. Two men rushed on the snow in unison, snow being kicked up and down, and shouting, "Get him!" One side was a steep cliff hanging halfway up on the sky. The other a cliff facing the sea. The feet can't move. Behind them, a frail woman and a man in a horse. Kotei did not seem disturbed. He handed the Buddha

statue to the horseman, removed the snow from his *ajirogasa* (a Japanese bamboo hat), giving it to Mutsumijo to carry, then turned back and, bamboo staff in hand, mending the crest of his robe, and picking his beads. The captors seemed taken aback as they advanced.

Kotei faced the crowd, bowed respectfully, then coughed as if to say that he suffered a great deal in the journey. How impressive that such a large number of people gathered to send off a treacherous criminal, the government of one's domain is so evident. How kind of them to send him off to the Chikuzen region, for a little while. In doing so, their duties will be completed, no needless killing, no disgrace to their clan. What a ceremony! The people were a little stunned, seeing him with a refreshing smile, as if appreciating the reply. Kumoi Kisaburo's face was red like vermillion. His mouth as if ripped open. He was so drunk that his vision was blinded, and yet his sword was not rusty in the least bit. He only has one opponent. Apart for a woman, nothing is difficult to cut down. As he attacked with the handle of his sword, he was met with the enthusiasm of the people who knew him well, even this lone travelling priest who had no value for his life. Fighting with the blades of ice casting shadows. Kotei, knowing that there was nothing to be done, held the bamboo stick in his left hand, shaking an empty fist, then took his drawn blade, swiping it away, and cutting down the pine branches falling in masses. Horses and men were kept at a distance. More than a dozen people knocked unconscious or fainted, falling to the snow or to the sea.

The unexpected skill of this travelling priest was so great that it was incomprehensible, the people were white as sheet at the sight of it. He drew his sword and, with a glint in his eye, his footwork undeterred, he lunged with a sharp and steady attack. Kotei was thinking. With the sword, which he took, he put the bamboo cane in his right hand. Facing Kisaburo's bloodthirsty sword, already thirsty for blood, he was able to control the enemy as if he were cold water. Pressing down the back of the plane like ice, Kisaburo can be heard gasping for air, as if caught between huge stones, dumbstruck by the work he did. Kotei saw this and smiled. How nice of Kisaburo. An early nirvana? The sword of the Master in the heart of the bamboo stick. An immovable bond is the breath of this kindness. A sword that has undergone a hundred or even a thousand swings, but never leaving the boundary of falsehood and truth, life and death, is no better than a bamboo stick. Any with doubts on the wonders before you, put your sword away, turn away from your evil mind, and enter the Master's Path. To not do it, one is left with the principle of a single kill for the lives of many; to slay the Lord to accomplish this, and rid the Karatsu Clan of misfortune. Now is the time for life and death to meets its demise. A moment of separation between heaven and hell. Even Kisaburo, strong-willed and seemingly invincible, was pale, eyes bloodshot, sweating, cannot help but gasp, as if out of energy. Suddenly, he turns his sword to the upper part of his body then swung it at the enemy. The bamboo cane was not too sharp. As it hit Kisaburo between the eyes, his eyes twitched and he jumped back. Kotei moved aside and took advantage of his blankness. He put his hand on the hilt of the small sword that he wears on his waist, then said his farewell and his wishes. He was not able to finish his statement, as though Kisaburo looked as if he could run for another hour, he raised his

long sword, then fell to the void, facing the Master. Blood gushed from his right shoulder, a violent slash. It stained the snow red, and he died.

Be not afraid of this force. The remaining ones fled far away, no one in sight to pursue them. Kotei, now at peace, returned the small sword he took, and with palms clasped together, rubbed his beads, chanted the Nembutsu three times. As soon as he shook off the snow from his black coat, took the Master Image as if it were his own, and consoled Mutsumijo who had no human interest, tipped his hat, hurried on horseback, and entered the Chikuzen territory, spending the night at Fukae, and by dawn next morning, went another five miles eastward in the still snow, finally arriving at the beach of this niece.

The appearance here makes one think of Kotei. To the north, the sacred mountain of Atago rises halfway to the sky. To the south, the mountains of Seifuri and Rai are lined with clouds. Muromi River's clear water, the vastness to Toyota was long enough to feed generations of people of clear water. Not far from the castle town of Kuroda, 55,000 *goku*, scenic spots by the shore, the Odo coast, in Keya district, the *Iki no Matsubara* (a pine tree said to have been planted during Empress Jingū's conquest of Korea). Truly a masterpiece of mountain and sea topography. In the end, raising horsemen who could follow him and them his family members. Searched for rice fields and built a warehouse. Sent a message to his hometown of Kyōto and plotted for the next generations. Gathered trees by the Rai and then built a large temple complex with the Maitreya Bodhisattva as the principal object of worship; a family temple for generations to come. The gate of the temple rises high to welcome the moon of truth and reality, and the temple tower sends out the golden view of the Master and the Sun. The deep forests, deep in depths, the water blue, the sand white, the birds sing, the fish jump, and the priests pray and recite over and over.

Thus

In the frosty month which was the beginning of Enpō 5 of Emperor Reigen's reign, the 111th Emperor, the temple was finally completed, and he invited a Buddhist priest from the head temple in Kyōto to serve as the temple's founder and priest. He was poor and ignorant, and though he was persuaded to stay, he did not listen. Ultimately, he was drawn to the unusual nature of the temple, and so he accepted it, moved to the temple, became the head priest, and then named the temple Nyōgetsu Temple in Mt. Seitai. The following year, the 21st day of Enpō 6, a sermon was given on the Seven Gates of the Ojo-Ko Ceremony (referring to a book on ritual etiquette of the Ojo-Ko, a sort of nembutsu), and the three pure sutras were recited (three major sutras of Pure Land Buddhism), with a large offering of food and drink over the period of a week. On this day, Kotei went up the stage, explained briefly the cause of coming to Japan, then recited two *waka* poems.

chant in six paths, the path now lost, six characters

bamboo staff given to the Master's world. *Tsubotarō*

harmony the Lord Buddha's bamboo overlaps

returning to the empty road soon *Mutsumijo*

He then ascended to the throne of the bad karma, then explained the causality of karma, then clarified the six realms of reincarnation and transmigration, then gave the one true truth of the Master, his own will and the true essence of the immortality of sin.

A thought of fame merit for the ages bells of Mt. Seitai welcome the second moon

Mutsumijo was 18 at the time, and she had been copying the names of six characters onto paper, at around 30,000 leaves, then distributing it to the gathering at the time, in less than three days.

The tale of Six Realms revealed to the world, the truths of karma and the Master brought before one's eyes. No doubt that the blessings of the Kure family and the righteousness of the karma of the last generation will be realized in the future. If one is a man or woman of the Kure bloodline, wishing to repay the gratitude, keep this in mind and to not neglect one's dharma duties and the nembutsu. If one does not allow others to hear about it and is revealed, one fears that one may seek the enmity of other clans. Only the head priest of that time, or the head of the Kure family and his wife may be granted such permissions. Respectfully yours.

Enpō 7, July 7

-by letter

◆**Third Reference:** Nomiyama Urin's Dialogue

▼**Date and Temple:** Around 3:00 p.m. on the same day

▼**Location:** At the hōjō (the chief priest's chambers) of Kisaragi Temple

▼**Persons Present:** Mr. Nomiyama Urin (the temple's chief priest, 77 at the time, died in August of the same year)

The rest (Mr. W) =the above two people=

——Your suspicions are very justified. As the text states of this omen, a hundred years ago, Kōtei, the founder of the Kure family, burned the scrolls to ashes and sealed them onto the Maitreya Buddha, and yet how did

it return back to its original form? How did it end up in the hands of Ichirō-*dono*, causing this unbelievable madness? Even if you hadn't asked me, I had hoped to hear your (Mr. W's) judgement on the matter.

——Originally, this written record of good fortune was intended to be viewed by the hudband and wife of the heir of the Kure family when they would visit the tomb for the first time. Since the time of the founder, Priest Ichigyō, it has been the secret of this temple to not reveal the secrets of the Kure family to other except what is obvious and normal. Whether Ichirō-*dono* is truly mad or feigning it, the borderline of a sinner and not, what is there to hide?...

——I have nothing to give you. Someone had long discovered since that those picture scrolls, thought to have been burnt to ashes in the center of this temple's image, in in fact still in their original form. This person who took it and may have been the cause of Ichirō-*dono*'s illness, I know very well. I am merely speaking from my own knowledge, so this may not be a surprise to anyone, but I am referring to Chiyoko, his mother, who mysteriously died in Nōgata last year…that's right… it is truly a bizarre story; firstly, what kind of mother would be so heartless as to give her child such a terrible item? Now, I do not believe that such a mother exist, but there must be a deeper reasoning behind this. In any case, please listen to these words I am about to say, and maybe you will understand everything in time.

——It must have been twenty…no…thirty years when I think of it. It is quite old now. You may already know this, but Chiyoko was a good judge of anything and everything. She was good with her hands, particularly in drawing and embroidery. She could often be seen sitting in a corner in the main hall, drawing the pictures of flowers on the sliding doors or of the deities on the transom. Even by that time, she was very pretty, with nose and eyes like a doll.

——I think it was when she was around fourteen or fifteen. Chiyoko-*dono* was wearing a maroon *hakama*, as she came down the hall with a *furoshiki* in her arms, apparently coming home from school. She came to me, as I was drinking tea then said: “O Monk…I was told that within the black Buddha inside of the temple is a beautiful picture scroll. May I see these scrolls?...” That picture scroll is quite well known in the area ever since that memorial service around the tine of the temple's founding, and so few villagers knew of it. In response, I laughed and told her that… even if I wanted to show her, it would be done as it was ashes already…but, when she shook that statue, there was a rumbling sound. “Something must be inside…” Chiyoko-*dono* said…I was surprised… it just isn't possible. I scolded her, “You will be punished by the Buddha!”... and when I was left alone after Chiyoko-*dono* left…I felt worried. I went back to the main hall then shook that Buddha image, and indeed I could hear sounds of rumbling. It sounded like that of a scroll housed inside of it…

——My heart beat with amazement. I thought the heart of this temple was simply ashes from the burning, as written in the text…at the time, I also wondered if this really was the scroll Kotei burned and put inside the

statue. The stuffing must have dried up in time, causing this sound. This was a common practice among people who are fond of such pictures, and it must have been done on one's own volition, with the thinking that if these scrolls were spared and memorialized throughout the years, that the cause would gradually fade away, the hauntings ceasing. Should we take it out and burn it again? I could not help wondering in multiple ways what was even going on…even so, it did not make sense to me, and I felt a sort of dread. I thought no one would tear open its body to see what was inside, so I left it as it was.

——Last fall, on the evening of the day before the equinoctial week, Yayoko-*dono*, Ichirō-*dono*, and Moyo-*san* came to clean some graves. As they cleaned the tombs, Yayoko-*san* stopped by this hōjō and had some tea…by next spring, it may be a little early, but as soon as Ichirō graduates from Ropponmatsu School (Fukuoka High School), they wanted to see him and Moyoko to tie the knot immediately…this they consulted. Before Yayoko-*san* said anything more (I was the one to talk to for such matters), I told her that I would gladly see to it. We went out to the porch of the main hall, and saw Ichirō-*dono* in his school uniform and Omoyo-*san* in her red *obi* sash standing side by side, with a friendly look, and hands clasped behind their backs, in the graveyard next to the gate of the temple. Seeing this, Yayoko-*dono* seemed filled with emotions and hurriedly went towards the tombs, pressing her face. I couldn't help but be reminded of Chiyoko-*dono* from a long time ago… I couldn't help think that this was such needless trouble for an old man like me, but it bother me, it seems, as I couldn't fall asleep that night.

——So I got up after a while…then I went to the main hall. The moonlight was shining through the windows and the light of the lamp. I put my hands on the statue and began to shake it, though I felt ashamed of doing so, but there was no sounds like last time… It seems that it is now empty.

——I had a frightening feeling, as if even an insect told me something was wrong. I boldly took the statue from its place then to my hōjō and inspect it carefully with my glasses. Though a little difficult to tell with all the dust, one can observe a cut at the collar at the neck of the statue, and could be removed simply by shaking it with force. I thought at the time how it made sense. Heart pounding, I took the statue down the corridor to the esrthen floor and dusted it off so as to not make a sound. Then, spreading a carpet under the electric light, I pulled out the head of the statue, and saw that there was ash wrapped in old Chinese paper at the bottom of the bare in the shape of a sutra scroll, and at the center of this ash wrapper was a dent in the shape of the shaft of a scroll. Though Kotei-*sama* said that he burned the scrolls, something else must have been in his mind. The truth that it was never burned, instead it was left in its old form, and someone stole it…there is no doubt that this is the case. Yes…not a single scrap of paper outside of some sort of cotton that may have been wrapped around it…over here, if you please. Come and take a look at the statue. **=See Remarks at later part of article=**

——As you can tell… it is my regret, or whatever it is called…aahh…there are a few things I had been aching for, and hoping that it wouldn't happen to me. However, just a thought, that if Chiyoko-*dono* did take it with her,

then for what purpose? Who had kept it hidden from him from the time of his mother's death in Nōgata until today? If Yayoko-*san*, who tended to Chiyoko-*dono*'s remains, had found it, there is no doubt that she wouldn't have said a word to me…I was lost in thought, then this all happened, and all I can say is that it is a mystery beyond comprehension… I have also heard that ever since Ichirō-*dono*'s madness, that scroll hasn't been found, yet another mystery! Some villages have stated that before and after the madness, the scroll can be seen waving in the air like that of a snake…this was what they said. I feel deeply sorry for Omoyo's death and Ichirō's insanity, both caused by heavy misfortune. I couldn't help but weep, wishing I could replace the short life I left in my twilight years…*and so on*.

◆**Fourth Reference**: Summary of Dialogue with Kure Yayoko

▼**Date and time**: Around 5:00 p.m. on the same day

▼**Location**: The living room of her residence

▼**Persons Present**: Kure Yayoko

The rest (Mr. W) =the above two people=

——O Doctor…how nice of you to have come. I have been waiting for you…no. I don't care for my wounds. I don't need anything, even my life. I beg of you, please, take this picture scroll (...taking it from a pocket, kept tightly locked away and handing it) stolen from the temple, and find the person who ambushed Ichirō at the quarry and plans to kill everyone in this house. And if you do, please ask him what he has done to deserve this (*crying*), even if it were just a work (*crying)*... what a pity Ichirō was not able to ask on the person while in the right mind…if they only understood, they wouldn't be satisfied in chewing down the bones (*crying*)...yes…What would the police know? I would never put Ichirō in such a horrid portrayal…I never answered when interrogated…I've given up. I don't care anymore whether Ichirō becomes sane again, or if my daughter comes back to life, or if I will even live. My sister Chiyoko, Ichirō, and my daughter have the same enemy…that person who knew the circumstances of the scroll and showed it to Ichirō…(She was in a state of agitation and confusion that the interrogation had to end. A week would pass before she would calm down and show a tendency to be apathetic.)

Remarks. (イ) On the day of the incident, approximately 10:30 a.m., an inspection of the Kure family storehouse (called The Third Storagehouse), usually forbidden from entry, saw the discovery of Kure Ichirō's wooden slippers and Moyoko's red cord sandals, which she had worn outside, lined up neatly on old newspapers laid at the entrance to the board room downstairs, with candlelight wax drippings coming from the side streaking up the steep steps.

There were no signs of struggle or resistance or anguish on the floor or the victim's body.

The neck of the corpse shows a mixture of strangulated folds, congestion, and other grooves, but no damage to the trachea, larynx, or carotid artery. A new handtowel with a greasy scent was found under a desk in front of the corpse, believed to have belonged to the assailant and the weapon used.

In the center of the desk were more than a dozen sheets of half-folded paper with the scent of a female on top of it. On the far left side of the room was a brass candlestick, one of the Buddhist altar utensils of the family, and there was a mark where a 100 *monme* (approximately 3.75 grams) candle was set alight, and it was found that the candle was put out about 2 hours and 45 minutes after it was lit.

In addition, there were also three new 100 *monme* candles placed under the desk along with a box of matches. The fingerprints on the top of the cabdles and near the center of the candles were all from the fingers of Moyoko and none from Kure Ichirō. Judging from the fact that only the victim's fingerprints were found on the matchbox, there is no doubt that those candles were brought in by the victim herself, holding the match in one hand, lighting one of them, and placed it on the left side of the desk. (Descriptions of Yayoko's footprints are omitted.)

(口) The victim's body arrived the same night at 9:00 p.m. at the Department of Forensic Medicine, Faculty of Medicine at the Kyūshū Imperial University, and an autopsy was performed (by Mr. W) in the presence of Dr. Funaki. It was completed at 11:00 p.m., with the caused of death determined to be compression of the neck due to strangulation. It is presumed that the victim was strangled after losing consciousness for unknown reasons. No abnormality has been detected in the vaginal membrane. (other facts are omitted)

Remarks. (A) The principal object of Nyōgetsu Temple, the Maitreya Bodhisattva was examined. The head was large, though of small stature. It was oddly shaped, without halo. It dons a *kesa* (monk's robe), sits in a lotus position, and has the sign of the Maitreya, though there is clearly a sort of self-portrait of the artist. The blade was strong and powerful, with serrated and wavy chisels throughout. At the center of the blade were two characters which spell out “Shōkū” (the two characters referred to mean victory and heavens respectively, so it could be interpreted as *heavenly victory*), engraved in a size of a centimeter in a very respectful manner.

(B) The void on the center is cylindrical in shape, at least 1 *shaku* and a width of about 3.3 centimeters, if the thickness of the ashes and the cotton filling of the top and bottom are subtracted, otherwise the height is a *shaku* and 6 centimeter, consistent with the volume of the picture scroll (another reference). The square part on the root of the neck attached to the lid shows signs of gluing.

(C) On examining the ashes wrapped in Chinese paper and cotton stuffed from top to bottom, left to right, it is found that the old coloring and other characteristics are quite similar for the period on the record. With specimen analysis, the ashes show traces of burnt ordinary Japanese paper and silk cloth. No traces of gold threads used for mounting or the wood that would be for the shafts, or other traces. (others facts are omitted)

Remarks. (I) On surveying the vicinity of the stone quarry at the foot of the mountain along the national highway at the entrance to Meinohama where Kure Ichirō was sitting the day before looking at the scroll, it was found that the stone was located behind a rough stone cut and left behind, thereby making the location difficult to attract any passersby.

(II) There were no artifacts of note, other than a few stone chips of various sizes, remains of stone masons at work, straw, paper, sandals, horseshoes, and a hundred other debris-like items coming from the road. Perhaps due to the light rain, it was impossible to see any footprints resembling those of Kure Ichirō or any other person.

(III) Gunpei Wakino, a stonecutter who works at the same place, residing at 75-1 Meinohama, had been suffering from stomachaches and diarrhea along with the wife Mitsu and the adopted son since two days before the incident, and being suspected of a possible epidemic, were blocked from leaving. According to them, they had no recollection of any suspicious people entering the quarry or wandering the vicinity. Concerning plagues or disease among the people, the fish and products in the area are fresh, so causes such as food poisoning cannot be taken into consideration. The cause of the pathogen is unknown.

◇ Photo-engravings of the picture scroll

◇ Entry of the origin of the picture scroll on the right

◇ Fill in the observation and research items for the second seizure in general

× × ×

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha…!

…What do you think gentlemen? Is it interesting?

By now, you must have forgotten that this is the most important part of my last will and testament. There are tragedies. Comedies. *Chanbara* (samurai films). Big things. In addition to this, there is the promotion of the grateful inn and the contents of the record so strange, worthy of Osaka's admiration and the

astonishment of Obibi. The way that psychogenetics are manifested are truly unique and unparalleled; no amount of common sense or scientific knowledge can match it. No, they can't overcome it. Even Dr. Wakabayshi Kyōtarō, the renowned forensic scientist, was slow to the uptake of the case, and in his investigative report, he expressed the following lament. Quote…

> I dare say that the culprit in this case is a hypothetical one. This culprit, if anything, can only be imagined as to be a possessor of such a terrifying and mysterious character that transcends not only modern scholarship, but as well as all morality, custom, righteousness, and human emotions. In two years, three women and a young man were either killed or turned insane, and the family line was destroyed to the point of irreversibility. And yet, the means in which they carried out these atrocities were either coincidental, or disguised as some kind of supra-scientific mystical act, and no explanation as of yet. Not even the existence of such a culprit but also the existence of a motive is doubtful as well…and so on and so forth.

…end quote… Now what do you think of that? Those of you who have read this following the previous record and this sentence may have noticed it already. I would like to point out that the central points of this case, this argument of Dr. Wakabayashi, a forensic scientist, and my argument as a psychologist, have clearly been in opposition from the start, and never agreed until today… Dr. Wakabayashi's argument, with his unique forensic insight, was convinced that there must be a hidden culprit in this case. From the beginning, he was convinced that this culprit must be manipulating the threads from somewhere and playing with all sorts of mysterious phenomena related to the incident so as to blind the public… I, on the other hand, think that this is not so. In a psychiatry point of view, this is what is called a “criminal case without a culprit”. As both external and internal appearance are nothing more than mere manifestations of strange psychotic fits, both victim and culprit are nothing more than the same person under an illusion. If a culprit is still necessary, then the ancestors who gave Kure Ichirō this psychology is insisted to be caught and thrown in jail. This is the central interest in this case…

Eehhhh…What did you say…hmmm…you mean you know who the culprit is…

…no…this is a surprise. Even a great detective cannot be so quick-witted. Firstly, that would mean that I and Dr. Wakabayashi would be the ones to eat up all the food (an idiom: to lose one's livelihood)

Now, now, wait a moment, don't hurry. Even if your culprit is the black star of the case, the “monster demon” Dr. Wakabayashi, this is mere conjecture, without evidence. Even if there is a trail untraceable and you know where that culprit is and you know what they are doing, you will not be able to hold them down or even take them down. If you were to discover new facts about the incident that this second never told you, how will you deal with it? Heheheheehe…

It's not what you say, but what you don't say. It is dangerous to judge such a serious and mysterious case on the basis of facts with little evidence or mere conjecture. At the very least, I should like to know how such an incident slipped right into my hands right after it broke out in the aforementioned manner. How I have observed and advanced my research, explaining the contents of this second seizure that my research uncovered; how lurid, poignant, bizarre, and serious it is! Moreover, how could such a course in research change and lead to the cause of my suicide… only after thoroughly observing such things that it can be determined whether there is a culprit or not. “Oh, so that happened here, huh? Hmmm…” I am sure it will surprise you. Firstly, let me say something…A brief pause. Well then, I shall explain how my research into this progressed since then, without my “respectful tone” in the “natural-colored” films.

I noticed, that if you removed my “respectful tones” like *gozaimasu* from the intertitles, and left that rural accent I speak, coupled with a newcomer like me, the scenario reads like an amateur. Unfortunately, I have neither made a scenario or any Chinese dish, so I can't really say what it is like, but I still have some time before dawn, so let me try some scenarios for the hell of it for a while. I will reiterate here that the psychogenetic content, the core of the case, is put off until later, and outer facts are to be gradually added to the inner workings of the case…hold on, this is not a fancy way to say that the plot is a bunch of nonsense to go with the scenario. All records of the case are arranged according to the plot of the case at the time it came to my sight, and so, by studying the sequence of events, the truth can be determined… I hesitate to say this, but I do believe that this is an extremely scientific scientific and truthful record of the truth without falsehoods…I think…oh, what the heck?

【Subtitle】 Mental evaluation of Kure Ichirō: May 3, 1926, 9:00 a.m. in the reception room of the Fukuoka District Court.

【Film】 Dr. Masaki, dressed as a village chief in a *yōkan*-colored (a sort of confectionary, imagine a dull red or green, I suppose) crested *haori* (a jacket worn over a kimono), celluloid coat and *hakama*, and white wash-bleached *tabi* socks, sitting on a chair near the window opposite the entrance, stooping over leisurely whilst smoking a cigar.

On the round table in the center of the room is an old umbrella, perhaps owned by Dr. Masaki, and a bowler hat lying there. Dr. Wakabayashi, dressed in a frock, stands nearby, introducing a sternly dressed police inspector and a celluloid-suited, slender-shaped gentleman to Dr. Masaki.

“Inspector Otsuka…and Judge Suzuki, the pre-trial judge…they have been involved with the case from the very start…”

Dr. Masaki stands up, accepts their business cards, then bows casually.

“I am Masaki, recalled by your calls…though I don't have a business card…”

The inspector and the preliminary judge returned the courtesy with more dignity.

Then, in enters Kure Ichirō, clad in a versatile navy blue-and-white kimono, led by two courtiers with a rope around his waist. The three gentlemen stood, guarding Dr. Masaki, while opening a path.

Kure Ichirō stood and looked around with a dark, melancholic look. His white arms and neck were covered with bruises and scratches from being forcibly seized in that rampage. It seemed to accentuate the rare beauty of his figure. From behind, the two courtiers saluted.

Dr. Masaki answered with a bow, and after blowing a long puff of smoke from his cigar, held Kure Ichirō's handcuffed hands and brought him closer, face-to-face, eye-to-eye, one foot apart. There seems to be a suggestion of something when looking into the depths of his pupil…the glint of his eyes pushing back the light of his eyes…The two remained eye-to-eye, not moving.

Dr. Masaki's expression became strained…The expressions on the faces of the other gentlemen also grew tense.

Only Dr. Wakabayashi stared at Dr. Masaki's profile with his pale eyes downcast, not moving an eyebrow. In Dr. Masaki's expression seemed searching for something unnoticed…

Kure Ichirō was unconcerned. With clear eyes that characterize a person insane, he looked away effortlessly from Dr. Masaki's face, and looked at Dr. Wakabayashi's long frock, standing next to him, from top to bottom.

Dr. Masaki's expression softened as he continued to look. He smiled as he looked at his side cheek, and, as he puffed out his nearly extinguished cigar, asked him casually.

“Do you know this old man?...”

Kure Ichirō looked up at Dr. Wakabayashi's long, blue face then nodded. He looked dreamy-eyed… Dr. Masaki's smile deepened on seeing this. At this point, Kure Ichirō's lips moved musingly.

“... Yes. My father…”

…he said…The look on Dr. Wakabayashi’s face changed as the words were said…two streaks of blue crept from the center of his forehead, his blue face lost all blood and light like a white badge. He looked back at Dr. Masaki with a shock in his temple that couldn't be described as indignation or astonishment. It was a terrific look that seemed ready to bite…

Dr. Masaki began to laugh loudly, as if oblivious to the fact that he was laughing.

“Hahahaha! Good on your dad!... Now, you must know who this old man is.”

He said as he pointed to his nose.

Kure Ichirō continued to look into Dr. Masaki's face with a serious look, and his lips moved musingly again.

“... My…father…”

“Ahahahahahahaha!”

Dr. Masaki looked even more amused…he let go of Kure Ichirō's hand and continued to laugh, as if he couldn't stand it much longer.

“Ahahahaha! I'm surprised! So you have two fathers!”

Kure Ichirō hesitated without thinking, then nodded silently. Dr. Masaki seemed satisfied.

“Wahahahaha. So wonderful! How incomparable!... Then, do you remember the names of your two fathers?”

Though said in a half-joking manner, the faces of the members of the group, so far occupied with smoking, suddenly seemed tense.

On being asked, Kure Ichirō's face turned dark. He seemed to be quietly looking out of the window, the May sky shining. He then seemed to remember something, and a tear appeared in his eye. Dr. Masaki, on seeing this, again took his hand and puffed a cigar smoke.

“No. That's enough, that's enough. You don't have to remember their names. It would be unfair, whoever you remember first. Hahahahaha!”

Those people in that odd sense of tension began to laugh. Dr. Wakabayashi finally regained a normal expression, let out a stiff laugh, as if he were to cry in a strange manner.

Kure Ichirō looked around at their laughing faces with a watchful eye, then as if disappointed, sighed, looked down, and let the tear fall down his eye. Beads of tears fell from the shackles to the dirty floor.

Taking his hand, Dr. Masaki looked at the faces of the people in a manner not befitting a gentleman.

“Anyways, what do you think if I should like to take care of this patient? I believe that this patient has in his head a kind of memory regarding the truth of the case. As you have observed, the fact that anyone's face looks like his father may be an important psychological sign that may be of significance for this case…if possible, I would like to use my abilities to restore his head and retrieve this memory…”

【Subtitle】 Kure Ichirō's first day at the Treatment Center for the Liberation of the Insane (Photo taken July 7, Taishō 15 [1926])

【Film】 The bluish leaves of the fifty-six paulownia trees stand in the middle of the liberation center, shining by the midsummer's light.

At the entrance by the east side of the room, eight insane people enter in procession. Some look around curiously, but eventually take a position and begin to act in bizarre ways.

At the end of the line is Kure Ichirō.

He looks around the brick walls in all directions, with the sand beneath his feet. With a sudden twinkle in his eye, he picks up something in the sand, held it between his hands, rubbing in a circular motion before letting it shine in the bright sun.

It was a beautiful, blue, glass marble.

Kure Ichirō, his face smiling directly at the sun, rolled the ball into his belt, but in a great hurry, he bent forward to untangle his hem, then went back to digging the burnt sand with his hands.

Dr. Masaki, standing by the entrance, looking on, ordered a messenger to get a hoe and give it to Kure Ichirō.

He bowed happily, accepted the hoe, then began to dig in the glistening sand, with even bigger enthusiasm than before. The wet sand dried white from one end as it was exposed to the sunlight.

Dr. Masaki, watching this intently, then grinned, nodded, and walked away quickly toward the entrance.

【Subtitle】 Kure Ichirō at the Treatment Center for the Liberation of the Insane, about two months after (film taken September 10 of the same year)

【Film】 In the center of the treatment area, a few withered paulownia leaves can be seen. Around, by the flat lands are dark areas where sand had been dug up like graves, overlapping and scattered around.

Standing on one of these in between the hole, Kure Ichirō stretches his back, using his hoe as a cane, and breathes a pained sigh of relief. His face was dark and scorched by the autumn sun, his eyes were glazed over as if exhausted from working day after day. His sweat pours like a never-ending stream, his breath like a flame…the edge of the hoe in his hand, shining like silver, is worn thin from corrugation showing how frenzied and furious the sand digging had been these past dozen days… this is a deceased man who fell into a burning hell while alive.

Kure Ichirō, as if being chased by someone, picked up his hoe once more with his pitch-black arms. He then began to dig another hole in the new quartz sand flat, and on finding a large fish vertebrae, he was then energized and continued to hoe with renewed vigor double that of his previous efforts.

A dance-crazed female student fell into one of the large holes behind him, screaming as she swung her legs in the air. The other patients clapped and cheered.

Kure Ichirō continued to dig, and dig, and dig in increased fervor. He seems to have dug up something invisible to the naked eye, his fingers twisting. He quickly took the hoe again, eyes flashing like fire and continued to frantically dig.

Dr. Masaki sneaked behind him with ease. His pince-nez seemed to twinkle as he watched him work a while. Then he walked up to him, tapping him on the right shoulder as he raised the hoe.

Kure Ichirō lowered the hoe in surprise, then looked at Dr. Masaki in dismay, wiping the sweat pouring down his face.

Dr. Masaki saw the opportunity. In the blink of an eye, one hand was already in the pocket of Kure Ichirō, and he grabbed a round object wrapped in a dirty handkerchief, as well as the vertebrae of that fish he dug, then hid it behind his back. Kure Ichirō did not seem to notice. He wiped the perspiration still pouring down, looking up from inside the hole. From the edge of the hole, looking down at his face, Dr. Masaki smiled.

“Now, what did you dig up?’

Kure Ichirō blushed in embarrassment and pointed his left index finger towards the doctor's nose. When the doctor brought his pince-nez closer, at the head of the finger, curled around was a strand of a woman's hair.

Dr. Masaki seemed to understand what it meant and nodded seriously. He unwrapped the dirty handkerchief he had hid in his back hand, put the contents in his left palm, then held it out in front of Kure Ichirō's face. In his palm was a ball of soda pop he had picked up when he entered the center two months ago, the fish bone he had dug up today, a piece of a red rubber comb, and a broken glass tube, shining, the size of his little finger.

“These are what you dug out of the ground.”

Kure Ichirō pouted then nodded. He looked at the doctor's face, then to the four items presented.

“Ummm…what are these, by the way…what good is it for?...”

“A ball of blue glass, a crystal pipe, a human bone, a coral comb.”

Kure Ichirō answered curtly and without much thought, and then took those items with the handkerchief away from the doctor's hand, tied it as if it were a stone, then shoved it deep into his pocket as if it were very valuable.

“Hmm…What are you digging in the dirt so hard for?...”

Kure Ichirō held the hoe in his left hand, as it was about to fall to the ground, then pointed under his foot with his right hand.

“A woman's corpse is buried here.”

“Hmm. I see. Hmm”

Dr. Masaki groaned. He looked into Kure Ichirō's eyes through his pince-nez, asking him a question with strict and clear words, as if pushing each word to the ears.

“... Hmm…I see…But…On the corpse of the woman buried under the ground…just when was she buried?...”

Kure Ichirō looked up at the doctor's face in surprise, still supporting the hoe with both hands. The blushing had disappeared in an instant, and his lips moved musingly.

“... Uh…uh…uh…when?...”

He said this in a tone as if awakening from a nightmare. He looked around in a daze, then an expression of indescribable loneliness and surprise… In a flash, he dropped the hoe, weakly lowered his eyes, hung his head, and, in shock, climbed out of the hole he was in, then went for the entrance.

Dr. Masaki saw him off, folded his arms, and let out a heartwarming laugh.

“It is possible! My psychogenetics can be proven and will show up…I will just try harder. The real show is just starting.”

【Subtitle】 At the liberation center again, October 19 of the same year (about a month after the previous scene.

【Film】 In front of the brick wall on the flat sandy ground as first projected, Hachimaki Gisaku, an elderly man, can be seen plowing. Gisaku made another row of fields than what was initially there at the first scene. A skinny girl who was beside him planted half of it with dead branches and pieces of roof tiles.

Kure Ichirō, standing in front of him with a smile on his face like in the first scene, watches the hoe swing up and down with his hands behind his back. He had turned pale and his flesh seemed more round after a month or so, most likely because he stopped digging all together…confined himself to his room, Room 7.

Dr. Masaki approached from behind, smiling. He placed his hand on Kure Ichirō's shoulders, causing him to look back in surprise.

“... Well…How are you doing? You're whiter and…quite fattened up.”

“... Yes.”

He smiled as he said this, continuing to watch the hoe going up and down.

“Now what are you doing? Right here…”

Dr. Masaki asked this as he looked at his face… Kure Ichirō replied quietly, still keeping his eyes on the hoe.

“...I was looking at this man's plowing.”

“Hmm. Now things seem clearer now.”

Dr. Masaki said this as if talking to himself, then, with a tone of confidence, said,

“... I don't think so. I think you want to borrow that hoe.”

Before he could finish, Ichirō's cheeks turned white. His eyes rolled then looked at Dr. Masaki, but soon he looked back at the hoe then mumbled to himself.

“... Yes…that is my hoe.”

“Yes. I understand that.”

Dr. Masaki nodded and looked.

“... That hoe is yours. But, since you are working to earn so enthusiastically, why not wait a little longer? Sooner or later, when the clock rings 12 o'clock, the old man is bound to throw that hoe away and go out to eat…he wouldn't return until the sun sets.”

“Are you sure?”

When he looked back at the doctor with his comment, his eyes glowed with signs of anxiety. Dr. Masaki gave a nod of assurance.

“I am sure… One of these days, I will buy you a new one.”

Kure Ichirō still stared at the hoe going up and down anxiously, then mumbled to himself hushedly.

“I want it now…”

“Hmmm…. Well... that is…”

Kure Ichirō did not answer. He closed his mouth tightly, continuing to watch the hoe go up and down.

Dr. Masaki stared at him with a nervous expression. He seems to be looking for something from Kure Ichirō's expression.

The shadow of a large blade glides across the sandy ground in front of them.

_____

Well…it seems that Kure Ichirō's psychogenetics relates to an ancient noble lady wearing blue and red beads, a crystal pipe, and a coral comb. He is so eager to seek this corpse so that he could complete a picture scroll with the lady as the model.

When Dr. Masaki asked him when the corpse was buried in the ground, however, Kure Ichirō was shocked that he had no answer, going back to his room to think about it…

A month later…October 26, *Taishō* 15, he came out to the liberation center, waiting wholeheartedly for the old man to drop the hoe…

…Now, how and where is the crisis of the Madman Liberation Treatment Center currently in?...

At the moment, the only people who can clarify this question is Dr. Wakabayashi, the one who investigated this case, and I, his adviser…. No, not the Dr. Masaki currently on the screen…No… it isn't… It's too much, let it be me…And please refrain from taking photographs of activities. One more thing, returning to Dr. Masaki, currently writing this will alone in the middle of the

night at the professor's office at the Department of Psychiatry of Kyūshū University.

It may be a little too forward, but this is a will written in one's spare time before one's death. I don't care how much whiskey was used. I don't care what happens…I think I'll have another smoke.

…Aahhh, how hilarious! This is how I go about writing my will on the eve of my suicide, with the feeling of “oohhh” and “ahhh” over the universe. When tired of writing, I would sit on the swivel chair in my slippers, holding my knees then puffing out smoke of ultramarine or gumbo-colored… The smoke would then spiral to the ceiling like the clouds of the morning and evening. Once reaching a certain height, it would vanish like oil on the surface of water and fade away, appearing in non-geometric curves, teetering between happy or sad as if it were a spirit. I look up at it from the swivel chair; a little skeleton; a wizard from Arabian Nights…ahh, I'm sleepy. The whiskey must be good… *murmurmurmurmurmurmurmur*…stars everywhere outside my window…Ummm…. What was it again?.... Uhhhh. One star… “Find a star and end my life as a doctor!... Haaahhh…not so thankful…*murmurmurmurmur*……
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“What do you think?...Have you read it all?”

A voice came to my ear…reverberating through the room…aaaahhhh…echoing and vanishing.

I thought it belonged to Dr. Wakabayashi. But it was a round, different tone; pleasant with a youthful aftertaste. Shocked, I looked behind me. The room was empty. Not even a rat can be seen.

…Strange…

The bright autumn morning rays flood through the three windows. It reflects off the glass of the specimen cabinets in rows, the varnish of the paint, and the linoleum floor. The room is quiet.

…*coocoocoocoocoocoocoo*…*chirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirp*…

I could hear the sound of flocks of small birds flying through the pines…

…I thought…how strange, as I put down the will I had just read without looking… I stood up in shock.

A strange person in front of me…I assumed Dr. Wakabayashi was sitting at the armchair across the large table, but it wasn't. A small, skeletal-looking man in a white medical uniform was now sitting opposite me.

He was a man in his fifties. He has a shaved head and eyebrows, and a tan over his body. Quite young. He was wearing a rimless pince-nez…in his large curved mouth was a newly lit cigar, and his arms were folded over his chest…a small man, he looked like a skeleton…when we made eye contact, he took the cigar in his right hand and grinned as he bared his pure white teeth.

I jumped up.

“Whoa…Dr. Masaki…”

“Ahahahahaha!... Surprised?...Hahahahahahaha! Very good, very good! How good of you to remember my name. I am more impressed you didn't run away, thinking I was a ghost! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! A-ha-ha-ha!”

My whole body went numb as the laughing echoes engulfed me. Dr. Masaki's will, which I held in my right hand, fell to the table…at the same time, I felt that his appearance, he who had written this will, had completely negated everything that had occured since this morning. My body felt weak. I fell again on the swivel chair. I kept swallowing my saliva…

Seeing this attitude, Dr. Masaki seemed amused, for he fell to his chair and laughed loudly.

“Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Terribly surprised, aren't you? Ahahahahaha! There is nothing to be scared of, you know. You are now under some absurd illusion.”

“...an absurd…illusion…”

“You still don't get it? Hmph, hmph. Well, think about it. You were brought to this room a while ago…by Dr. Wakabayashi…around 8 o'clock, and you have read

the stories. It seems I have been dead for over a month… hmm hmm…around this day…. HAHAHAHAHA this seems to know a lot…about me. Then, you have read the '*Insane Heretical Hell Song*' and '*Dream of a Fetus*', the news articles, my will, and now you are under the assumption that I have been dead for well over a month…right?"

"....."

"AHAHAHAHAHA! This is Wakabayashi's nonsense, by the way. You and the *mamman* have fallen for his trick. Here is the proof. Just look at the very end of the will. It will be clear right here. What do you think?... you can still smell the ink as proof that I spent all night writing. HAHAHAHAHA! What do you think? It is not a fact that a will must appear after the death of that person. It wouldn't be a surprise that I am still alive. A-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"....."

I couldn't close my mouth. I was confused on what sort of strange trick Dr. Masaki and Dr. Wakabayashi was being played on me. For a prank, it seems all too strange and irrational…now I am unsure if the events of this morning or the documents I read are facts. It was perhaps all an act orchestrated by these two doctors for their own amusement…and…as I began to think of all this, I felt all excitement, surprise, and curiosity that up until then filled my head was collapsing and vanishing at the same time with my body.

I stomped then propped my hands firmly upon the edge of the table, looking dreamily at Dr. Masaki's grinning face, looking right at me.

"U-fu-fu-fu-fu!"

Dr. Masaki erupted in laughter. He laughed so hard that he got choked up by the smoke from the cigar, leading to him swiftly holding his pince-nez with an expression of pain and amusement.

"AHAHAHAHA!...*cough cough*… what a strange look you have…ufufufufufufufu you must think me dead or you will be unwell…*cough cough*… is your thoughts. Hehe, I am weak, thank you…it is what it is. Okay? Early in the morning, you…maybe around one in the morning, you were in Room 7 lying in the middle of the room. Upon awakening, what a shock you must have experienced on finding that you have forgotten your name, and you made a whole scene about it."

"... Eh?... How did you know all that?..."

"Why, you knew of me, as you yelled at me. Everyone else was still asleep, but I was awake still writing my will, and I heard you then found you at Room 7, looking for your name. Well, I thought you must have awoken from your state of sleepwalking… I woke up in the morning after much reverie, dazed and listless. From outside, I saw Dr. Wakabayashi's new car entering. How interesting! It seems that someone has discovered the state you were in and then reported it back to him. He was so agile, but I was curious to see what he would do as he had come all the way here… from the shadows, I saw him give you a haircut, put you on a hot bath, gave you a college student's uniform to wear, then taking

you to the beautiful girl of Room 6, the room next to yours. But she was your wife, so you may have been quite confused."

"Eh?... Then that girl really was mentally ill…"

"Exactly. And it is an illness rare in the academia. On the night before the wedding, the most important day of one's life, the groom, the important individual, present an unexpected, unbelievable dreamlike episode of a 'psychic inheritance of a perverse sexual desire", and he unknowingly falls prey to the suggestive effects of that state, suffering a psychogenetic attack, affecting the lady as well, causing a state of temporary death. Thanks to Dr. Wakabayashi's skills, however, she has come back to life, this time admiring Emperor Xuanzong (emperor of the Tang Dynasty of China) and his consort Yang Guifang, both dead for over a thousand years, saying sorry to a nonexistent sister, or in a position as if holding a baby, telling it that the baby will be Japanese…of course, she has come back to her senses…

"... Th…then…. Th…. That girl…her name…what is it?"

"What. You must know the name…even without asking. You must have heard it on the beaches of Meinohama…Kure Moyoko…"

"... Ah…. The…. Then my name is…Kure Ichirō…"

When I said this, Dr. Masaki closed his mouth. From the smoke of the cigar, there was a frown on his face, while his dark eyes were still and focused on my face.

It was as if all the blood in my body concentrated at my heart and was disappearing. Sweat dripped from my forehead. My lips began to tremble. I thought I was getting dizzy again. It was as if my body, now standing with my hands on the table, had disappeared, leaving the orbs of my eyes… in the midst of all these feelings, my soul raced through endless time and space at dangerously high speeds… it was the terror of being reminded of my past as Kure Ichirō… I listened carefully to the sounds of my lungs and heart, torturing me from an unknown distant land…I trembled and shook.

But…even with my heart and lungs screaming and wheezing, my soul failed to recollect any memories of my past as Kure Ichirō. I couldn't tell how many times "Kure Ichirō" and "That is my name" appeared in my head at that time, but I had not a single feeling of nostalgia or familiarity with it. The memories of my past, even if I tried, would always lead to that "buzzing" sound of that early morning in the dark…I don't care what others think…I couldn't see myself as Kure Ichirō no matter what the thoughts of others are or evidence presented.

…I took a very deep sigh. With that, the consciousness of my body gradually came back. The surging of my heart and lungs began to calm down. As soon as I sat down on the chair with a thud, cold sweat dripped from my armpits.

At the same time, Dr. Masaki, who had a clear face in front of my eyes, blew a puff of purple smoke.

"How are you doing now? Do you remember your past?"

I shook my head side to side in silence. As I did this, I pulled a fresh handkerchief from my pocket and wiped the sweat from my face. I thought I was starting to get a bit more relaxed… However, there were just too many things I didn't understand that I was afraid to move. I fell back in my chair…Then… Dr. Masaki let out a loud cough that startled me.

"... *cough*…Alright…If you don't remember, then I'll tell you once more, listen well. Currently, you are trapped in a trick. Meaning…my colleague, Dr. Wakabayashi Kyōtarō, is trying to get you to identify yourself as Kure Ichirō, and after getting convinced that there could be no mistake, is trying to get you to meet me. I point out to you that I am the only one in the world who is diabolical and not human."

"Eehhh. You…."

"Yes. Well, just listen. Now, take a moment, calm down, and let's clearly go over the events of this morning in your mind again, and everything should be resolved without difficulty…Understand?"

Dr. Masaki coughed in a calm way, as if returning from home seriously. He sat back on the chair, blew out a thick smoke, and leisurely looked back at the calendar hanging next to that great fireplace.

"Okay? Let me remind you that today is the 20th of October, *Taishō* 15 (1926). Okay? Allow me to repeat it again. Today is the 20th of October, *Taishō* 26 (1926), as written in the will. It is the day after October 19, when Kure Ichirō came out of the liberation center for the first time in a month to watch Gisaku Hachimaki's plowing… Look at the calendar for proof… OCTOBER… 19… meaning, it was dated yesterday. This was due to the fact that I was so busy yesterday that I forgot to tear that one, and this also proves that I have been here all night since yesterday…understand? You get the idea. And while you're at it, take a look at the electric clock above my head. The time is 10:13. Yes. It fits mine perfectly. This means that only five hours have passed since I fell asleep in the morning as I wrote this will… And when you combine these with the fact that the ink at the end of the will is still green, then it is not surprising that I am relaxed like so. Understand…if you don't keep this in mind, you may be in for a very serious delusion later on.

"... But…Dr. Wakabayashi earlier…"

"It's wrong…"

Dr. Masaki's right fist shot high, leaping through the air, clearing all doubts in my mind, as he said this in a loud voice…How lively…overflowing with energy that counteracts all things…

"It's all wrong. Believe what I say. Do not believe what Wakabayashi says. For a while now, Wakabayashi has been making one big mistake. As he entered the room, he must have smelt the burning smell of the manuscript I burned at the fireplace. Then, on finding this will on the table, came up with a trick then explained it to you as I had to you."

“... Wait…but… He said today is November 20, a month after the doctor passed away.”

“...Che!... Couldn't help it. If you come to me with a preconceived idea like that, then I'm no match for you…understand? Now listen well…here's what's going on.

Dr. Masaki, with a hint of disgust in his voice, spat the cigar shavings sticking in his tongue onto the floor. Then he leaned over the desk, propping himself on his two elbows, and thrust the fingers of his right hand, yellow with cigarette grease, at the tip of my head, pushing to my head, phrase by phrase as he explains.

“Alright. Listen well. Make no mistake…Wakabayashi's rubbish on today being the first month since my death was a trick to keep you from making a fuss. Listen… if you find that it has been less than a few hours since I disappeared somewhere with the will written down like so, surely you will be on edge, thinking I am on my way to commit suicide. If that is the case, he too wouldn't sit still. He would have to abandon everything, duty to friends or the responsibility as a dean, to find where I was going and prevent me from committing suicide. If that happens again, Wakabayashi may lose his only chance to make you recall your past through his own hands…right?...whether you recall it or not, there is a reason why it would be a matter of a lifetime for Wakabayashi. And this morning was the perfect time.”

“.............”

“... Wakabayashi, knowing I was listening attentively from somewhere, tried to calm you by telling you that today is November 20, a month after the will was written, stupid nonsense not befitting for a forensic scientist. He slowly figured that as long as he could accomplish the experiment and restore your memory as Kure Ichirō, everything would be all right. If all goes as Wakabayashi expects, and you regain your memory, then it would be no trouble at all to have you recognize me as your unreconcilable parent's avenger and wife's avenger, as long as I explain it to you. And as I am thankfully a psychologist, I am quite confident that I can hypnotize the unknowing Kure Ichirō to strangle his parents and wife and prepare experimental materials for this. I am the perfect person to be the suspect in this case. Right? I know it is.”

“.............”

“Of course, there is the chance that the experiment won't work… What I mean is if he lets you read such a document and you still don't recall a thing, the last resort will be used…at this time, I will quietly hide so as for you to not notice me, then I will confront you, as I should surely come out sooner or later, to see if you can remember my face…and if you do remember, then I will test to see if the impression helps restore your past memories… If it all goes well, then he would use his power to make me afraid of him, a clever yet extremely cruel scheme! His specialty is in the sharpness of his breathing. Understand?”

“.............”

“His skills for trickery are quite unique. No matter if the suspect fails to remember, when he comes to me, accusing me of being caught in his hands, I get to a state of mind where everything is jumbled and I can't think straight. Some people would lose track of what's going on, then realize that there is no escape. Others, in haste, are so impressed that they would accept the crime they don't know they committed. This third-rate kind of questioning that is all the rage in America is such a complete waste to time. He uses all kinds of tricks, from the first to the hundredth degree, using all kinds of double-crosses. It is unbearable!... It is still the case now. Suppose I did kill Dr. Saitō as he expected, then taking his place, decided to commit suicide due to the failure of an experiment. I gradually become recognized as a great villain in the ears of those listening to me… the conversation then turns rationally so that you will be recognized as my true adversary, Kure Ichirō. At the same time, if I were to stand by and watch helplessly as the achievement of my life's work are snatched away from me, what greater torture could there be for me? Of this there are two ways out of it: to shut up and kill yourself, or to come out and come clean… in short, the way Wakabayashi does things is so salty it is unbearable! Once you put any difficult case in his hands, he is sure to get the culprit out from somewhere. That is why the rumors lurk in the newspapers calling him a ‘labyrinth-breaker’”

“.....”

“However! This time, things are not going so well. Not only have the experiments he has been trying since this morning all came up short, you have not shown a single reaction, but it is his signature questioning which splits the behind from the top, so there is not much to be afraid of… Even the most distinguished forensic scientist seemed to be in a hurry this morning, perhaps as he was afraid of dealing with me. Perhaps this is his ‘unprecedented failure’. HA-HA!...”

“But…but…but…”

“Still more ‘but’?... well what is it…this ‘but’?...”

“... But… Is it normal for a doctor to do that sort of experiment?...”

“Of course! It is natural that I should be the one to conduct this experiment to recall your past. That is why he used such a trick so that the results of the experiment are kept to himself…. He killed me as much as he could.”

“Eh?... That's…that's absurd!...”

“Well, it would be interesting to see it all properly executed. The fact that I am still here and able to come out and talk without eating your hand is proof of this.”

As Dr. Masaki finished his piece, a sarcastic and ironic sneer appeared on his face. He bent over the swivel chair, his arms crossed arrogantly. He blew a puff of smoke then let out a loud voice. It was as if he was expecting Dr. Wakabayashi to be listening attentively somewhere…

My heart shriveled as I looked, a new fear struck me... Such a tremendous struggle between the two doctors! What a serious, relentless comparison of wits! Till now, I never even dreamed of finding myself in the midst of such a terrible struggle… I realized for the first time that all the bitterness, impatience, horror, and madness I have seen until now have been caused by the devilish tricks of these two doctors, and I was dragged along with it…I had the urge to just scream and run away! I was about to get up and just float away… but…

…But I couldn't leave my chair, even an inch, for some reason. Wiping the sweat along my forehead, I sighed and sat back down again. My mind was in a life-threatening state, and I was staring intently at Dr. Masaki's face, waiting for those dark, grimy lips to start moving… maybe it was my soul that has been sucked into the fascination of bizarre experiments in psychology that these two doctors were fighting for, not with might, but with force… maybe it was the mysterious, indescribable truth that lies at the bottom of this story that grabbed my heart with indescribable curiosity… a riddle…as I stared in the space ahead of me, I once again heard Dr. Masaki's voice, fresh and lively, as he coughed once more.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA!... What do you think? You have figured out the source of the illusion…yes? I get it…However, some things may remain unclear. Yes. Well… you are pretty smart… First of all, what kind of young man are you and how did you happen to get involved in this case?...you seem to fail to understand what I mean. HA-HA-HA!... Don't worry! If you listen to what I am about to tell you, all doubts will go away as if combing with the teeth of a comb. The story I shall tell you is a continuation of my will, so it may be a bit redundant. It concerns my and Dr. Wakabayashi's secrets of the past on the experiments, then will go to Kure Ichirō's psychogentics, then I shall end with a revelation of who you really are. It is unavoidable that you should find yourself in the middle of this process. The story will unfold on its own, so wait a little until then and listen…I remind you again to not create any more illusions on this. Do not imagine that I am some ghost or that I've been dead for a month. HA-HA-HA, understand? If you fall for such delusions after listening to what I have to say, I fear you may never escape. Understand?... Are you really so sure?... Okay, okay, okay! Well, then, relax, and let's get on with it!...”

Dr. Masaki lit up the cigar as it was about to go out. Then, he shoved his hands into his pockets and took a puff, then, holding it in his mouth, sat back down among the thick smoke.

“... By the way!... By the way! I am sure that this person will be exposed to society, and once he is, you shall see it in the papers…no. It may have already arrived at yesterday's issue or maybe this morning…the truth is, yesterday, a major incident broke out at the madman's liberation treatment center. Meaning, that fuse, a psychiatric bomb, which I planted among the mentally ill people of that center to conclude the psychogenetic experiment centered on this case that had been burning for some time exploded with beauty with the noon gun yesterday, October 19, *Taishō* 15…well! It really is nothing if one knows what he's getting into. The fuse was a single hoe, but it was a fuse of psychology without smoke or fire. An average person would find it hard to believe that it

is a trick. For all intents and purposes, I will say that this is nothing more than an ordinary hoe… The result was a tragedy so unexpected that even I was taken aback by it, and I took all responsibility for it and immediately submitted my resignation to the president's office… furthermore, on second thought… that signaled the end of my experiment. I will be presenting all my research to date, and Wakabayashi will make the presentation later…at the time, I didn't even think of Wakabayashi as a black-hearted person until that time… until I saw his presentation of my research. For good measure, why don't human beings resign as well?... So, I went back to my lodgings, cleaned up, then went to a lively place, *Higashinakasu*, then had a drink or two to feel good about myself then went back to organize some papers…then another surprise! The lights on the sixth room were open, though I was sure it was empty only a few minutes ago. I thought it strange, so I asked the errand boy on his way home what was going on, to which he said that Dr. Wakabayashi had bought a young lady from somewhere and admitted her to the hospital where he asked the doctor-on-duty to take care of her. The young lady, he added, was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

"... At that moment, even I was struck with a reaction of admiration. He was a black sheep. This man, Kyōtarō Wakabayashi, is not a one-trick pony. Equivalent to his value as a forensic scientist…no, more than that, maybe a big, bad man. Firstly, though in front of me he is some sort of cat, I found that he was a psychologist who, inadvertently, is as good as I am, skillful in exploiting human weaknesses… It couldn't be anything but that! As mentioned in the will, I could not figure out from that time until now what the purpose was. Kyōtarō Wakabayashi, taking advantage of the authority of the president at the time of the incident, turning his girl to a living corpse, and taking it to his hands; now I see that it was nothing. He shall see when you have recovered your faculties to a certain degree, then secretly he shall take you to see the girl, forcing you to recognize yourself as Kure Ichirō, with the three perspectives of color, avarice, and logic. As I said, let them consider me as your enemy, let them officially declare that!... and we shall expose the truth of his distortion of society to his liking!... I could also see how he would present your statements as the first example to his lifelong project 'Psychological Crimes and Their Evidences'.

"... That was my thought…All right. If you think so, I have an idea. Wakabayashi's psychoscientific research on crime was originally built on the foundation of my original scientific principles of psychogenetics. No reason for me to mix things up. If I were to burn boldly all manuscripts of my research and publications in my field of psychiatry, only living a will, half-intimidating, outlining the content, then Wakabayashi would have no choice but to incorporate it in his papers, whether he likes it or not, or his research and publications become useless. But will he really publish my will… how interesting to see how they'll use tricks to make it public, if they do!... depending on upcoming events, my will will be the most unprecedentedly nasty souvenirs I can leave behind!...

"... Well… To think this way makes me feel happy. Coming to this room in a hurry, burning all the documents, then began to write the will. Then dawn broke, and I heard that you were on the edge of awakening…But… this man has

failed miserably. The other party recognized you as a dearly missed brother, and you gave her a real elbow shot… As she did not recognize you as a cousin, a wife, or anything else, he now seems to have changed his ways and brings you to this room.

“... Also, to tell the truth, I was dismayed at this time. He had figured out my thoughts. He knew that sooner or later I'd cut off this dangerous experiment of liberation therapy and announce its contents to the academe, eclipsing him. He must have also known that he could report the murder of your bride to the academe by using me as experimental material, making it a criminal case. He did everything in his power to quicken things. He was so intent on making me go down on him that I am still in a state of shock and awe.

“...He must have seen that I had been staying here since last night as soon as he crawled into the front door of the building this morning. And so, they bring you here to dent me through some trick…I realize I had to do something about the woman (*here he inserted a kind of slur which can be literally translated as the female genetalia, figuratively whore. I will leave it at woman, but if you guys want a more accurate translation, then I shall gladly comply).* I thought I'd surprise him, so I left the will and the burned papers there, disappearing along with a bottle of whiskey. Of course, he didn't jump out the window, or slip out the door. Not a step out of the room, vanishing without anyone noticing… this sounds like another mind-altering trick, but that is not the point. The key is in this fireplace.

“This great fireplace will burn all manuscripts in the case this experiment should fail or the contents of my research should be stolen. I designed an automatic ignition system utilizing both gas and electricity at the start, thinking that I would myself use this large fireplace to smoke the whole world and keep the people of the city amazed…observe…as the lid is removed, the interior is quite spacious that gas gushes out in between the electric heating devices from the bottom. Oh, it's nothing more than a couple of hundred big Bunsen burners in a row. Put a live thing on top of it, open the gas cock, then turn the electric switch, then gas will fly out and suffocate the creature. Observe how nearly four bookcases of manuscripts written on Western paper, more difficult to burn than meat, how did they turn out. Reduced to white ashes! If I get reduced to smoke, all my university theories will turn to nothing! HA-HA-HA!... As I heard you and Wakabayashi come up the stairs, I grabbed my bottle of whiskey and went to this room, laid a newspapers among the ashes like so, scratched my seat comfortably, ready to go up in smoke at any time, and yet still puffing a cigar while listening carefully.

“... But I should have expected from him! Not only was he unconcerned that you couldn't see me, but he began to use this to create the illusion of me being there… His mind, like Prince Shōtoku (*a semi-legendary regent and politician of the Asuka era, known for introducing Buddhism to Japan, and modernizing the government administration*), worked in double and triple time. While talking to you on things about me and Dr. Saitō, he hurriedly inspected the will and found that though some inconvenient contents were there, it is safe to say that there is no conclusion to it. Not only that, but he had the good idea that if you read it, he could convince you that you were Kure Ichirō more conveniently than

if I explained it to you myself, and so, deliberately, he shoved the contents onto you, and while you were absorbed in reading it, quietly slipped away. They seem to be testing whether I could handle the situation or not.

“... Things are getting interesting!... Yes… I thought that I should go behind his back and give a counterattack to his challenge, and so I came out of the fireplace and sat on the chair, waiting for you to finish reading… HA-HA!... What do you think? You and I are now facing the plans of the famous forensic scientist, Wakabayashi Kyōtarō! And now, where you are from, and your name… it has not been clearly determined, whether academically or practically, by what causal relationship you are connected to the incident or why currently you are sitting on this chair.

“...And, as Wakabayashi predicted, you have awakened from the ego-oblivion as Kure Ichirō, a young man from Meinohama, while I am the monster playing an active role in the events… if I point him out as a pale, diabolical psychological sorcerer, the confrontation will be my loss. However, on thr contrary, if you fail to recall any memories as Kure Ichirō, then it will be my win… you are on the verge of a kind of autistic disorder, what is called “ego-obliviousness”, and now committed to the Kyūshū University psychiatry department… Interesting, isn't it? The battle of wits of the forensic scientist and the unprecedented psychiatric scientist, both extremely serious in their wisdom! Moreover, as I have said, it has not been decided whether Kure Ichirō, the decider of the match, is really you or not. It's only a matter of time before the trith is revealed, I guess. HA-HA-HA!...”

Dr. Masaki's high-pitched laugh echoed through the room to my ears, and through various objects. I kept scratching my head. Which part of what those two doctors said were true or false. I was still dazed, then theu vanished to thin air.

Dr. Masaki was indifferent to my feelings. With one eye tightly closed, he inhaled the cigar smoke as if it were delicious. Then he put his hands on the armrests of the swivel chair and began to stand up.

“... And…up I… go!... And so we begin the main showdown! Now, I must recover your past with my own hands and let you confirm for yourself who you are, or else it would be cowardly on Wakabayashi's part… In the meantime, come this way. This time, let me try the first experiment to make you recall your past…”

I got out of the chair, feeling soft and half-sleepwalking. I approached the south window as Dr. Masaki instructed me to. I felt the creepy feeling of the eyes of Dr. Wakabayashi peering out from somewhere…but… I stopped with a start as I caught a glimpse of Dr. Masaki looking out the window over the shoulder of his white examination gown.

A panoramic view of the madman liberation treatment center appeared before my eyes…There, in the corner, it was unmistakable: Kure Ichirō… He is watching over the old man's plowing, his back turned on us…his hair streaked with weeds… pale…red-cheeked…a young man in a disheveled black kimono…

I closed my eyes and saw the painful reality of the situation. In a tight fit, I covered my face over my hands. I was so amazed I couldn't see straight… maybe it was fear… I was struck with the most unspeakable nervous tension…

…That's Kure Ichirō over there, isn't it? The same Kure Ichirō mentioned in the will? If that really is Kure Ichirō… who is the me currently standing here?

…It's as if, in an instant, I looked out the window and saw me breaking out of me. My appearance changed and now standing there…. And now the soul remains, looking on…a gruesome, pathetic feeling…

…If what I am seeing is no hallucination. Could it be a daydream?...

This thinking like a lightning storm circled around my head… I opened my eyes again, this time with a strange and unbearable excitement.

But, no matter how much I observe it, this scene of the liberation center seemed to be no dream… a very blue sky… a red brick wall… shining, white sand… black shadows moving around it…

At this moment, Dr. Masaki, who was in front of me standing, pondering something, suddenly looked back at me then casually pointed out the window.

“... How is it?... Do you know where you are?...”

I couldn't answer back. I could only faintly nod. It was if that was enough, that from the moment my eyes opened, I was fascinated by this scene of indescribability and bizarreness in the place.

Almost all those black shadows of the patients moving around the white sand, illuminated by the blue sky, were repeating the same actions as described in the will. As if each and every one of them was part of the play to prove Dr.

Masaki's psychogenetic principles… Old Man Gisaku, still wielding the hoe, makes a new ridge in the sand… the young man, Kure Ichirō, stood in front of the old man, his back to us, watching as the hand moved the hoe. An old woman walks around with dignity, unaware that her cardboard crown had fallen off… the bearded man who had been worshiping her, tired, put his forehead to the sand and fell asleep… the small male orator presses his fist hard against the brick wall, and begins to pray… a skinny, young dark girl scurries across the field looking for something to plant among the ridges the old man created. The others were in different positions, but the meaning of their labor is nothing different from the descriptions of the will. But…a little digression can be seen—the female student, who was supposed to be singing and dancing at the very front was now busy digging a hole below the window where we were observing, her hands going across her shoulders; digging with that cardboard crown and a dead tree branch. In any case, I couldn't help but wonder when, where, and which madman caused that disaster yesterday noon that Dr. Masaki described. I couldn't see it. Perhaps it was due to the dancing mad girl who stopped singing, or we were looking through a glass window, but all seemed still and quiet as a shadow. The eeriness of it all… I counted the numbers, there were ten people there, exactly as described in the will, neither increasing nor decreasing.

Even stranger still, as we look down upon this uneventful, quiet scene, we can observe the huge psycho-technological explosion Dr. Masaki had set up utilizing the psychogenetics of these ten mentally ill people… the disaster that would cause Dr. Masaki's resignation was about to start…it was not yesterday, or the day before that. It is a fact that it is happening before our eyes right now!...it was a hunch on my part, but I couldn't help it! No…not all the lunatics in this place! Two large red-brick chimneys stand side by side on the opposite roof, supporting the large sky of indigo… black, sooty smoke exhaling from its hole on the top… even the sun that shines above is controlled by some mystical spiritual-scientific principle; from time to time approaching the unprecedented cataclysm… I couldn't resist that cold, solemn feeling of not being able to take it anymore, it kept coming up my neck, making my whole body stiff. It was all ridiculous… I kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking. How mystical I was… as I tried to suppress this suffocating feeling, I still kept an eye on the scene of the liberation center. I still stared at the back of Kure Ichirō's head, watching the old man plowing, with a heavy feeling in my chest…

Then it happened. A low, whispering voice from behind my ear said,...

“You… what are you looking at?”

That tone of voice was completely different from that of Dr. Masaki, and with a start, I turned around.

Dr. Masaki was standing right beside me, a thin, burning cigar in his hand, but the smile on his face was gone, staring at me with fixated eyes from his pince-nez, staring at my profile, until it turned black.

…I let out a deep sigh. As calmly as I can, I responded,

“The liberation treatment center.”

“Hmmmmmmmm”

Dr. Masaki let out a noise from the pit of his stomach and looked into my eyes without blinking.

“Hmmm… And what did you observe?... within the liberation treatment center?”

I looked back at Dr. Masaki's eyes, as his way of asking was somehow bizarre.

“Well…there seems to be ten lunatics in the room.”

“... What…ten lunatics…”

Dr. Masaki seemed startled and still glared at me.

Feeling his gaze from my side cheek, I began to look around the liberation room, still staring at Kure Ichirō's head from behind…it was as if he was about to turn around and face me at any moment…it felt like something terrible was about to occur…my whole body felt like it was stiffening…

“Hmmmmmmmm…”

Dr. Masaki snarled with an uncanny clarity.

“Do you see the lunatic playing in the middle of the room?”

I nodded in silence. What a strange way to ask, I thought, but I didn't pay it any mind…

“Uh-huh. So there are still ten of them?”

I nodded again as I looked back.

“Yes. Exactly ten.”

“... Hmmmmmmm…”

Dr. Masaki snarled. His black eyes seemed hollowed out.

“Uh-huh. This is odd…What an interesting phenomenon...”

This he said to himself, as he slowly turned his gaze away from me and looked out the window. He turned pale and seemed to be deep in thought. He then looked back at me with a smile, baring his white teeth. While pointing out of the window, he asked in a pleasant tone,

“Let me ask you. Do you see that young man standing in the corner of that field, watching the old man with his hoe?”

“Yes. I do.”

“... Hmmm…he does…also, is that young man facing the ditch right now?”

I answered Dr. Masaki's question with a strange feeling. It came out all weird.

“He is standing with his back to us. We can't see his face.”

“Hmm…this is your thought…But do observe this… He might turn to us at any moment… You would know what that man looks like when that time comes…”

When Dr. Masaki said this, my whole body seemed to jerk and go stiff for some reason. I thought at that moment that breathing and heart movement stopped at the same time.

That young man pointed at my Dr. Masaki at the time…he turned bavk suddenly, as if receiving some kind of suggestion. Our eyes perfectly aligned as he looked through the glass window…and…the smile on his face disappeared…that look I saw was no different from the one I saw in myself earlier in the morning through the mirror of the bathhouse…Round face, large eyes, thin jaw…without a moment's pause, he turned once more to the old man's hoe with a quiet smile…in such thought…

…Before I could control myself, I covered my face in my hands.

“... Kure Ichirō…is me…I am…”

I staggered back and forth, not letting it happen to me…I thought…

Dr. Masaki held me. He then poured an aromatic, fiery, tongue-stabbing liquid into my mouth all at once!... maybe it was a liquid, I don't remember it exactly. I could only recall Dr. Masaki saying words by my ear at that moment, but that memory is all but fragments.

“... Get a hold of yourself. Calm down. You have looked at that young man's face more than once…there, there…don't shake too much. Don't be too shocked. It isn't anything strange. There, stay calm… It's no wonder he looks like you. It is both academically and theoretically possible… But calm down first, there, there…”

How did I not faint at this point? I must have grown accustomed to the many mysterious events by this point. Even then, I can't count how many times I closed and opened my eyes, rubbed my face with a handkerchief, trying to recount my soul all scattered and fading away, grasping them one by one and making it stand firm by a glass window, all with my effort.

Meanwhile, Dr. Masaki dropped a bottle of whiskey into the pocket of his examination gown. He coughed a while before calming down.

“Well. It's no wonder you're surprised. That young man was born the same year as you, same month, same time. Even from the same womb.”

“... Eh?!....”

I exclaimed and stared at Dr. Masaki's face.

“.. Th…then, me and Kure Ichirō are twins…”

“Wrong…”

Dr. Masaki shook his head sternly.

“You are more closely related than twins… that, of course, is someone else's pretense.”

“...Th…that sort of thing…”

Before I could finish this thought, my mind once more was at a loss as to what was going on. I stared into Dr. Masaki's dark eyes. There seemed to be a kind of ironic smile under those pince-nez. Was he relaxed or was he serious…I kept wandering…

In Dr. Masaki's face appears a smile of pity. Nodding again and again, he continued to puff out cigar smokes.

“Yes, yes. You must seem lost…You seem to be suffering from that famous disease of somnambulism, well documented in many books for a long time.”

“... Eh…somnambulism…”

“... Yes. This disease of somnambulism, when one's self appears and yet acts differently from one's self has been, in various ancient texts, been called a ghost story, but as a specialist in the realm of psychology, I see it within the realm of scientific possibility. Seeing it in real life, however, right in front of you, gives one a strange and indescribable feeling.”

I hurriedly moved my eyes again. I looked out the window in horror…the young man was still there, in his original position. Now one can see a little of his profile…

“... That's me…Kure Ichirō…Me…Which one is Ichirō…”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA, you look as if you needed to be reminded. You have yet to wake from your dream.

“Eh? A dream?... I, a dream?”

I look back with wide eyes. I scanned Dr. Masaki, warped in his specialty.

“Precisely. You are currently dreaming. Evidence for this is that, from my eyes, there has not been a single person in that liberation center since a few minutes ago. There are only fifty-six paulownia trees with dead leaves…the liberation treatment center has been strictly closed since that cataclysm yesterday!...”

“.....”

“.... That's it…you understand? This will be a little technical explanation. In your consciousness, it is that sensory function for reality that is currently awake and active. That is, seeing, hearing, tasting, understanding the current

facts. Consider that. To memorize…that part that recalls memories of the past, such as ‘I was such and such’, is only awake to the extent that it is possible to dream… Looking through the window at this scene, the memory of you standing there yesterday, as you describe it, comes back to you in the extent of a dream, then emerging in your consciousness in that clear vision as you are seeing now. And there you are now, standing there, overlapping with your current consciousness. In other words, the you standing out the window is an objective image of your past appearing as a dream from your memory, and the you behind the window is the subjective consciousness of the present. You are seeing dreams and reality together…at this moment…”

I rubbed my eyes again. I blinked again and again, staring at Dr. Masaki's strange, smiling face.

“Then…as I thought…I am Kure Ichirō…”

“... That's right. In theory and practice, you are the young man who calls himself Kure Ichirō. It's understandable to question, but one can't help it. Then…in the situation of recovering your past memories, not to this extent of you dreaming as you are now, but a clear reality, then the experiment will be a victory for Wakabayashi and a loss for me, unfortunately… we can only wait and see the result if such is the case. *Fufufufufu*…”

“.....”

“... It'd be very bizarre, anyway. Very strange. The academic explanation for this is that it's nothing. A normal occurrence, which happens when the brain is tired or when they suffer from a nervous breakdown. Granted, it is shallow… walking through the streets in broad daylight, one smiles at the recollection of one's self last night as they shower with women and keep them company, or as one pauses and looks at the lonely streets, visualizing a moment of one getting run over by a train. Women can be such, often pouting when they see their bridal image reproduced in a mirror of the bridal gown of an old bride, or when they arrive at the gate of a school they have no business being at, reminiscing on their school days…a lot of instances! As in a dream, the viewer sees a funeral scene, their future image. They see two images: a false image manifested by the objective memory of the past, and a real image projected by the subjective consciousness of the present. Moreover, that coma in your brain where you sleep is much deeper than that of normal sleep. The hallucinations within the liberation center are as clear as day, as you can see. Like dreams in sleep, they are not so different from reality…no, it's harder to distinguish it from real consciousness as it looms over you with a deeper fascination!”

“.....”

“.... I add, as I said, that it seems a part of your brain is in a coma for quite a while, and is showing you a dream of a recent event that slowly revives it. Depending on the situation, you may never wake up at all… When you do wake up, you may be surprised and may faint when you realize that the you out the window and the you here right now are each other. At the same time, this room, me, even you, may disappear to thin air, and you will find yourself in a strange place and a strange form… to tell you the truth, when you nearly

fainted just now, I began to wonder if you were going to wake earlier… HAHAHAHAHA!”

“……”

Before I knew it, my eyes were closed again. All I could hear was Dr. Masaki's voice. I stood there, feet together as much as I could. I felt comatose over his words which seem to hold such profound meaning. I felt that if I opened my eyes, all would disappear. I was scared. My tongue quivered around my mouth.

It then happened. My right hand, which has been unconsciously pressing down on my head, came to stroke down to the hairline of my forehead. I felt a pain all the way to my spine…

I involuntarily made an “Ah!” sound. I closed my eyes tighter and gritted my teeth. I carefully stroked the area. It was slightly swollen; it wasn't a tumor. It was a sign that I must have been hit or struck by something…I've never felt such pain before… I don't remember hitting my head so badly since this morning…

It must be a case of a dream within a dream. I put my hand on the pain spot, shaking my head strongly side to side, my eyes still closed…As if jumping off a cliff, I opened my eyes wide and looked around carefully…I closed my eyes, seeing nothing any different than before. What I did see was a large kite, soaring near the liberation therapy center for a while, then quickly crossing over the sandy grounds inside the center.

Seeing this, I couldn't help but think that none of this seemed real. However, no matter how strange or frightening it was, it is by no means a dream, or a vain dream for me! I couldn't help but be convinced that I saw with my own eyes and I heard real sounds… I couldn't bring myself to doubt it for my finger. I could only stare coldly again, without fear, at Kure Ichirō's figure, that young man standing outside the window. He looked so much like me, I could only think of him as myself. I looked back at Dr. Masaki. My eyes narrowed, my teeth were exposed all the way to the back of the mouth.

“Ha-ha-ha-ha! Still can't figure it out after all the implications? You don't see yourself as Kure Ichirō?”

I nodded silently.

“Ha-ha-ha! Well, good, good! To tell you the truth…everyone's a lie!...”

“Eh?... A lie?...”

I removed the hand holding my head. My hands hung lazily…I think I was facing Dr. Masaki. My mouth hung open, my eyes were wide open, still in the same clothes, with a look of dumbfoundness.

In front of me, Dr. Masaki gripped his stomach as if he could not bear to look at me. He began to laugh as loudly as he could from that small body of his. He choked on the cigar smoke, pulled off his tie, undid the buttons of his coat, put back on his pince-nez. He continued to laugh hard. The atmosphere in the room began to appear and disappear with each cigar puff.

“Wa-ha-ha-ha! Very good! It's hilarious how you're so honest! Wa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Aah, so funny!...aah, I can't control myself…don't be mad, friend…what I've said so far is nothing but a *red, golden* (a colorful idiom that I decided to keep; red is ‘downright’, and golden is ‘genuine’) lie!...aha!... aha!... I didn't mean it in a bad way. The truth is, young man… is that I took advantage of the fact that you and that Kure Ichirō have such a close resemblance that I decided to test your head for a bit.”

“... Te…test my head?....”

“Yes. In fact, I am about to tell you the truth of Kure Ichirō's psychogenetic blockage. However, many things just keep coming that I've yet to understand. If one is not careful, one may fall into the trap of making a very horrible mistake. If, even now, you were to tell me ‘that young man is a twin of yourself’, my tale would end up in such a tangled mess, and so I thought to give you a shot in the arm. Ahahahaha!”

I took a deep breath. It was as if I had woken from a dream. I was still shaken by the power of Dr. Masaki's speech. Once again, I put my hand over that sore spot on my head.

“... Still, this place, suddenly… is still throbbing…”

I kept my mouth shut after. I was afraid of him laughing at me again. My eyes fluttered in fear.

Dr. Masaki did not laugh. In a matter-of-fact tone, as if he knew for a while now of that pain in my head, he said,

“Yes…that pain.”

It was weirder than being laughed at.

“That pain…that pain is not a pain that just suddenly appeared. It was there before you woke up this morning. You didn't realize it until now.”

“... But…but…”

I folded and bent one of my still trembling fingers in front of Dr. Masaki.

“... But, the barber this morning…the nurse…I went over and over it…I've looked over it a dozen times…and it didn't hurt at all…”

“No matter how much you scratch and claw, it's all the same. So long as you think that you are a complete stranger, completely unrelated to Kure Ichirō, you don't feel it, but once you realize that you and Kure Ichirō are of the same image, you then feel the pain so suddenly…This is where that mysterious rational action of psychology comes to play…. Since the entire universe is this psychological existence based on that ‘spirit’, it is quite important that our science can explain things that material science can't explain forever. That is…your headache is closely related to that seizure of Kure Ichirō's psychogentics. This was due to last night, in which Kure Ichirō demonstrated his psychogenetics to the point of committing suicide by slamming his head against the wall. That pain lingers now in your head.”

“... Eh?... Eh?... Then…after all…I am Kure Ichirō…”

“Wait a moment…don't panic about that…A bee does not know the being of a fly, as a dog does not know the being of a pig. If Person A gets hit in the head, Person B will not feel pain; it's common sense. That is, in other words, the thinking of the material science type.”

Dr. Masaki said these enigmatic words, still crackling with cigar smoke. While I was amused and unable to understand the meaning, he began to grin and laugh with one eye closed with a frown on his face.

“That's right…the pain in Kure Ichirō's head which now seems to you, Person N, a stranger, remains on your parietal bone by the act of what kind of mental science?...”

I couldn't help but turn again out the window to look at Kure Ichirō, standing, smiling, laughing, in that corner of the liberation therapy room. At the same time, that pain in my head tingled with a new vigor, a somehow mysterious pulse.

Dr. Masaki produced a huge puff of smoke in front of me.

“... How about now? Think you can answer the question for yourself?”

“Not yet.”

I replied emphatically. I put my head down… it was the same feeling I felt, of melancholy, when I woke up this morning…

“If you can't do it, you haven't a choice. You'll remain a wanderer who doesn't know who he is.”

My heart felt like it was bursting. It was as sad as a child walking in strange lands with his parents’ hands in his pockets, suddenly let go by them and running away. I couldn't help but take my hand off my head and clasp them together. As if worshiping.

“Tell me…Doctor. Please, I ask of you…any more strange things and I might die!”

“Don't say such things. HAHAHAHAHA! You don't have to change your emotions much, but I'll tell you.”

“Please…Who…am I?...”

“Well, wait a moment…before I let you figure that out, I'll have to make you a promise.”

“... I…I'll keep that promise...”

The smile faded from Dr. Masaki’s face. He retracted the smoke he was about to exhale and looked at me dead in the face.

“... You'll keep them?...”

“I will…no matter what promise it is…”

Dr. Masaki's face once more showed his characteristic sarcastic sneer.

“Well! If I can have the same assurance as you have, with that conviction of ‘I'm not Kure Ichirō, no matter how wrong I may be.’ I think it's such an arduous commitment… then, I shall proceed in telling this wonderful tale of Kure Ichirō's psychogentic case. Quite in depth, but how scary!...or…you will not put up with it, no matter how unthinkable, but you will still listen until the end.”

“I'll listen.”

“Okay…once you have listened to my story, and you have been able to confirm the story as true and free from falsehoods, it would be your duty until your death to record this fact and publish this along with my last will and testament…it is your great responsibility to mankind…knowing you are about to do a job, no matter how annoying and horrifying, you must do it, lest you will be forced to do it again and again.”

“I promise to do that.”

“Okay…one last thing…in the event that this were to happen, you, I suppose, will also find it your responsibility to marry the girl of Room 6, thus removing her mental illness.”

“... Such a responsibility…I have that?”

“You'll figure it out once you get there…anyhow, does such a responsibility exist?...well, it's quite simple to find why the pain in Kure Ichirō's head moved to yours. It shouldn't take more than five minutes.”

“... That…that easy?”

“Ah, it's no chore! The logic is so simple an elementary student can understand it without even me explaining. All that is needed to do is to go to a certain place and then shake hands with a certain person. And then a spark of wonderful psychology I had anticipated thag flashed through me like a flash of lightning… oh!...that's right…what kind of person was I?...I think I'd pass out. Perhaps that may occur before that hand shaking though.”

“Shouldn't you be doing that now?”

“It mustn't! Absolutely not! If I know who you are now, as I have said, I may fall for that crazy illusion and my experiment will be destroyed. Therefore, I couldn't conduct the experiment unless with my own eyes, I see that you have fully accepted the facts before and after the story and that you have taken the steps to make a record of it and publicize it to the people, as I have instructed…what do you think? Can yoh keep it…that promise?”

“... I…can…”

“Very well…now, let's talk…wait! This story has been hardened quite a lot. Come here.”

Dr. Masaki pulled me by the hand, bringing me to the table then sat me down. He sat on the old armchair opposite me, then lit a new cigar, getting a match from the pocket of his white coat. That remaining portion of the smoke knocked into the mouth of Daruma's ash pit.

I feel that I had taken on a hot burden as I couldn't see out the window. I feel those questions I couldn't solve getting ever more serious, intermingling in my brain.

“No. The story is to hard and fast for a fool.”

Dr. Masaki repeated this again, in an even more deliberate manner, putting his elbows on the desk in a much more informal manner than before. He rests his chin on it, peering into my face with a grin, holding his long cigar in his mouth horizontally.

“By the way, how are you holding up? Leaving aside this question of identity, what are your thoughts on the girl this morning?”

I opened my eyes wide open, not understanding.

“... What….did I think?...”

“A real beauty, don't you think?”

I couldn't help but be upset as I was asked such an unexpected question. The countless ‘question marks’ of various sizes flying around my head like feathers disappeared for a moment. A eyes turned dark and moist in its place…little red lips… long blue crescent eyebrows…ears wrapped in tossled and thinning hair… I felt a warmth around my neck when I thought a mystery appeared in front of my eyes. Just when I thought I had passed out, and the intoxication of that whiskey that was given me when I almost passed out was beginning to seep to my body. I unwittingly wiped my face with a handkerchief. Steam was gushing all over my face…

Dr. Masaki grinned and nodded.

“Hmmm…that's right…that's right. Young men who can answer without hesitation when asked if a girl is beautiful or not are either delinquents tired of love games or descendants of sexually impotent patients from the *Nansō Satomi Hakkenden* (a Japanese epic novel from the Edō period, written by *Kyokutei Bakin*, which tells of the adventures of eight fictional warriors born across the Kantō region, and may actually be related to each other through spiritual means) and the *Shuihu Zhuan* (Chinese for the *Water Margin*, considered one of the Four Classical Novels of Chinese literature, which tells the story of 108 outlaws gathering at Mount Liang, forming a sizable army before they are granted amnesty by the government and sent on campaigned to resist foreign invaders and suppress rebel forces)…did you ever think of that girl again?”

I don't really want to record my feelings here…facts cannot be disguised, however. Due to Dr. Masaki's question, I have come to realize the feelings for that girl that I had had not moved a step since this morning. I was struck by the uncanny virginity and that irresistible beauty. I wanted to do something to bring back the senses…rescue her from the hospital…I came here just to meet

that young man. It was not some “variant” of “my expression of love” for her… oh, but there is no time to consider such things! No…he was wary inside his head, considering it a blasphemy against her to dissect his own mind any deeper than that…Dr. Masaki seems to have pointed me towards the right direction, and I am blushing in an uncharacteristic manner. He's tough as stone, and his answers cut deep.

“Eh…really…a poor soul”

Dr. Masaki nodded in semi-satisfaction. It seems that he assumed that I had fallen for the girl, but I didn't have the presence of mind to counteract this. While talking of avoiding misunderstandings, Dr. Masaki continued to carefully and leisurely reiterate.

“I suppose, or maybe not. She is beautiful, makes one fall in love. Anyone who thinks opposing this must be some false moralist…”

“... T…. That’s rape…d…Doctor…a misconception…”

I shouted, raising my hand with that half-cloth in a circular motion.

“.... A mind that appreciates the beauty of sex, adoration, love, and lust are very different things. A love that destroys is an illusion…a front to the opposite sex…a wild statement, not fitting for a psychologist…absurd. That is…”

His mind kept flashing rebuttals…Dr. Masaki kept calm, smiling.

“I understand, I understand. No more excuses. It is annoying on your part to have a girl fall for you, but leave it to me. To conclude your destiny, you come here to tell the story of your headache, and your relationship with that girl… a strange assortment… The more one listens, the more one realizes that from a legal and moral point of view, both of you, you and that girl stand on a line of destiny, facing one another. The fact that marriage comes after leaving the hospital becomes clearer as all contradictions and mysteries unravel.”

Listening to those words, I was struck with dismay…no, it was not blushing and some depression. It was beyond that. I again closed my eyes and bit my lip, trying to distinguish those mysterious facts contained within the doctor's words which may solve my current predicament. I thought of the events since this morning chronologically, reflecting and breaking them.

…..This close kinship of Dr. Masaki and Dr. Wakabayashi is a falsehood, for in reality, they are vengeful comrades harboring animosity.

…..The cause seems to stem from the research into Kure Ichirō and myself as experimental material; the disagreement has reached a point of not hiding, the fighting happening in broad daylight.

…..They seem united on the idea of forcing me to marry the girl of Room 6.

…..If I am the same person as Kure Ichirō, or someone of the same name, age, and appearance, and the girl Kure Moyoko, it is strange. Who else but those two

doctors that could lure us into such a shallow fate on the eve of the marriage by some criminal psychiatric means?... Another contradiction?

…..It is not impossible to find an interpretation if forced to do so. For scientific research, the two doctors turn the girl and perhaps her other twin into psychopaths, strangers to one another, the creation of an elaborate illusion, so that the two will get together… it is not inconceivable, that a scientific experiment of such brutality and infidelity could be carried by human mind and hands.

…..The inconsistencies and impossibilities, where do they come from?

…..Why do those two doctors make such a fuss over me?

…I asked…

In the end, it was a useless endeavor. The more I thought, the more I was confused, the more I speculated, and the more things became incomprehensible within me. I couldn't think any more and I closed my eyes, imagining myself as a stone statue, frowning and biting my lip…

…*knock*…*knock*…. A knock at the door…

With a jolt, I looked at the entrance door, my eyes wide open, as if in a nightmare. Perhaps Dr Wakabayashi is there…Dr Masaki did not look, instead, remained where he was, and in a loud voice,

“Yes!... Crawl in—!...”

The voice echoed throughout the room. The keyhole rattled, the door opened halfway, and in entered a little messenger with a shiny head with the navy blue uniform of the Kyūshū Imperial University. He was bent over as if an old man, but on his right hand was a sooty earthenware jar with two crude tea bowls on top of a lacquered tray, and on his left, a bowl of pastries and sponge cakes. He staggered towards the table, placing the objects in front of Dr Masaki, Dr Masaki looking with a curious expression at him. The messenger then bowed his head, as if shaking off a dream, then looked at the two of them with misty eyes, then bowed ever more politely that his head could have reached the floor.

“Yes, yes, the weather is quite fine today…yes, yes…This is an errand from the Dean, and requested that I give you this for tea…yes…”

“AHAHAHAHAHAHA! Is that right? Wakabayashi sent you? Hmm…no, I appreciate your efforts. Wakabayashi bought it himself.”

“Well…I was surprised to hear the Dean call and ask if Dr Masaki was still in the room, and so I said that I don't know how he is, but I'll have a little look. I then told him that I'd bring you something later, and to give it for tea…yes.”

“Hm. That's right, huh? I've certainly received it. Call him then tell him to come and talk to me if he were free. I appreciate your efforts…no need to lock your way out.”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes. I was not aware of any professors coming…I'm the only one here today, as I've yet to do any cleaning…how incompetent of me…I apologize… yes, yes.”

The old servant poured and served the tea to the two men, his hand shaking, then he bowed repeatedly, his shining bald head shown as he left.

Looking away as the door closed, Dr Masaki bent forward, grabbing a piece of sponge cake and eating with a single bite, swallowing the hot in a single gulp. He then gave a look as if enticing me to eat it as well.

But I couldn't move. I watched Dr Masaki put his hands in his lap, his eyes blinding. I was fascinated with this tension between doctors, sparking with each other in a way that I failed to know what it was, but I couldn't understand…

“AHAHAHAHAHA! There is nothing to be scared of. This is why I like scoundrels. He knows that I've been up all night, and haven't eaten anything since then. A false *Uesugi Kenshin* (a daimyō during the Sengōku period, who was not only good in the battlefield, but was a good administrator as well), using my favorite sponge cake from Nagasaki. Nothing to worry about; it's the kind of thing to sell in front of the hospitals for patients to visit. Nothing crawls there without a feisty cat is not involved. HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

As he said this, he drank two or three cups of tea, drinking them one after another.

“Aah, delicious. How about now? We will talk some more, but I wonder if you have further questions about the two seizures you have read on Kure Ichirō?”

“I have.”

I answered. It came out clear, I didn't expect it, and it caused a loud echo, which made me gasp. I sat back down and put pressure on his lower abdomen.

A small change happened by my eyes…the sponge cake may have caused a stir in my mind, which was at a standstill. No, maybe it was the whisky given me when I fainted. The true sense of taste of mine came to the fore. In any case, I gulped down the remaining tea, encouraged by the echoing reply buzzing across the room before disappearing forever…the tea was delicious… the fragrance simmering in my tongue towards the esophagus, my joints relaxed and the blood circulation improved. I felt light headed, and I licked my wet lips as I looked at Dr Masaki's face. The smell of whisky, and the hot smoke…

“... No matter what logic, you can't think of yourself as Kure Ichirō…”

He declared this loudly…Strangely enough, all the things happening to me I began to think as if I were some unknown. At the same time, the two doctors, until now, seemingly like strange, dangerous opponents, were now less frightening and seemed to be very interesting toys.

…These two doctors have some kind of big misunderstanding, for sure.

…The truth of this case could just as well be some kind of dumb slapstick comedy.

“...There is a young man like me, and we both suffer from some form of bizarre psychosis. These doctors, these two, are trying to tell them apart, but they can't make head of it. In desperation was the conclusion involving a girl, his wife, and is now in a fight for the glory, all tricks pulled to claim credit and glory… a very enjoyable and bizarre plot…Interesting… of I decide it to end, I shall not be horrified, no matter if the two doctors were friends or fiends, no matter how ingenious and terrifying the means of deception done to me. I'd be lying if I did not go into the case myself to the point in which I know what the case is on. How exciting it would be to dig up the truth of the facts, to rescue the girl from an insane hell, and blow the two doctors’ noses clean off!...”

…The mood was now an unspoken, daring, and floating mood…the brightness in the room is refreshing…the bluish hue of the pine tree fills the window…the silence of broad daylight filling the place now seemed to sink in.

My mind changed in this manner for only a few seconds. Returning to reality after, Dr. Masaki was looking at me, a grin over his pince-nez, and his hands behind his head. It was as if he was waiting for my question…

I hesitated a moment. There were too many questions to ask…I was, however, willing to start anywhere, so I took the will in front of me and tore it apart, eventually and went to the end of the text, and showed it to Dr Masaki, pointing at it.

“This…it states that there is a photographic version of this picture scroll… with a description of origin inserted. What happened to the real thing? “

“Ah. That!”

As he said this, Dr Masaki put his hands down, thumping the edge of the table.

“... Oh, how careless of me! Ha-ha-ha! I was so preoccupied with restoring your memory that I had forgotten the key fact. Without that, you will never understand the true nature of Kure Ichirō’s psychogentics. My will is the Buddha's creation lacking a soul. HAHAHAHAHAHA!...yes, a fail, a fail! I am light-headed from a lack of sleep…yes! It must be seen as soon as possible. Here…here it is!”

Dr Masaki scratched his head as he reached out with a single hand into his light wool *furoshiki* beside him. He untied the knot quickly, taking out a rectangular newspaper wrapper and a large foolscap binding two inches thick from the inside. He took it to the northern part of the room, by the window, opening it.

“... Ahem…ahem, ahem…It's getting awfully dusty here! I've been in a hole in the stove for a real long time… Well, look at this. This is the original extract from Wakabayashi's investigation into that incident. It's not so simple, as its have been both double and triple checked with the brilliant

minds that are the characteristics of patients with lung disease. So meticulous and thoroughly researched. If you want to read it, you'll have to look at it later, but for now, look at the picture scroll and its origins…I'll let you read the origins first. Thereby, you will find the picture scroll more interesting later…"

In the middle of these words, a newspaper package was opened and a sheet of paper, which was laid on a white wooden box, was so carelessly given me.

"It is a copy of the origins at the back of the picture scroll. This describes the events which occured long before the tale, a millenia and a century ago, the essence of Kure Ichirō's psychogenetics…well…I've read it before in places as this…The difference of life and death for me and Wakabayashi is whether you recall this fact clearly. Well. That's right! If you can remember within a minute of reading this, then you must be Kure Ichirō…HAHAHAHA…anyways, you better start reading. No need to be shy! It is a wonderful and interesting tale!"

I am aware of the value of this document's content, but at the same time I wasn't…moreover, how strange that Dr Masaki, aware of the seriousness of this psychological experiment he was about to undertake on me, had not the least feeling of any nervousness. I picked the pages as if imitating Dr Masaki, and flipped between the first and second pages, but they were lined with *kanji*, black and white, without gaps.

"Whoa! The *kanji*…no punctuations? No punctuation, *kana*, nothing. It's difficult to read! This…"

"Hmm? Is that so? In that case, I shall give you an overview of the content as far as I can recall."

"Please."

"... Alright!..."

Dr Masaki recoiled with a faint smile. He climbed onto the chair in his slippers, hugging both knees, and turned to face south. He half-opened his eyes, clearing his head and exhaled smoke on the light of the window.

I felt tired and wanted to sleep, maybe because of the whisky, and I put my chin on my elbows on the desk.

".... Hmmmghhhh…here we go…there. It starts here, Emperor Xuanzong of that great Tang dynasty, over 1,100 years ago now. The 14th year of the Tianbao, near the end of Emperor Xuanzong's reign, a man named An Lushan began to rebel. In the New Year of the following year, An Lushan announced his intention to enter Guan in June, and the Emperor will leave and will die in the city of Ma… such are the contents of these chronicles."

"... Huh…you remember quite a lot, Doctor…"

"The most uninteresting part of all this history is that one has to memorize it… Anyways, Emperor Xuanzong died in the 15th year of Tianbao, as the chronicles indicate. Seven years earlier, Year 8, a young man between 17-18

named Wu Qingxiu, adviser to Fan Yang, entered Shu Kingdom at the order of Emperor Xuanzong, and visited Sichuan. He copied the waters of Jialing, crossed Wushan and Wuxia rivers, sailing back through the Yangtze to discover the strange yet popular scenic spots, presenting a collection of a hundred views of the waters and mountains collected in five volumes. The Emperor was pleased, and bestowed to him Mayuzume, daughter of the late Hanlin scholar Yoshikyū Ren. Mayuzumi is the sister of Fan, and they are twins. They both became the lady-in-waiting for the noblewoman alongside each other. It was all situated then at the Huaqing Palace. It was then the third month, Year 14 of the reign of the Emperor. Wu Qingxiu, twenty-five years old. Lovely Mayuzumi, seventeen years old."

"I'm surprised. That is so difficult to remember. All this is a part of this chronicle?"

"No. You've got it wrong. This story, 'The Gifting of Mayuzumi' is mentioned in a novel entitled 'The Secret History of the Peony Pavilion'. This is a novel which contains a picture of the poet Li Tai Bai drooling as he observes Emperor Xuanzong and Yang Guifei chattering in the Peony Pavilion while hiding behind peony leaves; a first-class Chinese romance. Of these, only a description of Wu Qingxiu at the beginning is interesting, as it does not differ word for word the content of the origin of the tale. I'm going to have a real expert of literature study it one of these days, but for now, I will say it is some great writing, that without thinking of it, you'll have it memorized."

"I see what you mean. However, stories written with *kanji* cannot be understood simply through oral means. One must read through each character used…"

"Hm. In that case, let's take it easy."

"Please…that would be helpful."

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! To summarize, the old man, Emperor Xuanzong, is the ancient-modern, idle, great Emperor, depicted in those lantern paintings of festivals with his wife Yang Guifei. He made peace with the four barbarians, ruled the nation, separating the soldiers and farmers, and made illegal those ill-gotten rewards…all was until until that day when his brother Yang Guochu read his fortunes through nose hairs, and to prevent tragedies, did whatever it took and promoted his brothers and incompetent fellows into key position. They sang a song of peace through the sacking of the loyal subjects and the replacement of them to those wicked vassals. In the end, he built a bathhouse in the small Yishan Palace, and they filled it with gold, silver and jade, drawing water like flowing jades, and he would go there with his concubines… for you, any length is possible…we shall go!"

"Whoa! Too soft!...Well then!"

"Well. Take me seriously here. There is no hint of a high class public official. This is the origin of that popular tune '*Dokomademo*' popular forty-five years ago. It is properly documented."

"... Yeah. Is that how it is?"

“Yes, precisely. Firstly, there is no chance of me going to either the Sahara or Niagara with you. What a shame, as there is a desire to ascend to heaven together, become stars of the same how, and make the people of the earth envy us forever. Whoever peeps and eavesdrops must be a great guy…”

“What does all of this have to do with picture scrolls?”

“A whole lot. Don't rush me, and just listen. It is a continental sort of tale, so it does not come to focus. Alright… Emperor Xuanzong loved the arts and favored that bald poet Li Tai Bai, while ordering Wu Qingxiu, a young scholar of the 18th or 19th rank, to make sketches of some of the world's famous sights. It is a desire to chase the world from the comfort of one's home…it is the order of Your Highness.”

“The young man was a drawing prodigy…”

“Of course. His skills were no joke. When he was around 18 or 19, his works could be presented alongside the poems of Li Tao Bai. He was unlucky though, dying early, and so few of his drawings that could be attributed to him remain. As I have said, his name were mentioned in records from the period and in more recent chronicles, though the names and dates vary, and so information varies, and nothing is certain. There is evidence here with detailed descriptions, and so future historians will have to make do with these facts, though they may not want to.”

“So that picture scroll is very valuable as reference material.”

“It is beyond precious… oh, to return to the story earlier, Wu Qingxiu the young scholar had been on this sketching tour for six years under the Emperor of Heaven's decree. On returning to Chang'an, *Tiangbao* 14, the landscapes he portrayed were heavily favored by the Heavenly Emperor. He was in a good mood, and now he had the greatest honor as an artist, and he was given a beautiful wife. He was also given a small and beautiful house with a garden for the young couple to live together, as if in a reverie. As everything seemed to calm, there was the realisation that this was the mere prelude to the fall of the Tang Dynasty: great upheavals everywhere, frequent outbreaks of evil and the demon's work. No matter how much the Emperor's advisers admonished him, he ignored and was also offended by it. His loyal subjects were then falsely accused and were killed…Wu Qingxiu, seeing this, made up his mind to use the power of his brush to awaken the Emperor's dreams, thus placing the nation in a state of peace. He was to die later himself…that is to say…for your sake…a happy manner…”

“How wonderful.”

“It's a Chinese style. Wu Qingxiu hired carpenters and plasterers and in great secrecy built a painting studio in the mountains, tens of *li* (a Chinese measurement, approximately 500 meters) from the Imperial capital Chang'an. An atelier. What an unusual structure! The windows raised high so that no one could peer in. A bunk covered with white cloth was set in the middle of the room; on there were charcoal, wood, meat, and vegetables, with no provisions for the protection against the cold or flies. That November, the lovely couple

made the promise that they should meet again in the afterlife. Drinking themselves a cup of farewell, and with tears of sorrow, Mayuzumi, who had bathed and wore new make-up, lay down the bed in white robes. Wu Qingxiu climbed over her and strangled her to death. Then he stripped the corpse naked, fixed her limbs, scattered the incense, burnt sacred talismans, and exorcised the body. Wu Qingxiu set up the paper, prepared the paints, and with his heart and soul, drew passionately, using the most vibrant of colors."

"... Whoa…this is just amazing. This is far from the books I read."

"... Wu Qingxiu drew around 20 pictures of the lady's changing appearance every ten days. She grew pale as a bone. He presented this work to Emperor Xuanzong, and he was horrified to see this human body and the impermanence of life in front of his eyes, through the power of the brush. There was no such thing as an antiseptic at the time. The decomposition accelerated, even in the winter. The body at the beginning and the recent sketch are drastically different. Before he had finished what he set out to do, all that was left…white bones and hair. Perhaps the scientific knowledge of the time was still primitive that they used the decomposition of a prepared corpse fit for burial for their standard…either way, they have terrible patience."

"Maybe it's too cold that a fire was built to warm the chamber."

"... Ah…I see. Either a heating system or he was careless to notice. The paintbrush freezes at temperatures below zero…anyway, Wu Qingxiu, fixated on loyalty, and who never anticipated this miscalculation, was dismayed and astonished beyond imagination. A desperate project that was made at the expense of his new wife, is all going to go wrong…wailing, wailing, a reason for a man to not stand up…he has reached the limit of what can be done for the world. He had a look of desperation. He would go to the villages, find a beautiful woman, approach her with familiarity, feigning to tell her that he would paint her portrait, then take her to the mountains, beat her to death, then use her as the model…"

"Whoa…that is dangerous, too loyal, and too patriotic for his country."

"Yes. We Japanese have no such vindictiveness. That may be so, but Wu Qingxiu's presence was staggering. His cheeks were hollow, nose protruding, and eyes like a dragon or demon. He wore long hair, a bone lurid gown. How unbearable! Women are up in arms, running away and scattering. The process repeats. As his footprints went far and wide, he slowly gained a reputation, and he was hunted down in every village, but none knew of his hideout, and so his life was somewhat spared. Wu Qingxiu's loyalty never faltered, and instead intensified when exposed to the difficult. He was then known as a sort of lecher. The 'lecher' is similar to the Western Bluebeard (*a Perrault folk tale in which a rich man murders women*)."

"Hmm… But what a poor lecher!"

"Well, this lecherous master is not at all shocked. By this time, his policy changed and began to seek new burials for the women, departing their graves in the night, and dragging the corpses into the mountains. It is commonly said that it would take three people to carry a dead man; a stiff corpse is very

difficult to lift as there was no center of gravity. It is difficult to try hard to carry them up the mountains, with the fragile strength of a man who has only ever held a paintbrush in his life; he must carry them without damaging it. Then, as he drops them, panting and wheezing, the dawn is already there and the farmers see him. They long heard rumors of this lecherous master, and were not surprised, concluding it was necrophilia. He was chased by these villains. He had no choice but to abandon the corpses and hide them in the mountains, even though it was already early spring. He would not forget the coldness of the corpse, and no matter how many fires were built, he couldn't forget."

"It's a wonder how he didn't get sick."

"Yes. He could have caught a cold, though. The physical strength of a person who thinks too much can manifest supernatural resistance. Wu Qingxiu's loyalty is stronger than ice and snow. After staying in his studio for forty-five days, Wu Qingxiu, feeling refreshed and ready for another adventure, sneaked down from the mountain to the village in a completely different direction, stole a hoe, and crept up to the gravesite, by the shadow of the forest, where he unexpectedly saw a woman holding a flower in front of an earthen heap lit by the light of the new moon. He must have thought it strange at this late hour of the night, so he secretly approached, and saw that the woman in question was like a woman who had escaped from a brothel far away, and was lying on the heap of earth, dishevelled in her spring costume, scratching her head and asking, 'Why did you abandon me, your concubine, to die?' She was in a state of resentment at the death of the man she had been in love with. Wu Qingxiu, who was a loyal man, was moved to compassion when he saw and heard the earnestness of her feelings, but he turned his heart against her and crept up behind her, crushed the girl's skull with a blow from the hoe, tied her hands and feet with the rope he had prepared, carried her on his back and tried to run away, abandoning his hoe. Suddenly, he heard the sound of people in the forest behind him, and several people, who he recognised as this woman's pursuers, appeared, cursing her, saying 'Souhao is a whore', 'Murderer' and 'Robber', and surrounded her from front, back, left, right and left, trying to seize her. Wu Qingxiu, seeing this, was so enraged that he threw the corpse down and shouted, 'Do not hinder my heavenly deeds', and with a extreme display of force, he knocked down two or three of the men onto the grave and picked up a hoe to knock down the rest and drive them away. He then finally escaped up the mountain to his painting studio, where he purified the corpse he had carried and placed it on the floor in place of Mayuzumi's remains, offering incense and flowers to purify the corpse, while waiting for it to decay by a leisurely fire. However, after a few days had passed, unexpectedly, a firestorm began to rise from all sides of the studio, and a wave of smoke began to surge out. The painting studio, surrounded by a mountain of fiery wood. In other words, someone secretly followed Wu Qingxiu's trail and discovered the painting studio,resulting in them sending a large number of people to set it on fire and drive him out. At that time, Wu Qingxiu wore a scroll-like package with this unfinished picture and a luminous bead, a gift from some noblewoman, which Mayuzumi wore…diamond, I suppose… after months of evading capture, he arrived at the capital one November day, first in years, and staggered through the gates of his house. He was in a dream-like trance, transcending life and death. He did not know why he came back."

“...Haah. How pitiful. There they are…”

“Exactly. Like a living soul. As he crawled through the gate, he found that the north wind had broken the withered treetops and thrown them into the cold garden, causing the pillars to tilt and the roof tiles to fall, damaging the flow of water. Wu Qingxiu stepped through the chaos and came to his room to take a look, but he did not know what to do. Not even the shadow of a bird moved, nor the sight of his wife. The dead leaves scattered the embroidered book. The hard pillow head not used. Wu Qingxiu's tears streamed down his cheeks as he wept for the first time in his life; he could not hold back his tears. He took a cord from the desk and hung it over the balustrade, and with his wife's relic in his pocket, he tried to hang himself by the neck. Unexpectedly, from the next room, a red-clad beauty came running out of the room…well…she shouted ‘my love’ and hugged him.”

“Wait. Who is that?...”

“On closer look, he saw that it was Mrs Mayuzumi, whom he had strangled to death and disposed of as a white bone, dressed in the most glamorous attire; attire from her newly married life.”

“...Wait, wait… I thought he killed Mayuzumi?”

“Well, be quiet for a moment and listen. This is the most interesting part of the story…Wu Qingxiu was completely taken by surprise. He was taken care of by the ghost of Mayuzumi, who rejuvenated him, and when he looked closely again, he was again surprised. Mayuzumi, now dressed in the crimson clothes of a newlywed, was resurrected as a courtesan of the past, wearing a long white robe. She is a beautiful woman with a cloud of red hair, like a new flower. She is barely sixteen or seventeen years old and looks like an innocent young girl.”

“...Mysterious. Is it possible?”

“Yes. Wu Qingxiu would agree with you. He turned his head again, then, after a moment, he regained his composure and asked her why she was here… as he lifted her up, he looked up and down at the girl from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, and he looked down at her, and said, ‘what does this mean?’...It was Mayuzumi's sister-twin, Fenzi-*sama*.”

“Well! I knew it. But it's interesting. It's like a play…”

“The Chinese manner all the way. Wu Qingxiu, who had just begun to understand the details, dropped Fenzi and was unable to conceal his shock, when Fenzi, with her hands on her knees, blushed and told him the following story… ‘I am very sorry for what happened. I am sure you must be surprised. Why am I hiding? I have been living in this house alone for a long time, wearing the kimono that my sister left behind and pretending to be her sister, imitating her for you day after day...Wu Qingxiu, the mistress's master, would lock himself in his room every day and tell everyone that he was working on a large painting, and I would buy food for two people every day. I spent the past year painstakingly looking after the two of them and waiting for them to return home. One day, as usual, I went shopping and on returning home, I heard a noise in the room. I

was surprised to see that *onii-san* looked close to death, so I held him in my arms. As I was taking care of you after you fainted, a tightly sealed scroll-like package and your sister's treasured jewellery and hair ornaments rolled out of your loosened pocket. Along with them, you dreamily imitate worshipping… *Mayuzumi*. Forgive me. Don't kill yourself...she was sobbing and saying delirious things, so my sister died at the hands of my *onii-san*… that's how *onii-san* mistook me for your sister's ghost… so, in order to clear your doubts, I hurriedly changed into my own one-piece dress… But why did you kill Mayuzuko-san? And where have you been for a long time?'... she said tearfully."

"Haah…what is it, then? Why did the younger sister, Fenzi, do such strange things? She wore her sister's kimono and imitated serving her husband."

"Yes... that is the big question. I suppose Wu Qingxiu felt the same. Or, maybe, he kept quiet. Be that as it may, the fact that there was no response is telling. Looking at Fenzi stunned, he stood still. Wiping her tears, she nods again and again...saying how right he was. That being said, doubts are surely unsolved at this point, so she must allowed to explain it in order...it's a tale that goes far back, to the last year's end, to be accurate... Since the sister left the Court, her loneliness and unease at having no one grew stronger with each passing day. Then, last year, on this very month, indeed this very day...imagine her shock and grief when she heard that her brother-in-law and his wife vanished without a trace, without a word for her. She couldn't sleep that night. She thought and cried. Cried and thought. The next day, overwhelmed by thoughts, obtaining a brief leave of absence from Her Majesty Yang Guifei, she came to this house, with the sole intent to search for them. The two eunuchs and the housekeeper who kept watch saw her off. Now alone, she searched everywhere. It seemed as if the sister had left the house, seemingly prepared to die. That precious decorative comb that she wore at the wedding was snapped in two, wrapped in paper, and tucked away at the back of her dessing table. The brother-in-law, however, showed no signs of such an inclination. All his painting tools seemed to be gone...suspecting something deeper, she settled into this house. From there, she became the sister and did her best to make it seem as if she had come home with her brother-in-law. A fortunate thing it was also that he was a painter from childhood, in that once he began, he would shut himself away in his room for days, refusing people. She rarely ate a decent meal, thus a true convenience for the deception of neighbors and guests...Why engage in such behavior? It was the convenient way to keep track of his whereabouts while staying put. Since they were quite renowned,if you were to be seen elsewhere, she would be immediately suspected as a mistress. It would also mean knowledge of his whereabouts. Then she can follow him there. After all, a woman travelling alone, without direction, through foreign lands, it'd be impossible to find him...hence, this plan."

"...Is that so?... she is quite the detective, isn't she?"

"Yes...unlike the elder sister, the younger sister seems to have a mischievious streak, though persistent in speaking... that scheme, though, was rather ineffective... Ten days passed since her entering the house. The realm fell to chaos. Soldiers filled the alleys and streets. To venture out would be carelessness. The money had also run out. The house fell to ruin. With no other

choice, she slept and woke in the kitchen. She sold not only her belongings, but his brother-in-law's and his wife's furniture, household goods, and clothing. The last things she kept were her sister's red dress from that hurried arranged marriage, and her own palace dress. The red dress was kept as outer garments to ensure that she was still recognized as the sister. The other was to remind her of her days back then. It was in the style of Her Majesty's era. If she showed it everywhere, she would be accused to treason by the lower officials. Thus, she only used it as nightwear. For an entire year she waited for his return would much effort... Why in heaven's name did he kill her sister and leave it as that? Why come back here? Who was he? If you have killed her sister, he might as well killed her as well... before she could finish, she fell to tears."

"Quite the devoted sister, isn't she?"

"Well, she was been hitting on Wu Qingxiu for a long time now."

"...Huh... how did you know?"

"Because her behavior has always been suspicious to begin with. A virgin like her, pretending to be a married woman, holing herself op in that house for well over a year... that is not something done out of duty or whims. Surely she had ulterior motives then, some secret hope or pleasure...wearing her sister's red dress from the honeymoon days? Nothing but a first-rate Chinese perversion. Or maybe, she was simply influenced by those palace maids weeping over empty beds during the Emperor Xuanzong's reign."

"...Surely, you don't that way yourself?"

"Of course not. That sort of self-awareness if not fitting for her age. A girl like that can create any excuse she wants and sink to self-indulgent delusions. The pervered psychology of a pure-hearted, intellignet person is hard to discern...but upon developing an eye for it, you find many perverted psychologys in any innocent person, even babies, or The Master Buddha, or Confucius, or even Jesus Christ."

"...That is shocking...Is that really so?"

"Oh, still more astonishing tales lay hidden beneath the surface of what I've siad thusfar. That I shall explain later. Now, this tale has gone on too long, so I'll keep it short: Wu Qingxiu pressed her to recount every detail up to this point, then showed her the scroll of the lifelike image of her dead sister as proof Fenko was heartbroken. Her knees trembled, overcome with horror. Though, she was moved by the loyalty and bravery of her brother-in-law and the wife. She weeped and wailed bitterly. 'Heaven! Oh, Heaven! Why all this heartless cruelty!' She did not know that last November, as he began to sketch the lifeless form of her sister , An Lushan launched the rebellion that would topple the Tang era. Now they were at the first year of the Yan. His Majesty and Lady Yang died at Chang'an. It is the end of it. All loyalty and devotion, gone. So, why not flee with her... she pleaded until the last moment, desperate to persuade him.

"What a reckless woman. It seems like she wanted to get herself killed..."

“No. That couldn’t be it. I’ll explain later... So then, Wu Qingxiu sold off the precious jewels his sister had left him as keepsakes. He kept the portrait in his bosom, and then , holding her hand, the monstrous Wu Qingxiu travelled far and wide. By the end of the years, they boarded a boat, sailing down the river and off to sea, but where they went I forgot where. Several days of stormy weather, and only two of them remained. Adrift they remained for a dozen days or so. On the clear dawn, a magnicifcent, splendidly rigged lar ship could be seen in the far east horizon. Flags and banners fluttered, gleaming in the morning sun as it sailed south. Barely on their last breath, they waved for help. They were saved. They received kind care aboard the ship. They were Bohai *[an independent kingdom in what is today the lands of northern Korea and northeast China and southeast Russia Far East]* envoys come from Karatsu, and sailing to Naniwa Port. They were an independent kingdom then, around what is now Jilin in Manchuria. The historical records show that they have occasionally bought tributes to Japan in this manner.”

“It sounds like some fairy tale or folk story.”

“Sure. Though, the dreamlike quality of the matter is still distinctly Chinese. Now, upon hearing the account of Fenzi, all, including the Bohai envoy, felt sympathy for her and Wu’s lifeless demeanor. They then resolved to bring them to shore back in Japan with the utmost care. However, in the journey, at the dead of night, as all were asleep and the moon shone as clear as ice, Wu Qingxiu vanished from the ship. Whether he fell overboard or simply up and went to heaven, the fact of the matter his is that his twenty-eight years on earth ended just like that... Lady Fenzi, nineteen, writhed in her anguish, and nearly tried to follow him. She, though, was already carrying his child, and nearing the day of delivery. Held back by others on the ship with difficulty, she restrained herself. She gave birth to a boy fair as jade on that very ship.”

“Things seemed to turn out well.”

“Perhaps. With that death dampening the spirits, a birth of a child brought much joy. Offerings of gifts and congratulations were made, as they celebrated lavishly. A scholar from the Bohai envoy, a name I don’t recall, became the godfather and named him Wu Zhingxiong. They held a ceremony simply for his naming, blessing the future ahead of him. And when they finally landed in Karatsu, entrusted him to a local noble by the name of Matsuura. Then, Lady Fenzi recorded this tale in this very picture scroll to pass down to the descendants..and here we are now.”

“So the beautiful writing was all Lady Fenzi?”

“No. Yes, that handwriting was certainly feminine in nature, but this composition was too solidly crafted that it almost seems unlikely that some woman wrote it. The occasional use of rhyme. The choice of using compound characters. So unlike a Japanese woman. It must be the tale of Lady Fenzi, drafted and inspired by that same Bohai envoy who named the child, while Lady Fenzi transcribed it neatly in the scroll. Wakabayashi has said that the handwriting resembled the writing at the statue, suggesting that that monk might have compared the story he was heard with old documents in the

composition of his text. But since those handwriting and chancters can differ greatly, that could be hardly reliable.”

“Be that as it may, it surely must have caused a stir at Karatsu...with Lady Fenzi’s background...”

“It surely must have caused widespread sympathy. It is the tale of loyalty, bravery, and righteousness, after all. The sort of things the Japanese adore.”

“Yes, indeed... I recall, that monk, upon placing the scroll in the statue, said that no one was to get near it. What was the reason for that?”

“...That...That’s the point... it is the most fascinating thing of this tale, and fundamental issue behind the Meinohama incident in the present era. Simply, the monk knew well the existence of the psychological inheritance of a millenia.”

“Huh... So psychogenetics have existed for a long time now...”

“It is not a matter of it existing for many years now, but rather the problem of so muchness of it... What I mean to say is that everything in this universe have evolved into plants, animals, and humans, and have fought with its own psychogenetics. The more trapped within this, the more inferior and less free one becomes. So go and transcend the psychogenetics cleanly. Be limited and be man with limitless potential...This is the same declaration propagated by Jesus Christ, a new age. Confucius wrapped this in sugar-coated paper and tossed it everywhere. And the Buddha? Packed to tasty sweets, decked with fancy declarations, and sold to the clamorous fanfare of bells and drums like a laxative. What I am doing is the pilfering of the tasty parts of the exclusive monopoly, only repackaging it under a modern name as ‘Psychogenetics’ and planning to get the whole value by selling it big-time... Hahaha... Well, never mind that. As that monk Shōkū seemed to be a part of the Tendai sect, he must have read the Lotus Sutura or something, then grasped this priciple.

“One glance of this scroll reveals the causality of past, present, and future, in all its clarity. No wonder when the descendants of Wu Qingxiu saw thus, the psychogenetic was stimulated, and the imitation of the ancestors began... Kannon, O Kannon! *[Japanese deity of mercy in the Japanese side of Buddhism]...* how pitiful it must be! To carve the image of the Maitreya Boddhisattva, the bringer of salvation, sealed the scroll inside, and forbade the viewing of it by any man... Human nature, since the days of Adachigahara, has always been that when told not to view something, all the more makes one want to view it. And now, one of Wu Qingxiu’s descendants saw it; pulling out the bodhisattva’s head, taking out the scroll, and viewed it. Insanity follows. It rampages. The son of Kure Kotei, Tsubotarō... with his studies of Zen, saw the effect and tried to burn the scroll... or perhaps not, as felt too sorry for it... he faigned to burn it, but put it back to where it came, and held a grand ceremony to cover it up. Now, it has made its reappearance in the modern world, unleasing its tragedy... That’s the gist of it, anyway...”

“Haa... I seem to understand now... But why only the men?”

“Oh... brilliant, how brilliant you are!... What a good question...”

As he said this, Dr. Masaki slammed his palm flat on the table, startling me to sit up straight. My heart pounded wildly, but I don't know why... Dr. Masaki paid no heed and continued to speak.

"Well, well, well! The fascinating climac of the case lies here. You are quite the master of psychogenetics now, are you..."

"...Why..."

"It is not a question of why. Well, open the scroll and see. Your doubts will vanish in an instant...is you truly are Kure Ichirō, you'll either start drifting into a psychogenetic somnambulism as a descendant of Wu Qingxiu... or to recall in an instant every detail of the past; who you are, where you are from, what you've done, and your involvement in the affair...or you'll suddenly recall, in the incident's darkest hour, when, where, and what sort of person you were before you saw the scroll...whether Wakabayashi or I will win or lose... the karmic ties will force you, against the will, to create a home with the beautiful young lady... All these claustrophobically important questions may be resolved the moment you see this scroll. Ha ha ha ha!"

Dr. Masaki said all this in one breath, then laughed loudly. His mouth had some very white dentures. In one hand he pulled the newspaper bundle before him toward him and rustled it open without care. Inside was a rectangle box in plain white wood. With careful hands, he opened the lid, took out a bundle wrapped in a dark indigo cotton cloth three *sun [a tenth of a shaku]* in diameter, six *sun* in length. He placed one end on the edge of the box, laid the lid back on top gently, then pushed it forward toward me.

My nerves, relaxing till then, grew taut at the waves of Dr. Masaki's high-pitched laughter.

...Was he mocking me...threatening me...perhaps giving me a sort of suggestion...was he...a joke to put me at wase...As I stared at the unfathomable smiling face, I couldn't help but see the owner of that smile as a terrifying, dreadful sorcerer. Yet, at the same time...

> *...What the hell...There's no way some worthless scroll could drive a man insane...No matter how incredible that painting might have been, no matter who the master was, it is nothing more than a combination of colors and lines. Besides, since I'm prepared for this, what could be terrifying about this... Alright...*

I couldn't supress the rebellious spirit within me rising.

... I pulled the box towards me as calm as I possibly can. I lifted the lid, unfolding dark indigo cotton cloth. I forced myself to supress the unease within me beginning to stir. I scanned the outer edges of the scroll.

まず絵巻物の外側から見まわした

A timeline of the life of Yumeno Kyūsaku

January 4, 1889: Born in Fukuoka, the eldest son of Shigemaru Sugiyama and Hotori (née Takahashi)

1892: Begins Noh training under Umezu Shien (1817–1910) of the Kita School of the Kuroda domain

1892–1908: Graduated from Daimyo Elementary School and Daimyo High School. Entered Fukuoka Prefectural Shuyukan High School where he became absorbed in religion, literature, music, art, and tennis

1908: Graduated from Shuyukan. Enlisted in the Konoe Division as a one-year volunteer

1911: Enrolled in Keio University's Preparatory Department of Literature, where there was no examination at the time; he majored in History

1912: Received officer training as an apprentice officer and commissioned as a second lieutenant in the army.

1913: At the request of his father, Yume-Q dropped out of Keio and returned to Fukuoka to run the Sugiyama Farm. This would fail, but this experience would influence his writings

1915: Ordained at the Kofukuji Temple in Hongo, Tokyo, and changed his name to "Taido Sugiyama"

1915–17: Trained in Nara and Kyoto. Entered Mount Yoshino and Odaigahara

1917: Returned to priesthood still under the name "Taido" and returned to farm management. Started to write essays for magazines such as "Kokuhaku", lauched by his father

1918: Married Kamata Kura at Hase, Kamakura. After working as a journalist for "Kyūshū Nippo" (now called the "Nishi-Nippon Shimbun"), where his father once served as company owner, he began to publish reportage and fairy takes for the paper.

1922: "The Mushroom Conference" published in Kyushu Nippo

March 16, 1926: "Lulu and Mimi", the Japanese children's story to use cutouts, is published at the evening Kyūshū Nippo paper.

May 11, 1926: In a diary entry, he expressed a desire to "...write manuscripts on psycho-physiology" and began to write the prototype for what would become "Dogra Magra" under the name, "Madman Liberation Cure", though the idea may have come long before the entry.

1926: Kyūshū Nippo faces financial difficulties, and he, along with his father, Mitsuru Kashiyama, and Ryouhei Uchida works hard to raise funds. "Ayakashi no tsuzumi" published in the magazine "Shinseinen"; this won him second place on the same magazine. This would be the first instance that the pen name "Yumeno Kyuusaku" being used, from a comment from his father on reading "Ayakasi no tsuzumi", saying "This is not a novel written by a person of dreams." Yumeno Kyusaku means "Person of dreams" in the old Fukuoka dialect. He begins to contribute stories in magazines such as "Shinseinen" and "Purofuiru". Stops writing children stories. Leaves Kyushu Nippo in the middle of the year.

1929: Published "Oshie no kiseki". This was praised by the great writer Edogawa Rampo

May 1, 1930: Appointed as third-class postmaster of the Kuromon Post Office in Fukuoka

1932: Edogawa Rampo "impressed by the great emotional richness" of "Shakkou", published in "Shin Seinen"

1934: "Skeleton of Kuroho" published in "All Yomimono"

January 5, 1935: In an issue of "Hijo Shimbun", the "Skeleton of Kuroho" is called a work that discriminates the Buraku (a low status social group in Japan)

January 1935: After about 10 years, Dogra Magra is finally published. A commemorative celebration was held to celebrate its publication, but he did not attend as he was busy sorting out his father's death upon his passing.

March 11, 1936: Dies of a cerebral hemorrhage while talking with a visitor at his home in Tokyo. His last words were reportedly, "Today is a good day..." He is buried in Tochoji Temple in Fukuoka. His dharma name is Goshin-in Ginyuen Taido.